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THE FUTURE OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE

BY E. T. RAYMOND

I

It is just over fifteen years since Mr. Lloyd George accepted his first post as a minister of the British Crown. Since then he has been continuously in office; during nearly thirteen years he has supported the most onerous responsibilities; he has again and again emerged with increased prestige from bogs and sloughs that would have engulfed any politician less agile; finally, as the only possible choice, he was called by acclamation to a position in which he has for four years maintained a despotism, almost personal rule.

In one sense he may be described as the Ararat that still testifies to the existence of a submerged world. Of the chiefs of state who waged war and made peace, he alone remains erect. Clemenceau's name has an old-fashioned sound; still less readily does the once familiar 'Père la Victoire' come to the lips. One can scarcely remember the Italian statesman who held Mr. Lloyd George's condoling hand after Caporetto and grasped it in congratulation at Versailles. President Wilson has fallen. The names of Michaelis, Hertling, and Kühlmann are recalled with difficulty. But the Nemesis that has waited on

so many men apparently strong in the trust of autocrats or the confidence of peoples has either forgotten Mr. Lloyd George, or has been appeased by his modesty, or — perhaps only waits to deliver the most artistic of all its strokes.

On the face of things, one would say that the British Prime Minister has indeed discovered the knack of averting the jealousy of the gods. His prestige is, to all appearances, higher to-day than it was a twelvemonth ago. There has necessarily been some declension from the enthusiasm of the Armistice days; it was not in human nature that that fever of worship should endure in its full intensity. But the Prime Minister's prestige is still such, that any attack on him recoils on the assailant; and for the most part those who would most willingly wound are most afraid to strike. Not since the time of the elder Pitt has opposition been so easily cowed by mere gesture; a scornful inflexion of the Prime Minister cannot be rendered in Hansard, but counts as much as the most laborious dialectic. For months Mr. Lloyd George has been under no necessity to argue: at most, he has had only to declaim; at least,

only to shrug his shoulders. In effect, his whole attitude can be expressed in one sentence: 'After all, who won the war?' The words are not always spoken. But they are always implied; and so far they have never failed of their effect. The walls of the Jericho of Parliamentary Opposition fall at the first sound of the Prime Minister's trumpet, and Mr. Lloyd George — convinced that in this regard only what he does himself will be well done — is mainly his own trumpeter.

Undoubtedly this quite innocent and even attractive capacity of self-appreciation in public is a source of considerable strength to Mr. Lloyd George. To the very genuine capacity of this remarkable man, I am by no means blind: he is without doubt the most considerable force in English politics since Gladstone. He has quite extraordinary courage, an amazing faculty of getting to the point, a great talent for choosing efficient instruments — even against his personal taste and his personal liking — when his heart is really set on any particular matter and his reputation is involved. His mere dexterity, whether in managing small or large bodies of men, is amazing. His grip of essentials is such that it largely compensates for a sloppiness in detail that would be fatal to any other practitioner of his method. It is his way to forget to answer the most important letters; and one example of this habit (which I am not at liberty to adduce) would astonish even those who are most accustomed to the lax habits of men dealing with great affairs. Half the misunderstandings, domestic and international, which arise from time to time are due rather to this carelessness than to any deeper cause.

But if Mr. Lloyd George does make many mistakes, he enjoys marvelous luck in escaping their consequences, and shows almost miraculous skill in put-

ting them right. If we think of genius as a divine power of guessing, there can be no doubt concerning his genius for politics. On the large things, he never seems to think or inquire, and he always seems to know. He is the precise opposite of President Wilson, whom a foreigner pictures as carefully and almost prayerfully considering every side of a question, and then — on his own typewriter — reducing his views to precise literary expression. Such a man absorbs and digests facts as one absorbs and digests a physical meal; the process is gradual, and even then the final result may be dyspepsia. With Mr. Lloyd George's mind the process is quite sudden: one moment there is vacuum, the next, fullness of conviction. He is not conscious of the thing as having sides, and he has no views about it, but merely a certainty; that certainty he jerkily conveys to somebody whom he thinks he can trust, to work out the details, — typewriting included, — and then he puts the matter clean out of his head until trouble again reminds him of it. Thanks to this habit, and to his immense reserve of nervous energy, he is probably, in spite of his immense burdens, the least overworked and least worried minister of Europe.

But these qualities, great as they are, would not alone suffice to maintain his prestige with the public. On that side he is helped by a curious insensitivity. It is not exactly want of dignity: on occasion, he can speak and act with a sort of severe and statuesque magnanimity that the great aristocrats of the eighteenth century would hardly have deemed inadequate. But, like the Tudors, — who also were Welsh, — he has the knack, so to speak, of vaulting off his throne, having a bout of fisticuffs with an inferior, and vaulting back again, without serious loss of prestige. Henry VIII wrestled with a butcher; Elizabeth often boxed the ears of her

maids of honor, and sometimes of her nobles; neither compromised princeliness in doing so. A similar want of reserve is indulged, with similar immunity, by Mr. Lloyd George, and he even derives, as the Tudors did, a specific political advantage from it.

Mr. Asquith fell, no doubt, partly from his own weakness; but his fall was certainly accelerated by the attacks of Lord Northcliffe's newspapers. On the one side, there was a chorus of cleverly manipulated depreciation, in every key and *genre*, from the organ-notes of the *Times* to the syncopated shrillness of the cheaper dailies and weeklies. Every hour of the day, — week after week, month after month, — the attack was maintained, with all the art of a supreme genius in the manipulation of public opinion. On the other side, was dignified and even wooden silence. Mr. Asquith, with Peel and Gladstone in his mind's eye, winced, but did not retort: he rashly deemed it beneath him to take cognizance of a thing not less obvious than Niagara, and (for one in his position) not less dangerous.

Mr. Lloyd George, more alive to actuality, took care not to make the same mistake when his own time came. When he in turn was galled by the same converging fire, he let no question of the dignity of a minister of the Crown qualify the sting and destructive force of his repartee. He treated Lord Northcliffe exactly as he used to treat an impudent back-bencher, or a truculent Opposition leader, or the late German Emperor. With a sort of gay ferocity, he aimed straight at the weak point in his opponent's harness, got in his weapon, and turned it round with cruel glee.

'Lord Northcliffe says this and that. Why does he say this and that? Of course, everybody knows that it was because —' And here followed exactly the last thing the great journalist would like to have the public know. For Lord

Northcliffe, while contemptuous of what he calls 'newspaper shrapnel,' — the kind of criticism that has only a general objective, — is easily terrorized by fire that is carefully aimed and threatens to let daylight into his own dugouts. He has never quite recovered from the Prime Minister's perfectly undignified and very effective *riposte*. The press campaign goes on, of course, and more bitterly than ever. But while lofty silence would have given it authority, familiar and bantering speech certainly impaired its moral value. By treating the matter in the spirit of a personal vendetta, Mr. Lloyd George has succeeded in getting it largely recognized as such.

This freedom from restraint is, I repeat, a great source of strength to Mr. Lloyd George. It makes people think twice before they cross him. The knowledge that no consideration will count with him when his back is to the wall; that he will fight, not only with blade and fist, but with feet and nails, if necessary, undoubtedly cows much opposition that might otherwise declare itself, and accounts largely for the singular deadness that has fallen on British politics. It is in this deadness that the only real interest of the present situation resides. For the deadness is so complete, that only one of two things is possible: there must be either decay or resurrection; and the blend of certainty and uncertainty is, at least, piquant.

II

After a full meal of the British Constitution and of the British party organizations, Mr. Lloyd George shows a certain tendency to somnolence. It is true that he can never doze like another: with him repose merely means an accentuated jerkiness, action at rather longer intervals and with less certain direction; by his bedside, as by

Mr. Pecksniff's, there must always be a little table with a pencil and a notebook, handy for jotting down any constructive inspiration which may occur to him in the watches of the night. No colleague is safe from the chance of being asked, like Mr. Pecksniff's pupil, what is his notion of a (political) grammar school, or of being entreated, like Mrs. Todgers, to declare his views on the subject of a (political) wooden leg.

Nevertheless, there are signs of a slowing down, even though they may superficially seem rather to indicate a speeding up. For four years, and in a more marked degree for two years, Mr. Lloyd George has resembled one of those Japanese acrobats who balance a family and the furniture of a small flat while standing on one hand. So long as he is fresh, the acrobat seldom changes hands; as he grows stale, the shifts become more frequent. For a long time Mr. George stood on the Liberal hand mainly; then he rested himself on the Tory hand; latterly, he has changed from one hand to another with bewildering suddenness and rapidity. And really the whole interest of British politics—apart from incidentals of the moment—is in the question how he will arrive, as sooner or later he must, at stable equilibrium. Some convulsion there must be before that happens, however cunning the performer; the question is, what form it will take, and whether the performer, at the end, will be on top—or elsewhere.

On general principles Mr. Lloyd George would no doubt prefer to settle down on a basis mainly Liberal. Apart from any higher considerations, it is easier for him to think in what he would call 'democratic' terms. He is in no sense what he loves to call himself—'a child of the people': his origin is purely middle class. But he has known poverty and the proud man's contumely; for years he was a rebel against things

as they are; and one is always conscious of a certain strain when he talks in the formulæ of Toryism. It is rather a difficulty of imagination than an abhorrence of dogma. I doubt very much whether the Prime Minister has ever thought deeply enough on any subject to acquire the dignity of the true dogmatist; the whole sap of his mind is toward action, and he is never less impressive than in seeking to justify logically even those decisions on which he is practically most right. However, if he has not thought deeply, he has always felt and spoken in a certain way; and it is not easy to acquire another habit in late middle age.

But besides the fact that he has been used to a tone inappropriate to a Tory leader, and may well think it a nuisance to acquire a new accent, he has, I think, always in mind the fate of Joseph Chamberlain, who missed the greatest by indentifying himself with a party with which he had little temperamental sympathy. That fate Mr. Lloyd George will certainly avoid if he can, and his resolution to this effect explains, I believe, much in his recent tactics of alternately raising and depressing hopes that he has decided to throw in his lot with Conservatism. If he is forced to accept the leadership of the Tories, then, I think, he will do his best to break down or dilute the spirit of Toryism, to 'pasteurize,' so to speak, the pure milk of the Conservative word.

The facts, however, are awkward for him. His own Liberal followers are rather a feeble folk, destined to be absorbed in one party or the other. They are represented by a singularly insignificant press. They have no leaders of character or ability. What is genuinely sturdy in Liberalism is undoubtedly anti-Coalition; though, like Miss Arabella Allen, it best knows what it does not like, and has for the moment no positive love. For, whatever Mr.

Asquith's merits, he does not shine as a 'daring leader in extremity.' He has always been used to a comfortable political bed; things have come to him rather easily; his fibre has grown a little relaxed by too much deference and self-indulgence; and he rather resembles the old French commander who chose his positions as much with a view to the dainties of the season as to military advantages. Such a man may, by his experience and technical command, inspire confidence at the head of a well-fed, well-disciplined, numerous army; he does not raise the spirits of a routed remnant shivering in sodden trenches on short rations.

So for the moment true Liberalism is dormant, sick, and listless, like a patient who has been under chloroform. It will, I think, revive, but not without some powerful moral tonic; and I see none among the Liberal politicians dismissed two years ago who could administer medicine of the required potency. They include some excellent men of business, some skilled debaters, some shrewd judges of a situation, but they are all made too much in Mr. Asquith's image: they lack the sort of power that makes a small company formidable. Conservatism may do without enthusiasm; a Liberal army must have its dancing dervishes as well as its masters of manoeuvres; and the most fatal mistake of Mr. Asquith was that he allowed Mr. Lloyd George to remain the sole provider of spiritual munitions to his host.

But though there is no great enthusiasm for the Asquith leadership, there is positive and increasing dislike and distrust of the Coalition; and though it is just possible that Mr. Lloyd George may, by some miracle of manipulation, detach the Asquithians and reunite the Liberal Party, the indications are as little promising as they can well be.

But if the Lloyd George party is to

be mainly Conservative, there still remain some extremely difficult problems for him to face. He has won the Conservative leaders; he has not won the Conservative Party. It acquiesces sulkily in its leaders' advice, but always with a reservation. In fact, the sole unifying influence is fear. The Tory Party hates the great taxation incident on 'social reform.' It detests social reform for its own sake. It dislikes the new-fangled and very expensive ideas about education. The interference with land, and with the general liberty of a man to 'do what he likes with his own,' are abhorrent to it. But for the present it can always be cowed by a reference to 'Bolshevism.' The government, indeed, is rather like a whip-top, and the whip that keeps it going is the Labor Whip; when Labor remains 'moderate' for long together, the top begins to wobble; when the Labor 'extremists' gain control, the top reverts to the perfect vertical. England is determined that, whatever happens, there shall be no Russian experiments; and so long as any serious danger can be apprehended from the Labor side, the Conservatives will use Mr. Lloyd George, even if they must allow themselves in time to be used by him. But they do not love him, and he has shown, so far, little of that special talent which enabled Disraeli, starting as the rather despised lackey of the squires, to become their master and idol.

It is quite possible, however, that this failure is in no way due to a lack of tact or perception. It is at least equally tenable that Mr. Lloyd George intends to act the part of that very intelligent insect which (I believe) is known to entomologists as the *ichneumon* fly. This interesting little beast lays its eggs in the body of the caterpillar of another species. As its larva can exist only on living tissue, it is necessary to sting the caterpillar victim into a state of paralysis, meanwhile avoiding any fatal injury.

Such an experiment Mr. Lloyd George may well be contemplating with regard to the *corpus vile* of British Toryism; and it must be said that, if such should be his design, the circumstances are entirely favorable. For, while the Cabinet is predominantly Conservative, — for nobody would now class the one able ex-Liberal minister, Mr. Churchill, as other than Conservative, — its Conservatism is of that special type which would hardly have been recognized as authentically Conservative twenty years ago. It is plutocratic, dividend-subsisting, landless, urban, and even somewhat suburban.

Mr. Balfour, though an aristocrat, is mercantile on the paternal side, is a Scot, and, in the main, a townsman; he is not, after all, a typical Tory; and his every taste — his golf, his music, his Burne-Jones pictures, his philosophy, his blue-and-white china — proclaims him a very different being from the plain Tory of the shires, who rides, shoots, and thinks straight. Mr. Bonar Law, who drinks hot milk, clips his words in the Glasgow fashion, foregathers with Lord Beaverbrook, and cherishes in his modest house at Kensington a cast-iron statue of Robert Burns, — with a big ridge running down the nose, — is still less the English Tory; what of him is not Scottish is Canadian. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, uninspired and uninspiring, with some parts but no magnitude, is quite urban. That brilliant gamin, Lord Birkenhead, who has made his own kind of success of the Lord Chancellorship, comes immediately from the Temple, and ultimately from a Liverpool middle-class family. Lord Curzon, though of old descent, is much of a cosmopolitan and little of a squire. The only true squire in the Cabinet is Mr. Walter Long, whose ruddy cheeks advertise the health and breeziness of the chalk hills; but Mr. Long is old, ordinary, fully aware on which side

his bread is buttered, and far too cautious to take any decisive line of his own. Over thirty years in departments accustoms a man to most kinds of political bedfellows; and Mr. Long is not the less inclined to doze because he may disapprove of some of his company.

Proceeding to a detailed examination of the social standing of Mr. Lloyd George's Ministry, we find four peers of new creation — Lord Curzon (as regards his senior title), Lord Milner, Lord Lee of Fareham, and Lord Birkenhead; two untitled landowners — Mr. Balfour and Mr. Long; the grandson of a duke — Mr. Churchill. This short list includes all who can be called, by any stretch of language, aristocratical; the rest of the Cabinet belong to trade or to the professions, and are mostly rather below than above the average social level of their callings. There is no single great nobleman of the true territorial type: Lord Curzon, though savoring of the grandee a league off, is not a great landowner; Lord Milner's domain is a barn-like place just off the road, near Canterbury; Lord Birkenhead, with his passion for hunting, remains a true cockney; Lord Lee, who has, with a very noble self-sacrifice, divested himself, for the sake of English prime ministers, of his beautiful Chequers estate, began life as a subaltern, with little more than his pay. 'The Dukes,' against whom Mr. Lloyd George fulminated only ten years ago, have disappeared from the political landscape; and among those who have succeeded them, not one out of five bears a name that was known thirty years ago. To estimate the extent of the change, it is necessary only to compare the present Cabinet with a few of the recent and fairly recent past. Disraeli's most famous government included three dukes, a marquess, three earls, and the heir of a duke. Gladstone's 1886 government, even after the Home-Rule secession,

could boast five great nobles. Fifteen years ago the radical Campbell-Bannerman allotted five posts to indubitable patricians of ample territorial possessions; and the tradition, in weakened form, persisted under Mr. Asquith.

This decrease in aristocratic representation is, of course, partly attributable to the general decline of the aristocratic caste. For a good many years the owners of static wealth have fallen behind the great commercial magnates, whose means are constantly on the increase. They were liberal enough, or foolish enough, — the selection of the word depends on the point of view, — to admit mere wealth to their circle; and from the moment of that decision, they were doomed to take, with nominal precedence, a substantially secondary place. Society at once caught its tone from the new rather than the old rich; and the representative of the old order whom one occasionally meets at a 'smart' affair is generally a rather submissive person, acutely conscious of his position. 'The Dukes,' in fact, have suffered an astonishing social eclipse.

But this fact alone would not explain the strange disappearance of political talent from the landed and historic families. The truth would seem to be that political ambition is lacking, probably because the rewards of politics have shrunk, while their interest has greatly decreased. The pay of an under-secretary is derisory; and the subjects uppermost — questions of wages, trade-unions, social reform, and economics generally — are not calculated to intrigue young politicians. The cadets of noble houses find too little fun and too much work in the Lower House; and there is really no great point in trying to be anything in the Upper House, since for thirty years or more there has been no reality in the debates of that Chamber. Those debates are often admirable enough on a show night; but

they are for show, and for show only; no vote is ever affected by them, and a career cannot be founded on mere parade-ground service. Thus the spirited young aristocrat of the period is much more likely to go in for lion-hunting if he is rich, or for selling motor-cars if he is poor, than to apprentice himself to the declining political trade.

So it happens that, although the Tory Party is still considerably the strongest in England, the real heart of it is practically unrepresented in the government. It is still less represented in a House of Commons consisting mainly of war parvenus. It will readily be seen that such a position makes it comparatively easy for Mr. Lloyd George, if he wishes, to manipulate Toryism to his own purposes. He is quite as necessary to the present Tory leaders as they can be to him; they know perfectly well that, if a split came, and the party at large had its say without let or hindrance, they would be discarded as traitors to the true 'backwoodsman' faith. Mr. Balfour has already been condemned; Mr. Churchill, once hated as a renegade, is only distrusted the more for his reconversion; Mr. Bonar Law already can never see two or three gathered together in one place without suspecting a new mutiny; Lord Curzon has never been popular. These men are, therefore, tied to Mr. Lloyd George so long as he wants to keep them; with them goes command of the Tory machine, and through it the Prime Minister can largely influence the character of the party in the House of Commons. Whether that influence can be held to account for the fact that almost every Tory candidate now belongs to urban plutocracy or its vassal connections, must be a matter of conjecture. But the fact is certain, and it is one of truly immense import.

Two great powers in England are now virtually excluded from Parlia-

mentary influence. One is labor, whether of hand or brain; the other is land. A certain type of Radical did represent labor in general, and possibly rather better than the trade-union member himself, who thinks solely in terms of trade-unionism. It is precisely this type of Radical that is now barred entrance by the Coalition. A certain type of Tory did represent the interest of land in general, if he also represented the landlord in particular. It is precisely this type of Tory that the Coalition rules out. The one predominant and vastly over-represented type is the not specially scrupulous man of new wealth; the present House of Commons is the richest and least intellectually distinguished in history.

It is these facts which lead me to suggest that changes must come before long, and that they can take no form but decay or resurrection. Many

thinkers — they include Mr. Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton — are honestly convinced that the British parliamentary system, which has endured in substantially the same form for two centuries and a half, is doomed. Personally, I would venture prediction no further than to say that, if Mr. Lloyd George is not mistaken, it is not likely to burst the cerements in which it is industriously wrapped. Certainly the changes of the last four years amount, collectively, to a revolution not less decisive — and not much more offensive — than that achieved by Augustus. If nothing happens, the new order will consolidate and the old order will die. Still, many live men have been treated as dead, and have none the less disappointed their heirs. Perhaps, after all, the British Constitution and party system will prove another Athelstan of Coningsburgh.

A PORTION OF THE DIURNAL OF MRS ELIZTH PEPYS

BY E. BARRINGTON

2d May. — Sam^l now in great honor at the Navy Office, whereat my heart do rejoice, and the less for the havings, which do daily increase, than that I would willingly see him worshipfully received, the which indeede his hard work do plentifully deserve, he sparing himselfe in nothing for the advancing of his busyness. And I do reason with myselfe that though he have faults many and great (which God knowes is true) yet he do come up in the world and our gettings are very good and do daily increase. How they go I know

not, for that little and grudging is spent on my clothes, and though Sam^l goes very noble still it is not possible but much is saved, though he do lament himself in very high wordes of our spendthrift way of life and small saving. But of this more anon.

Up and dressed a pease pudding with boyled rabbets and bacon to dinner for want of a cook-mayde, Sarah leaving us at dawn, and he loving it mightily. The which he should not have this day but that I have a month's mind to a slashte wastcote which hitherto he hath

soured upon. This done, a brave dish of cream in the which he takes great delight, and so seeing him in Tune I to lament the ill wear of my velvet wastcote as desiring a Better, whereon he soured. We jangling mightily on this I did object his new jackanapes coat with silver buttons, but to no purpose. He reading in the *Passionate Pilgrim* which he do of all things love. But angry to prayers and to Bed.

But it is observable that this day I discover Sam^l in the keeping of a Journal and very secret in this, and come at it I will, he being much abroad on his occasions the while I sit at home.

3d. — This day awakes Sam^l in a musty humor as much over-served with meat and Drink, and in great discontent calling me do bid me rise and fetch his Pills that olde Mother Wigsworth did give him at Brampton. I merry and named him the *Passionate Pilgrim* from his love to these, whereupon he flings the Pills in my face and all scattered, Deb grudging to gather them it being Lord's Day. So I to church, leaving him singing and playing 'Beauty, Retire' to his Viall, a song not worthy to be sung on a holy Day however he do conceit his skill therein. His brown beauty Mrs Lethulier in the pew against us and I do perceive her turn her Eye to see if Sam^l do come after. She very brave in hanging sleeves, yet an ill-lookt jade if one do but consider, but with the seeking Eye that men look to, and Sam^l in especial. Fried Loyne of mutton to dinner, and Sam^l his head akeing I did sit beside him discoursing of the new hangings for the small closet, wherein great pleasure for it will be most neat and fine. And great content have we in such discourse and in our house and the good we are come to.

4th. — This day do Sam^l speak handsomely enough of his humor yesterday, charging it upon the Rabbets, and so I left it. And strange it is how when he

do so repent my heart do take part with him though I would better renounce him awhile to learn him manners. So he to the Exchange and buy me a piece of Paragon to a pettycote, and though it be not what I would have of my own choosing yet I do receive it with many goode words as hoping all will yet be as I desire. So to sup on a good dish of beef *à la mode*, and he well content, it appearing he have this day bestowed upon himself at the Exchange a good Theorbo, four Bookes, and a payre of Globes, talking very high how these be for my instruction rather than his own liking. The which I receive smyling, but do think — Lord! what fools men be that will have a woman so lightly deceived, fine wordes buttering no pars-nips. Sure they be but Children when all said and done, and their Innocency in this a pleasant thing to see.

Comes Mr Collins with his new Wife, a pretty well-shaped Woman with black hayre and Eyes, and she, much cried up for her skill on the Theorbo, do after play a Lesson upon it, but very ill, and pretty to see Sam^l that was hoping great things (loving musique) in pain and grief to hear her mean false playing and yet making fine wordes of it to please her, and, they gone, do call her slut and baggage and I know not what all. So to prayers and bed.

5th. — Sam^l this day reading over his vows not to drink strong waters or wines nor yet go to the play for two weekes. But I do ask myself (though not Sam^l) whether these vows be convenient. For I do surely think he do it only because it is the greater pleasure to drink and see the play it being thus forbid. And in Sam^l it is to be noted and methinks in other Men also that they do suck more pleasure from a thing forbidden and hard to come at than from the same thing when comely and convenient to be done in the sight of all. This day, he being with his Lord-

ship, I to gain a sight of his Journal, he carelessly leaving it about, but took nothing by my pains, it being writ in secret writing, which do plainly show it to be what he would be shamed if known. Whereas mine owne is voide of all offence, and I do lay it under the smocks in the great armoire only because it is not seemly that Sam^l should know my thoughts, I having to deal with him as best I may.

Mem. To ask of Mrs Jemimah Crosby if her father, being a scrivener, knoweth and can instruct in secret writings.

Sam^l home late this day, and the supper, a calve's head, very good, with a noble Barell of oysters, he bringing with him Mr S. Lucy, and so supt very merry, and after in the garden, Sam^l to play on his flageolet, it being full moon. So to bed, omitting prayers. A pleasant day and content together.

6th. — This day, seeing Mrs Jemimah Crosby, I to ask her earnestly if her father the scrivener do teach the secret writing, and she replying that so it was, I after the mayde's cleaning the house, do forth and to his lodging behind Paternoster Row, he being a worthy olde Gentleman with a long white bearde, very reverend. I enjoining him to be secret, which he the more willingly promised that I have obliged him and Mrs Jem. with codiniac and quince marmalett of my own making, do tell him how my father (which is unknown to him) have documents and papers which he would willingly decipher but for his bad Eyes. Wherein God forgive me, for his eyes are the best Part of him. Olde Mr Crosby thereon urgent that my father entrust him with the worke, but I sticking at the expense, no more said. So I to show him a line of Dots and hooks which I did copy from Sam^l his Journal, and he reading it with ease, what should it prove to be but this. 'Took occasion to fall out with my wife very highly about her ribbands

being ill matcht and of two colors, and to very high words, so that I did call her Beaste.'

So finding all as I thought and it being very needful that I should know Sam^l his thoughts (and indeed he is very simple to write them unless he think he have a fool to his wife) I do covenant with the olde Gentleman for Lessons which are dear enough, but to be paid from the housekeeping, and indeed the better that Sam^l should live plaine awhile in consideration of his ailing. So home in good time, and do find Sam^l and our she-cousin Scott very merry with capping of Epitaphs and sayings, wherein I also delighte. A very merry witty woman and harmlesse. Suppt on a Westfalia Ham and so with prayers content to bed.

7th. — This day Sam^l returning from the Office takes me to a fine collacion at Hamling's house, wherein the fine silver set forth upon the table do give us great pleasure, but I a little shamed because the ladies so brave, Mrs Hamling very Rich in an embroidered suit, and Mrs Pegg Penn in flowered sattin, which God knows she do not become, and heads set out with the new French frizzle. I very plain in my olde black silk new laced all over with black silk gimp, Sam^l declaring I am very pretty in this, but I trust him not herein, he willing to save his Purse. One passage of Sam^l kissing the little black beauty, Mrs Deakin, that he do call his Morena, displeased me, she being known for a frolicsome jade. He later singing, 'Gaze not on Swans,' and 'Goe and be Hanged — that's Good-bye,' all did applaud, and great mirth. It was observable that Captain Wade, kissing me on parting, did a little detain my Hand, and for this Sam^l did so betwixt and becall me, returning in the Coach, that I pretended sleep, which did put him in a great discontent and so angry and without Prayers to bed. Yet sure this shows

his good liking to me, and I think his heart sound, though he do Friske as I would he did not.

8th. — This day hear that my Lady Sandwich is Delivered of a young Lady and all well. Sam^l thinking (on some jest of my Lord's) to stand Godfather and give the name — though how to call the Babe for him I see not — do at once provide silver Spoons and a Porringer. Which, seeing he is not yet bidden, doth I confesse, appear exceeding foolish and like a man that hath more silly pride than sense, the rather that I lack a French mantle that he hath promist but not performed. But I say nothing, according to the olde wise saw of Goody Gorum, —

'Nothing say,
But take your way.'

He this day in his new Cote of the fashion and half cloth stockings going to give my Lord joy, do indeed seem very brave and noble, and hath a neat legg, and it pleases me to see him go as he should for he is a personable man when well set out. And if he did but consider how it is to his honor that his Wife should go as fine as he I could the more rejoice therein, but it is not so, and great dishonor it is to him to consider how this quarter he hath spent fifty pounds on his clothes and but twelve on me, a thing not fit to be said of him.

10th. — This day Sam^l refuses me the French mantle as beyond his Purse, but offers a payre of gloves — I refusing this. Slipt out for Lesson, olde Mr Crosby being a worthy and patient teacher, but it is a science very hard to be come at, and I weary enough in the learning of it, though indeed it be so needful. Still, some progress, and he saying merrily I would be at some mischief in this, with love Letters or such Toys, do make me to blush so as I never did but when Sam^l was courting me. Yet no guilty deed, but what is very fitting for a woman. Was instant

with the olde Gentleman that he should speake of my Lessons to none, the more so, (I did say) that my father would not have these papers known to any, great matters hanging on it. Which indeed is true though not as he takes it.

So I home and with Sam^l to the Play, where my Lady Castlemaine, which indeed is a great Beauty, nor can I deny it, but sure it is not hard to be a beauty in Clothes and jewels that do dazzle the Eyes of all that Gaze upon her. But, Lord! to see how bold and unmannerly in staring upon strangers and the men on the stage, and in fine do not please me with her Freedoms. This Sam^l disputing very hotly after we had supt upon a Jowl of Salmon, I to speake my mind, asking if he would have his Wife casting oranges to the actors and blowing Kisses all about the house, and he not knowing what to answer, I do say, 'Then prayse it not in others, for, if you will have me a bold Slut, no doubt but I will do my endeavours to please you,' and so whiske off, he sitting astonied. And strange how men will like in others what in their own Wives they love not but fear.

14th. — This day I by my Lady's desire to see the young Lady which is a fine Babe and like to do well. But no word of Sam^l to stand Godfather, and Sir J. Minnes and Lrd Brouncker spoke of, which is no more than I thought, but will make Sam^l madd with his spoones. But no loss herein if it do make him more biddable in women's matters. Her La^{ship} observing that my Lutestring suit is well worn and do me no credit, I did adventure to beseech her that she would break a word with Sam^l on his next waiting upon her that he would give me a Gown of Moyre which is now all the fashion, and this, with many good words she promist very lovingly, desiring that I would come in a weeks time to learn how she hath sped. So I home in good Tune as know-

ing he oweth his duty to my Lord and Lady and will be said by her. In come fayre Mrs Margaret Wight to sup on a dish of Eggs and butter of Sparagus that Sam^l hath ate with my Lord Carlingford and do highly commend. And indeed it is rare meat. After, we dancing and very merry with Mrs Margaret, and she gone, I take occasion to tell Sam^l of the Godfathers like to stand for the young Lady. Whereat he in a great Tosse, but I willing to smoothe all betwixt him and my Lady do tell him the honorable words she have spoke of him to myself and others, the more especially of his Velvet suit with scarlet ribands. The which pleasing him we fall to discourse of what to do with the Spoons and Porringer, resolving the spoons do go to Betty Michell where certayne it is I do stand Godmother, and the Porringer to Mrs Lane, whose name I know not but will come at shortly, and he do cry her up for a sober and God-fearing woman. So pleasantly to bed and good frends.

16th. — This day comes my new cook-Mayd, Jane Gentleman, and heaven send she prove worthy of her name, for I am drove almost madd with mayds that are not mayds but Sluts and know not diligence nor cleanliness, to their own undoing and mine. And strange it is to consider how in the olden days before my mother and Grandmother (who suffered great horroures from the like) the mayds were a peaceable and diligent folk, going about their busyness to the great content of all housewives. But now it is not so. And it is only two days sennight that I coming suddenly in did find Sarah with my new silk Hood upon her Frowsey head and Will discoursing with her and thrumming upon Sam^l his viallin. Whereat I did catch her a sound souse of the Ear, but she never a whit the better of it and answering me so sawcily that we parted on it, Sam^l upholding

me in this, though it be hard enough to fill her place the wench being a good Cooke-mayde, though sluttish.

20th. — Sam^l to visit my Lady, who receives him with great content and satisfaction, though she railed bitterly at my Lord that is so taken up with his pleasures and amusements that he goeth not to Court as he should, and she fears will be passed over and forgot for others that keep more stir. Requiring Sam^l that he would deal plainly with my Lord on this, making known to him that his Reputation do hereby decay. But this methinks is a delicate matter, and I do counsel Sam^l that he put not his finger between the Bark and the Tree, lest it come by a shrewd squeeze, but let rather my Lady deal with her Lord as a Wife should do. But he would not harken, whereby I foresee trouble.

He then, pulling out of his pocket a little Packett, do say pleasantly, 'What my Deare, shall you and I never go a-fairing again? What think you I have here? And how many Kisses will you bid me for a sight?' Much merriment and pleasure from this, he holding it high, and I leaping for it like a Dogg. At the last he opens it, and lo a fine Lace of the new fashion for my bosom, and I do well perceive that my Lady hath been at him, and am well content I did break the matter to her, though an honest gown had been more to my Purpose. Yet well begun is half done. Though but half, as Sam^l shall find.

Our she-cousin Scott did visit me this day with sore complaints of her husband's humors and constant drizzling, which is more than a woman can or ought to bear. Therefore I should remember that with Sam^l it is not so, but a spurt or flame of anger when he will be very high with me, yet quickly snuft out and friends again. And generally, it is noticeable, with some little gift for peacemaking, so that I have more than

once of set purpose Baited him to this end. Yet not often. Considering therefore the husbands I do know, I think Sam^l no worse a bargain than any and better than some but shall be better assured in this when I shall come at his Journal. My seventh lesson today in the secret writing, and progress made, but it do make my head ake extremely and were it not needful would not continue on therein. Comes this day my old Mayd Gosnell that Sam^l and I do call our Marmotte, she telling me that Jane my mayde is naught and she hath herself seen her abroad in light company. Yet cooking as she cooks Sam^l sticks on this and bids me wink my eyes and observe nothing; such like are men!

21st. — This day Sam^l his feast for the recovery of his ailment which he do always solemnly keep with great store of meat and Drink and company. And this is a great day with him and a troublous one with me, and to the Mayds also such as would madd a Saint. Yet all said and done a noble Dinner, enough and to spare, being a dish of Marrowbones, a legg of Mutton, a loin of Veal, a dish of fowl, being three Pullets and 24 Larks all in a great dish, a Tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, a dish of Prawns and cheese. His company seven men (Captain Fenner and both Sir Williams among them) and seven women and all reasonable merry. But I beseeching Sam^l privately to eat and Drink sparingly for the pain in his toe, he do so becall me that it was ten to an Ace that I did hurle the Spit and the birds withal into the fire. Yet knowing he would pay dear next day, I said the less and so continued on, bidding him take his own way and pay for his liking. But indeed great company and the Dinner well cooked and served and they did drink my health on it. Also the house very handsome with Plate displayed and fires where the Company did sit. And the greatness of

living we are come to did make Mrs Pierce's Mouth to water though she in her flowered Lutestring and liking well of it. So she green and yellow with spite as I did well perceive. Great Musique after, with 'Great, good and just' and Sam^l at the top of his Tune, and so to cards and wine. Weary to bed, Sam^l starting up in the night with Nightmare not knowing what he did, and did so shreeke and cry that the Mayds in affright did run in, and the Watchmen called to know was any poor Soul murdered within. But this no more than my Expectation, and so quietly to sleep.

22d. — This day a noble gift of Plate being two Candelsticks and a dish from Capt. Salmon, he looking for favor from Sam^l concerning the Henrietta shippe that he would have on next going to Sea. Which do plainly prove to what honor and advancement we are come to be so courted, and do gladden his heart and mine. Sat long discoursing of this, and, turning the case, what should fall out but a ring set with an Orient perle for me, which as not expecting I received with great good will. Sam^l to the office and I to my lesson wherein very diligent and commended of old Mr. Crosby, and indeed I am come already to the reading of many wordes, yet not glibly. So home, but Sam^l coming home and I combing his hayre he did say, 'Who do I meet this day in Broade Street but olde Crosby, Mrs Jem's father, that I did think long dead and buried, not having seen him this year and more, and so to talk with him.'

And, Lord! to see how I did redden, my heart so beating in my bosom as I could have thought it would choak me, and do even sweat in the writing of it. For sure it might well be the olde Gentleman would think Sam^l did know all my father's business and speak thereon. But I could not speak and my hand shaken so in the Combing that I did

drop the comb. And he continuing, 'So I asked him how he did and he answered "bravely," and more I would have said for it is a worthy man, but little Mrs Deakin passing, that I do call my Morena, I would not be seen talking to one so scurvily clad, and so incontinently left him standing and hasted away.'

So it passed, nor did I ask him if he hasted after his Morena, for heaven be thank't that she did pass by, though I thought not to live to say it. But I will take order with olde Mr Crosby, for old men be tattlers more than any woman or is convenient. And so a great escape.

So Sam^l carries me to the Paynter where he sits for his face and very like it is, yet do not please him, he thinking it do make his Eyes too small and ill-favored, but I not so, and Lord! to see him sit Smirking upon Mr Savile since Mrs Knipp hath commended his Smyle! But Mr Savile the Paynter seeing me did speak in very handsome language, telling Sam^l he hath a Beauty to his wife worthy that her picture should be with the Court Ladies' pictures, and much more fine things, harping on the same string, whereto Sam^l made answer that he would consider of it. But to see the Vanity of men, when all the world knows that the sight of a pretty Woman's face is worth all the men that ever were or will be! So I sat devising how to set myself off if this should be, and did like well of my Cardinal sattin suit with a chapeau de poil tied beneath my chin. Or it may be, perles in my hayre, and to borrow my Lady's if so she will. Fritters for supper, the best I ever did eat, Sam^l confirming me in this, and he discoursing very high of the corruption of the times, and no regard to clean living in court or city, and glad I am that thus he thinks, and do hope he acts answerably, as he should.

27th. — This day, by long promise, Sam^l do carry me to White Hall to see the Queen in her presence Chamber

playing at Cards with her ladies, and the people looking and crowding upon them. He commending Mrs Stewart for a great Beauty and so indeede she is, and one I do not weary in looking on, and do far outshine my Lady Castlemaine as I well perceive His Maj^{tie} do also thinke. Her Maj^{tie} appearing very comely in a Gown of silver lace, but Lord! how no one takes heed of her when my Lady Castlemaine is by, which is a great dishonor to a sweete Lady in her owne Court, and I am much mistook if Her Maj^{tie} be not the best Lady of them all, and that not saying much! But strange to see how beauty sways all and how Sam^l do uphold my Lady Castlemaine in all things. Captain Holmes accosted us and very fine in his gold laced suit, and it is noticeable that Sam^l troubled in mind because he well knows that Captain H—— hath called me for a Toast and the greatest Beauty in Town. And this Sam^l likes well of for his own Pride, yet not for me to know. So saying we must return in Haste, he would bid adieu to the Captain, but he followed and escorted me very gallant to the Coche, hat under his arm, and so kissed my hand at parting not once but twice. Now I know well to make Captain Holmes or any other Captain keepe his Distance, but Sam^l, thinking all one as himself, in a sadd musty humor, and yet would not come forth with what ailed him. So I do Debate with myself if it be not well he should see that Men of court and Fashion do judge me worth a thought. And I think it be, and so I do learn my Part.

In comes Mrs Knipp to play and sing. Very witty and pleasant doubtlesse, and they very merry. I with Jane, contriving my olde pettycote with a broad blacke lace at the foot to hide the wear. But indeede I begin to be full of thoughts considering if I do well in going to Brampton, when Sam^l alone in

Towne do friske and please himself as he will, Jane confirming me in this. He home with Knipp, returning in a great Tosse because I did not bid her to sup with us, and do pull his supper all about the floor, a good hasht hen as ever a man did eat, when he should the rather soberly thank heaven for meat and appetite. But sorry later, there being nought else but sops and wine. And so, good friends and to bed, the Storms coming and going, but I think he do love me at heart, and indeede I do love him well.

28th. — Lord's Day. To church at St Olave's where a poor dull sermon from a bawling Scotman, and Sam^l to sleep, a thing unseemly in the Church, but I awake and did fix in my mind the pattern of my Lady Batten's Hood, the which I would not ask of her for that we do of late a little make ourselves strange to her and her family, but the less matter because I now have it in my Eye. Mrs Lethulier masqued, which me-thought a strange thing to be seen at Worshipp, though the great Ladies do now carry their masques to the Play that none may see them Blush, or rather, as Sam^l do say, that none may see they cannot blush if they would. And indeed all the Men do now complain that the Beauties hide their faces.

Mem. To Buy a masque in Pater-noster Row when I do go to Mr Crosby. This night to bed in the little green chamber — the Chymney sweepers in our own.

1st *June*. — To my Lady this day and do give her my thankfull gratitude for that she hath spoke with Sam^l concerning my poore clothes, telling her of the Lace he did give, she pishing and pshawing it for a meane gift, remembering the money that do pass through his hands whereof my Lord hath informed her. Comes Sam^l later to carry me home and my Lady speaking with him of my Lady Jem's marriage with young

Mr Carteret do say he is so abasht and so little coming forward with his courtship that it do much discomfort poor Lady Jem as not knowing what he would be at. So my Lady beseecht Sam^l that he would instruct him how to court a lady, he otherwise doing very well, and a worthy Gentleman and one my Lady Jem could like of if not so shamefaced. Sam^l simpring upon this, as who should say 'None better,' do make us merry, seeing him already conning over what manner of Speeches and approaches will grace the Gentleman, but I do know him well able in such matters. And indeed in all.

2d *July*. — Lesson and do now begin well to read. Bought masque of the Toy woman, in the Row, she saying, 'Lord! is this the fayre Mrs Pepys, wife to Mr Sam^l Pepys, that is known for a great man to be? Sure Madam was well pleased with the French mantle that he did buy for her a sennight come Saturday?' So seeing she was a little ugly talking woman I did sound her on this, for it vexed me cruelly since he hath sent it to another. And for all, I do and will believe it is but sporting and jesting, which if I did not, God help us all! So sadly and soberly home, but yet said nothing. Pray God all be well.

24th *July*. — For many days have I not writ, for at the last I did come to read what I would, and though not all, for some is in Greeke or I know not what, yet what I did read hath broke my heart. His Mrs Lane that he did prayse for a God-fearing woman, his Deb — but what do I say? — sure he hath not a heart but a stone. So I telling him certayne things of my knowledge (and yet not how I did know them) he in great fear and terrour and as I thought unlike a man of Courage. Which did shame me for him that I could scarce bring myself to look in his face and see him thus, remembering his

high carriage that I did use to see in him. And times there were when I would the rather he did Brazen it out, it seeming so poor a thing to see him so low, and times again when in Madness I would have taken a knife to him, but he did pull it away with weeping Teares and promise of amendment. But how to trust him or any I cannot tell. And I have bid Will Hewer (Sam^l humbly agreeing thereto) that he continue with his master and oversee him in all his walks abroad, doing me to wit where he goeth. Yet, how to trust Will — for sure all men are alike and will give the other countenance in Deceit. So what way to surety, for if a man regard not his wife where shall she look for good. And truly I do believe that in such Trafficking men do chip and whittle away their heart till none be left and they cannot love if they would, and no anchorage in so rotten a Holding ground. And thus have I learned that a woman may be young and yet aweary of life, which I did not think to be true.

Sometimes I would I had not read, and again I would know more and run

the knife yet deeper in my heart, and in that curst book never will I read again, and even in the writing of this well do I know I cannot forbear to read, and so Teares my drink and all my content gone. But let me remember there was here and there a word where he hath writ tenderly of his poor Wife, and when I did see him weep my heart did pity him. But what hope or help, for a Jar mended may hold water, but yet the Cracks remain, and the worth gone for ever and a Day.

Well, God mend all, and yet I think He cannot. But in this Booke of mine will I never write more, for the mirth and the little Frets that I did think so great alike do pierce my heart to read. So farewell, my Booke, that was a good friend in sunshine but an ill friend in storm, for I am done with thee and with many things more this day.

And so to the work that must be done and the day that must be lived though Brows ake and heart break.

(Elizabeth Pepys died at the age of twenty-nine.)

WHAT THE WAR DID TO THE DICTIONARY

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

THE war's demands upon the energies of mankind were not so overwhelming that a good many people everywhere did not find time, in the midst of the battle, to speculate concerning what the world would look like after the war. I say, people found time. It would be truer to say that they made time. One way to win escape from the agonizing

actuality was to wonder about what it would all lead to. People reached out for the far-off interest of an ocean of tears. Some of us were content with nothing less than a vision of what 'the world' would be after the war. Others were satisfied with the future of Democracy, of Labor, of Woman, and so on down the list, to what the war would

do for literature in general, for fiction in particular, for aseptic surgery, for wireless, for coöperative housekeeping, for American trade in South America, for university professors, for defective children, for the servant problem.

The war is over, and prophecy concerning its effects has made way for appraisal. The accounts are being balanced. The literature dealing with the war's effects upon the world and its component parts, from Democracy to household help, is increasingly plentiful and, on the whole, useful. It serves a double purpose. It is valuable as a positive contribution to our knowledge of what the world does look like to-day. In the second place, by making possible a comparison between things as they are and things as we expected them to be, it supplies a test of man's talent for prophecy under exceptional stimulation. Checking up pre-war forecasts by post-war facts is obviously something of an inquiry into the operations of the human mind.

Common to nearly all forecasts of the new era was the belief that out of the war would emerge an intensified reality in thought and in speech. What else could be the result of the bitter reality that had come upon mankind? The war was a four-years' test of men, institutions, creeds, and words. Its hot breath was bound to destroy the cobwebs of illusion, the superstitions, the shoddy thoughts and tinsel formulas by which men managed to live in normal times. From the spectacle of nations and social institutions in collapse, men would turn to a searching inquiry into the reality of institutions. From a discredited leadership would arise a challenge to the reality of established conceptions concerning masters and men. And from the primitive fact of the trenches would come a ruthless skepticism as to the ultimate meaning of words.

If any single prophecy could be put

forward with confidence, it was this: that men coming back from the trenches would be mercilessly insistent on stripping language of its peace-time superficialities, and upon reducing words to the hard kernel of fact. It seemed inconceivable that men should continue to play with words after a war in which so many men had died for so many formulas. Of the new order, it should no longer be said that men lived, not by bread alone, but also by catchwords.

That prediction has not been justified. We have come out of the war apparently as susceptible as ever to the free and easy play of the catchword and the pat phrase. So far as the passion for reality in speech is concerned, the war has been fought in vain. Numerous slogans and forms have perished, no doubt, but their place has been filled by the mobilization of a new meretricious vocabulary. Not more than three words of to-day are needed to serve as a test of what the war has not done to make words real. These three words are — Publicity, Propaganda, Liberalism.

PUBLICITY

The word was not born with the war. We had been using it a good many years before 1914, in connection with our own problems in progressive Democracy. We had applied publicity to our nominations for public office, by substituting the primary for the convention. We applied it to campaign expenses. We compelled newspapers to publish their circulation figures and the names of their editors, owners, and bondholders. We forced a semi-publicity upon corporations, in the form of reports to a government agency.

The result has been neither failure nor overwhelming success. Bosses still manage to work behind closed doors. Corporations avail themselves of the services of legal experts in protective

obscurity. There are ways of contributing to your candidate's campaign fund beyond the niggardly maximum fixed by law. Nevertheless, we cling, and rightly, to our faith in publicity as one of the safeguards of a democratic system. It does not cure everything from ague to zymosis, but it helps measurably in a sufficient number of cases.

The war conferred on publicity an enormous vogue. The reason, of course, was secret diplomacy. The evil that secret diplomacy had wrought, publicity was to cure. What secret diplomacy had made possible, publicity was to make impossible. In reaction from a scheme of things under which treaties were made and kept hidden by chancelleries, and wars were made by cabals, there was henceforth to function in the sphere of international affairs the rule of open debate and public bargaining. To this ideal, I imagine, right-thinking men still subscribe.

But how much publicity? Common sense rejects the demand for a hundred-per-cent publicity in international affairs, such as never has been attained and never will be attained as long as men are men. Woodrow Wilson's sin against one-hundred-per-cent publicity is one of the principal counts in the radical indictments against him. The open covenants openly arrived at have been meat alike for the impassioned revolutionary and for the calloused newspaper-man; of whom the latter, at least, ought to know better.

In what relation of life do people ever give public utterance to all that is in their hearts and minds? The argument is elementary and commonplace; but this is just the point: that men emerging from the bitterly hard facts of a war do have to be reminded of the elementary and commonplace. Where is the patriotic society, Elks' Lodge, Dorcas meeting, church conference, labor-union, revolutionary council, parents' associa-

tion, or parliamentary assembly, that does not go into 'executive session' in emergency, and particularly when it wants to get things done?

Take as non-imperialistic a group as you can think of—a union of coal-miners demanding more wages with which to buy more food. The wage-demands are made in open convention, but it is safe to assume that the schedules were approved in 'executive session.' When President Wilson calls upon the United Mine Workers of America to abide by his wage-awards, President Lewis of the Mine Workers and his associates meet in private. Is it because Mr. Lewis is a Koltchakist, and the Secretary-Treasurer of the United Mine Workers is an emissary of international capital? Or is it because the situation calls for a heart-to-heart talk between officials and delegates, which it is for the best interest of the miners that the coal-operators shall not overhear? It is not inconceivable that Mr. Lewis told his men that the President's award must be accepted because there were so many thousand miners eager to go back to work, and the prolongation of the strike would disrupt the union. It is not inconceivable that Secretary-Treasurer Green reminded his associates that, 'between ourselves,' the miners ought to have dug more coal than they did. Such confessions are not shouted into the public ear.

Criticism has not exacted the same publicity from the miners' union that it demanded from the Peace Conference at Versailles; yet the reasons that held for a limited publicity among miners at Indianapolis were valid to a greater degree at Versailles. What did Premier Orlando tell the Council of Four in private? It is a fairly safe bet that he told them that, if Italy did not get what she wanted, Italy would go to the devil—and with a very large measure of truth. Italy was bankrupt, and seeth-

ing with revolt, and generally unhappy; but it was not for the interests of peace that Germany should be informed of the fact in open forum, let alone the sheer impossibility of Orlando, or any spokesman for any country, bringing himself to say such things in the open.

No; with regard to the Peace Conference, the war did not teach us respect for hard facts. We did not say: 'Come now; there is a war to be settled and a world to be reorganized. The work must not be done in a corner. But how much publicity can we reasonably ask for; how much can we hope reasonably to obtain; and how much do we really need? This is no time for ear-tickling catchwords about one-hundred-per-cent publicity. It is a time for realities.' People did not say that. The temptation to sneer at open covenants openly arrived at was too strong. So outraged idealism sneered, and the diplomats did not give a hang, and the world knew pretty well what was going on at Paris.

These lines are written during the first days of the meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. The Assembly has just voted down Lord Robert Cecil's motion for full publicity in the proceedings of the select committees of the League. Why? Is it because the League is imperialist at heart? or is it because a committee of delegates from forty-two nations, in public debate, would never get anywhere? We will put the case bluntly. A secret committee, in which every man can get off what is on his chest, is better than a full-dress public debate for the benefit of the reporters; after which a few men will get together in a corner and settle things. I am writing on the day after Mr. Barnes, the British Labor delegate to the Assembly of the League, has spoken out in favor of admitting Germany into the League. So has the delegate from Argentina. In favor of Germany's coming in are Switzerland

and the other neutrals. Yet neither England nor Argentina nor Switzerland will propose in so many words that Germany be admitted. Why? Because they know that France is hostile to the idea. But why not speak out, nevertheless, seeing that everybody is in on the secret? Because there is all the difference in the world between saying, 'I think Germany ought to be admitted,' and saying, 'I move that Germany be admitted.' One is a criticism of France, the other is a challenge to France. If England refused to go further than criticism, it was because she did not want to precipitate a crisis. Publicity did not enter into the situation. The matter had publicity enough.

The crimes of the old order against publicity as practiced in Western Europe are regularly contrasted with the new order in Russia. The Bolsheviks gave the secret treaties to the world. They speak to the nations by wireless. They practise one-hundred-per-cent publicity. Always? Not always. There was a peace conference between Soviets and Poles at Riga, in October. Among those present was the correspondent of one of our weekly periodicals, which has been foremost in denouncing secret diplomacy, foremost in its demands for one-hundred-per-cent publicity. And this is what the special correspondent wrote to his paper: —

Now, however, after this last conference, the patient took a turn for the better. Joffe and Dombiski met privately, where Perle, Barliczki, and Grabski could n't mess into matters. In short, secret diplomacy was inaugurated. And, by the way, right here, although it may be to my disadvantage as a pressman, I must state quite frankly that no peace negotiation is possible except in secret. The open sessions of the Riga conference showed that. The formal interchange of speeches through interpreters, often about matters which could be arranged in a minute's private conversation, the inability to be frank and let the other fellow know what

one really wanted because the Argus-eyed one was hovering about to make a scandal — these things proved themselves insuperable obstacles to making peace and gave the mischief-makers like Grabski endless opportunity for obstruction. But when Joffe and Dombiski began to talk privately, things looked up.

PROPAGANDA

When your opponent is more reticent than he should be, he sins against publicity. When he is more voluble than he should be, he sins by propaganda. To say propaganda is to pronounce condemnation. Propaganda has become synonymous with lies.

Yet the word has a high origin. One of the great organizations of the Roman Catholic Church is the Congregation de Propaganda Fide — for the dissemination of the true faith. Before the war, propaganda was the preachment of a doctrine or a system. The word was most frequently applied, perhaps, to the preachment of revolutionary doctrine. When people spoke of revolutionary propaganda against the Tsar, they meant a far from ignoble thing. The word had its terrific connotation with the militant Anarchists. Their 'propaganda of the deed' meant bombs; not a pleasing mode of persuasion, but certainly not a lie. A very hard fact to refute, a bomb.

In the war everybody used propaganda and, I suppose, everybody in varying degree misused it, in the sense of suppressing truth or putting forth lies. Personally, I see no compelling reason why a war that made use of chlorine gas should abstain from using lies to promote the sole purpose of war, which is to defeat the enemy. At the same time, it is far from the fact that all war propaganda was lies. The point is obvious and needs no stressing. Belgium, for instance, had sufficient material on which to base a truthful

propaganda against her invaders. At the present writing, Vienna has enough genuine material on which to base her propaganda of hunger.

Propaganda passed out of the war and into peace in this distorted form. It remained the common term for sinister falsehood and for bitter truth. As a result, truth has been the sufferer. The truth, when told with a purpose, is rejected as propaganda. Yet that is not the worst of it. The mischief is that propaganda is in the same breath described as a lie and as possessing terrific efficacy. In other words, 'propaganda,' as it is bandied about to-day, is a slur and a sneer against the human intelligence. It calls up the picture of an irresistible, malignant force preying upon a helpless and stupid humanity. It is for anyone to publish the lie, and the world must swallow it. Only I do not for a moment believe that this is so. I have greater faith in the common man's immunity against lies, in his common sense, in his knowledge of the world he lives in — and in his sense of humor. Propaganda has been vastly overestimated, frequently in its scope, always in its effectiveness. Propaganda did not play the part in the war which is so unquestioningly assigned to it.

The fortunes of the war were not shaped by the propaganda of words but by the propaganda of events. Allies were won and lost, not by words, but by battles. The morale of armies was cemented or shattered, not by words, but by cannon. The morale of nations was maintained, not by words, but by victory or the hope of victory, and was undermined, not by words, but by defeat or the imminence of defeat. It was the German plaint that British propaganda brought America into the war on the side of the Allies. That is rubbish. Even if we put aside the causes, lying deep in our national history, that would inevitably have brought us into

the war against Germany, what British propaganda was needed to sway America after the invasion of Belgium, after the Lusitania, after the U-boat warfare? It was not German propaganda that held us back from the war for two and a half years, but, again, the facts of our own national life. Propaganda may have raised a bit of a flurry here or there, but, on the whole, propaganda of the word was a cork bobbing along on the great tide of fact.

Those who sorrow over Woodrow Wilson's betrayal of the liberal cause have been in the habit of reminding Mr. Wilson that it was he who, by propaganda (in the original honorable sense), broke down the resistance of the German people and the German army. They describe Mr. Wilson's great war-speeches as so much high explosive flung over the German trenches into the ranks of the Germans at home. Yet the simple truth is that not Mr. Wilson's words defeated the German army, but Foch's guns and Pershing's doughboys. Neither do I believe that Lenin's propaganda undermined the morale of the German troops on the Eastern front; but, again, Foch and Pershing. For more than a year the German troops on the Eastern front stood looking on while Russia was in revolution. For nearly half a year they stood exposed to Lenin's propaganda by fraternization. Yet when the German troops were transported to the Western front, they retained sufficient morale to smash the Allied line in the early spring of 1918. And up to July 18, when the French-Americans broke the German line between Soissons and the Marne, the German soldiers and people were impervious to propaganda, whether Wilson's or Lenin's. The Germans were not defeated because they grew suddenly susceptible to propaganda. They grew susceptible to propaganda because they were defeated.

It was not the preachment of the word that carried Bolshevism into Central Europe after the Armistice, but the impulse of events. What I wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* from Paris nearly two years ago has been proved true. Defeated nations have succumbed to Bolshevism, or hovered on the brink of Bolshevism. Victorious nations have escaped it entirely, or cast it off easily. To the extent that Bolshevik ideas have won a certain amount of sympathy and hearing in the United States, the thing has not been brought about by the propaganda of words, but, to a very considerable degree, precisely by the discomfiture of a propaganda of words. American sympathy for the Soviets has been largely a reaction from the anti-Bolshevist propaganda on which this country was gratuitously fed from official sources. The anti-Soviet propaganda of Mr. Creel, Mr. Burleson, and Mr. Mitchell Palmer made a harvest — for Lenin.

But, in the main, such pro-Bolshevist sympathy as exists in America to-day is due neither to Mr. Creel's anti-Bolshevist propaganda nor to direct pro-Bolshevist propaganda. Not words, but facts, have counted. Primarily, it has been the simple fact that the Lenin régime, whose early demise we all predicted, has maintained itself. As the Soviet armies continued to beat off one White attack after another, there arose in this country something of the admiration that always goes out to the victor. It has been a manifestation of the band-wagon spirit implanted in the heart of man. The real Bolshevik propaganda has come, not from Lenin's oratory and Moscow's wireless arguments on Socialism, but from the Red Guards and from Moscow's wireless bulletins of victory.

So here again, in exaggerated emphasis on the efficacy of propaganda, we have come out of the war with a new

catchword. Instead of bringing back a sharper insight into the facts that make for social disorganization and for Bolshevism, or into the facts that made for America's going into the war on the side of the Allies, or into the facts that have gone to the shaping of a hundred problems of the war and the peace, we have come out with a new formula, with a belief in the magic properties of a new word, Propaganda.

This new catchword works for muddled thinking and for a denial of human dignity. You deny the sound instincts and the intelligence of the common man when you represent him as being moved, not by what he sincerely feels or by what he understands, but, like a gaping yokel, by an incantation of words. Under the theory of propaganda, all the people are being fooled all the time. They went to war in 1917 because they were fooled by somebody's propaganda — England's or Mr. Wilson's. The kept out of war until 1917 because they were fooled into indifference by Bernstorff's propaganda. They sympathize with Ireland because De Valera fools them. They resent Sinn Fein because Dublin Castle fools them. Under this hypothesis, men cease to be human beings with a fair amount of knowledge, of common sense, of conscious motive, of loves and hates, of national feeling, of class-feeling, of religious feeling. They become a flight of shuttlecocks, driven back and forth from propaganda to propaganda. Which is mischievous nonsense.

LIBERALISM

The Liberal, as we knew him before the war, was the middle-of-the-road man. The Liberal temper was the half-a-loaf temper. In the spectrum of political parties or social philosophies, reading from right to left, the scale ran thus: Conservatism, Liberalism, Radi-

calism, Revolutionism. To-day Liberal has lost its native meaning, having been partitioned, like Poland, by its neighbors to right and left. The Conservative is now rather fond of describing himself as liberal with a small l. The radical and revolutionist have blended into 'Liberalism' with a capital. We do not usually go to newspaper headlines for precision of statement, but there is really a great deal of truth in the headlines that speak of the arrest or deportation, indiscriminately, of 'Liberals,' 'Radicals,' and 'Reds.' Three words formerly denoting gradations in the methodology of social progress — the cautious reformer, Liberal; the root-and-branch reformer, but still reformer, Radical; and the overturner, Revolutionist — are now all in verbal coalition, 'Liberals.'

Now the odd thing is that the name of 'Liberal' should have been appropriated by radical and revolutionist, who yield to no one in their contempt for what the old Liberalism stood for. The Liberal is, historically, the man of timid advances and ready compromises. He is content with much less than half-a-loaf; he will take half of that half, if he can do no better. He insists on knowing where he is going, by contrast with the true radical, who gives himself confidently to the rush of events. If we wish to be quite harsh, we may describe the old-style Liberal as the liniment vender and poulticer of society, of some use for temporary aches and small bruises, but ridiculously inept in dealing with major diseases. We might go further, and deny to Liberalism any positive influence of its own in social evolution. Liberalism is simply the resultant of two opposite forces, of reaction and revolution. When men have grown weary of Toryism, and have found out to their cost that a lurch to revolution is worse, they seek refuge and rest, for a while, in Liberalism. A

philosophy of normal times and dormant passions, a philosophy of sedatives and hypodermics — thus an enemy might describe historic Liberalism, with a fair amount of justice.

But however humble, however inconsequential a thing Liberalism might be, it is at least entitled to its identity. Reformism, after all, is not dead. There are still middle-of-the-road men and half-loafers, and where are they to go, now that their name has been expropriated by the Radicals and the Revolutionists? Take the case of the Versailles Treaty. If the old usage still obtained, the Conservative would be he who regards the treaty as perfect, where it was not too easy on Germany. The Liberal would say that the treaty was not perfect, but should be accepted as the best obtainable. The Radical would reject the treaty. But the 'Liberal' of to-day damns the treaty beyond redemption. To him Versailles is a hideous blunder, a thing worse than the war that it brought to an end.

Now, with regard to Versailles, the old-style Liberalism deplores, but does not reject, the human circumstances under which the treaty was framed. It wastes no time in bewailing the fact that nations were not more just, or statesmen more generous, than they proved to be. But not so the 'Liberal' of to-day. His point of view has been perfectly stated by John M. Keynes (whom a whole conference of diplomats could not bamboozle) in the course of a review of Bernard M. Baruch's story of the Peace Conference. It is Mr. Baruch's argument that the treaty was the best document that could be written in the Paris of early 1919. Whereupon Mr. Keynes declares: 'I concede that, the President being what he was, and the Allied leaders being what they were, then, in the situation described, the result could not have been otherwise.'

That is the new Liberalism. It dwells

with Maud Muller in the might-have-been.

Old-style Liberalism will not wring its hands over the fact that Mr. Wilson was Mr. Wilson, and that Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Orlando were Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Orlando. And one of the reasons why the old-style Liberalism will not repine overmuch is that it has asked itself whether any conceivable American president and any conceivable combination of Allied statesmen would have made any difference. President Smith, with Premiers Dupont, Wilkins-Churchill, and Trentini, would have produced very much the same peace.

In Mr. Baruch's book we find one hitherto unwritten chapter of the Peace Conference, which serves admirably to bring out the distinction between the old Liberalism and the new. Among the reparations for civilian damage imposed upon Germany are the costs of Allied pensions and separation allowances. Now, the expert in international finance and in international law might form his opinion of the justice of such a demand upon the basis of his own knowledge and convictions. The plain man, to whom pensions, separation allowances, and civilian damage are all a mystery, would reason, I imagine, as follows. If pensions and separation allowances were imposed upon Germany by the bitter-end element in the Conference, then the demand was unjustified. If the claim for pensions and allowances was urged by the Liberal statesmen among the Allies, then the demand was justified. The plain man is bound to argue that the decent man does the decent thing.

As a matter of fact, our American experts were opposed to making Germany pay for separation allowances and pensions. They put up a hard fight. But, says Mr. Keynes, summarizing Mr. Baruch, 'The Council of Four were

eventually persuaded that an argument could be produced plausible enough to save the face of honor.' This argument was set forth in a secret memorandum, prepared — by whom? By Jan Smuts. And who is Jan Smuts? He is, in the 'Liberal' conception, the one surviving idealist of the Conference. Smuts is the statesman who is also a poet and a prophet. Smuts was the real author of the Covenant of the League. He was the agent despatched by the Conference to use persuasion with the Bolsheviks in Hungary. He was sent to Germany on a placatory mission. Long after 'Liberals' had lost faith in Wilson, they held fast to Smuts. Yet it now turns out that Smuts was the man who persuaded the wavering Lloyd George to impose those pension and separation costs upon Germany!

Does this destroy Smuts in the eyes of the old-style Liberals? It does not. I have said it before. If this young, generous-hearted, broad-visioned statesman argued for pensions and separation allowances, then old-style Liberals believe the thing was probably right. Or, if it was a mistake, it was certainly not a crime. Does the new 'Liberal' acknowledge that Smuts makes a difference? The answer is, No. I suppose Mr. Keynes would say that, Smuts being what he was, the pensions and allowances had to be exacted. He still reserves the right to reject a treaty not framed by seraphim and cherubim.

How the old-style Liberal mind reacted to the question of secret diplomacy *versus* open diplomacy at Paris, I have sufficiently indicated above in my paragraphs on Publicity. It is enough to recall the point there made regarding the contrast drawn by the 'Liberals' between secrecy at Paris and publicity at Moscow, and what happened to the contrast at Riga. The Liberalism that keeps its feet on the ground is certainly not the 'Liberalism' that has clamored

for a publicity that we know in our hearts cannot be had, and never will be had, in the management of public affairs above the level of the town-meeting. The Liberalism that historically stands for fair play is not the 'Liberalism' that will denounce in Clemenceau what it approves in Lenin; that turns heterodoxy into orthodoxy when it is my doxy.

Take the question of France. If Liberalism means anything, it means the readiness to put yourself in the other man's place. But it has been the chief occupation of American and British 'Liberalism' since the Armistice to pursue with regard to France a policy of spleen and growl that betrays an utter incapacity or unwillingness to see the other man's side. American 'Liberals,' for instance, have rejected Article X, or have justified America's rejection of Article X, on the ground that Article X involves risks for America. But they have never been able to understand why France should not take risks. British 'Liberalism,' speaking through so able a representative as the *Manchester Guardian*, has lashed out repeatedly against French imperialism, against France as the enemy of peace, against France the mad-struck nation, which refuses to see that the only course for her is a splendid gesture of generosity toward the beaten enemy.

But when it comes to Britain's own problems, the *Guardian* is not so ready for the gesture of noble confidence. The *Guardian* wants self-government for Ireland, but insists that England, for her own safety, cannot grant independence to the Irish. The *Guardian* sympathizes with native aspirations in India — up to a reasonable limit; and with the aspirations of the Egyptian people — up to a reasonable limit. To the *Guardian* the safety of the British Isles is the axiom from which all argument must start — and properly so.

But it will not, seemingly, understand that to the French people the safety of France is also a question about which there can be no arguing. Upon the errors of French policy in Europe, the *Guardian* pronounces clear-cut judgment. With regard to British policy, it regrets, and deplores, and finds that certain things are greatly to be desired, and earnestly to be hoped.

With all sympathy and all understanding for France, it is impossible to overlook her mistakes, her wrong-headedness, perhaps her wickedness; but 'Liberalism' has brought to the task neither sympathy nor understanding. If the nations, according to Mr. Wilson, have broken down on the acid test of Russia, 'Liberalism' has made a sad failure on the acid test of France. I will not deny that this anger against France arises from the failure of a great hope. No doubt there would be a new spirit abroad in the world if France, after the victory, had said to Germany, 'I forgive and forget. We have both suffered. *Embrassons!*' If France has failed to subscribe to the Sermon on the Mount, it is perhaps right for the enthusiast, the dreamer, the millennial prophet, to turn upon her in wrathful pain; but surely it is not for Liberalism to strike the outraged attitude. For Liberalism is precisely the temper that makes allowances for unregenerate human nature.

The attitude of 'Liberalism' toward France has been its attitude toward the peace as a whole. It has been an attitude of impossibilism. 'Liberalism' has attacked the peace from the standpoint of ultimates. It has grown waspish with the peacemakers, because they were only men, instead of being the ideal statesmen who exist so much more fre-

quently in the 'Liberal' publications than in life. 'Liberalism' has worked hard to kill the League, and has thus shown that it has no right to the name it has appropriated (quite in the spirit of Clemenceau). There is no time here and no need to discuss the League. It is enough to point out that 'Liberal' opinion now scoffs at an ideal which has drawn to itself the generous impulses of countless millions the world over; which has taken on the rudiments, at least, of that Parliament of Man of which the ages have dreamed; which has brought questions like disarmament and a world-court into the world-forum; which is, in short, the embodiment of the Liberal spirit in the sense of being a step forward and upward — a timid step, no doubt, and pitifully short of the bold flight that the hope of Armistice Day envisaged; yet a step forward. In the League the world has set up an ideal, and the 'Liberals' have jeered at it.

There has been no attempt or desire here to exalt the old Liberalism as an outlook and a policy. This is only a plea for correct definitions. I freely admit that the doctrine of the half-loaf is a timid thing compared with the wide sweep of the revolutionist vision. Still, that is what we have hitherto meant by Liberalism, and there is little good, there is mischief, in the confusion of names. There must still be in the world several hundred million people who are willing to take the world as the war and the peace have left it, and to do their best with it; people who, if you will, are ready to potter around in a good cause. But there is no name left for them. The radicals and revolutionists have run away with it. The champions of open diplomacy are masquerading in somebody else's clothes.

THE ILLUMINED MOMENT

BY T. WALTER GILKYSON

I

A BLUE ray from an arc lamp shot through the window. There was a sudden flood of livid light in the compartment, and the girl's face was touched for an instant with a gray, unearthly pallor. The train groaned and clattered and lurched over a multitude of switches, and through a maze of shifting lamps that played in smothered gleams of light upon the black outlines of the tracks about us. We were passing through the yards that lie south of Lyons.

The girl pressed her slim figure a little closer to the window. A wavering circle of yellow light from the ceiling lamp moved with monotonous irregularity above her head, blurring her face for an instant in shadow, and as suddenly revealing it in all its delicate firmness of outline. The dark eyes fixed on the cushion beside me were intent, with the palpitating, hovering intentness of the wings of a moth that has just alighted. There was nothing self-conscious or expectant in the steady gaze; only a deep, restrained, and self-sufficient brooding.

She had got on at Lyons, and I had returned, after the train started, to what I thought was my reserved compartment, to find her seated at the window. I confess that I was not sorry. It was four hours to Arles, and the light was bad for reading. Besides, she had, I felt, the delightful compelling flavor of the unusual. It had been a long time since I had felt any flavor of the unusual — not since the turbulent, exciting days

of the Armistice. Now, more than a year later, it was a France thoroughly bereft of the unusual that I was finding in my capacity of sober business man.

The girl closed her eyes and folded her hands in her lap. There was a weary droop to her mouth; the look of brooding intentness had gone from her face. In its impassive, almost reluctant youth, it seemed strangely old, as if in some subtle way age had breathed upon it without touching the outline.

'Born in the end of life' — the words echoed through my mind in the cheerful, vibrant tones of Jimmie Foster. In the old careless days he had made that generalization of the girls one met in France — made it after a fourteen-day leave which had evidently been starred with more than one untalked-of adventure.

I felt as if the wayward and debonair Jimmie had suddenly entered the compartment. I suppose it was the night journey — we had taken so many together in the days of the war, and talked to so many strange and untoward people. And then, I was going to see him at Arles; him and his wife, above all things! He had written me rather plaintively from Marseilles that Jane had insisted on going to Arles — said she was entitled to a wedding-trip through the Pyrenees before they went back. Jane at Arles explained the plaintive note that Jimmie had evidently overlooked. I could hear her nervous, shallow laugh, and the quick splutter of her precipitate

response to what someone else thought was beautiful, sounding in all its futility against the great arches of the Arena.

No one had quite understood why Jimmie had married Jane. Malicious persons said that architecture after the war could n't afford any man the living Jane did. Jimmie's friends said he should have settled down long ago. At any rate, he had married her, and there they were, at Arles.

I turned toward the window; the darkness outside seemed desolate, empty — a black void streaked with the ghostlike glimmer of falling snow. We were at full speed, and the wheels beat with devouring remorselessness against the rails, casting them behind with a monotonous implacability, as if they were but passing moments in the flight of time. My thoughts wandered to the year that had gone by, the year of excitement, of hardships, of dreams and high endeavor. It gleamed against the shrouded bosom of the past, a tissue shot with strange lights, deep glowing with alluring color. France — struggling, battling France — had seemed a place of mystery then, a place of mystery and of strange disordered beauty. Now it seemed dark and empty as the night about us.

I put my foot on the floor and straightened up. Such ideas were all rot. Anyhow, Jimmie and I would soon be together, talk things over, cheer each other up. The thought of Mrs. Jimmie dashed me for a moment. And then, without warning, like the breath of some forgotten perfume, a sense of the old joy of living stole over me. I looked up; the eyes of the girl were fixed upon me, and there was a faint, almost interested smile on her face.

'You go to Arles?' she said in French. Her voice had the remote hidden quality of the wood thrush, something of its sudden lift and sustained resignation.

I answered that I was going there, and asked if she were, too.

She nodded, her gaze fixed upon me with an air of detached interest that was by no means flattering.

'You are American, are you not?'

The corners of her mouth drooped slightly, as if brushed by the shadow of some mocking spirit; she leaned her head back and looked at me through slightly narrowed lids.

I assured her, emphatically, that I was.

She laughed — an odd laugh, with a note in it as of the breaking of something fragile. She swept her hands with a sudden impish gesture across her forehead and through the dark hair that lay against the cushion.

'You enjoyed the late war, I suppose?' There was not a trace of irony in her tone; she looked at me with an air of candid inquiry.

I puzzled for a moment and then said I had been in France for a year.

'First Division?' she asked quickly; and when I said 'no,' she turned toward the window as if the conversation had ceased to interest her.

The foot that just touched the floor swayed back and forth restlessly; once or twice I thought I noticed a swift movement of her shoulders against the cushions; but her face seemed as passive and remote as its own reflection in the glass. I felt as if there were something unreal about her: she was like the echo, the story of an adventure, with all its haunting, far-away sense of emotion, and all its ghostlike conviction of unreality — a part of the dim, snow-starred night, the rush of wheels through the darkness, and the rich, vivid imaginings of the past. And then what a curious question to put to a man — 'I suppose you enjoyed the late war?'

'You know Lyons?' Her voice sounded from the corner with a certain level detachment.

I answered quickly in the negative, and sat waiting.

'I was there last year, the month of December,' she said. For a moment the noises of the train rushed through our expectant silence, and then, with a little tilt of her head against the gray cushions, she went on: 'It is very dull now in France, is it not? But Americans — do they ever find things dull?'

I admitted that at times they did.

'None that I have ever seen,' she replied. 'But then I have only known one.'

'What was his name?' I asked, a little abruptly in my curiosity, and feeling that perhaps it was not a wise question.

'You would n't know him,' she answered.

For a moment we looked at each other, measuring, appraising, divining, and then her face softened.

'You remember Paris in Armistice days?' she said. There was a supple stretch to her body and the suggestion of an upward lift to her arms as she leaned forward. 'Paris in Armistice days — the lights in the street, the beautiful white buildings again, the crowds sweeping by in sudden waves of laughter, and the thick warm scent of the cafés, that stifles you and makes your heart jump!' She trembled slightly, as if from the poignancy of the recollection, and leaned back against the cushions. 'Americans live so hard, don't they?' Her gaze was remote, impersonal, and yet strangely appealing.

I nodded, without speaking.

'You see,' she said, leaning forward and looking at me intently, 'he was so much a part of it all; he seemed to catch all the joy, and vividness, and color, and then give it out unconsciously. He was so much, so intensely alive. That was it — he was so alive!' She fixed her glance on the wall above me, and one of her slim hands moved slowly

over the other. 'Yes,' she said, after a moment, 'you don't absorb what you like, you Americans. You tear it to pieces like eager children, and then look for more. It's stimulating, at any rate.'

She laughed, and again I caught the faint trembling note in her laughter.

'You see,' she continued, 'it was so terrible at Lyons. I was working in the station; I was there three years, day and night, and I got so tired. It was trains and soldiers going and coming all the time. It was desolate and gray and without end. I thought it would go on forever.'

She turned her face toward the window, and I listened for a moment to the remorseless beat of the wheels in the black void about us.

'Then the Americans came, and one of them talked to me, and after the Armistice he came back. He was just starting on leave. You Americans, you make so much noise when you're happy, don't you?'

A bubbling, childlike note broke for an instant into the calm level of her voice.

I shook my head and waited, afraid by a word to destroy the slender cobweb that had stretched between us.

'I think it was really the way he laughed that made me go with him,' she said with a flash of self-amusement. 'I felt more alive when I heard him laugh. There was something warm and sparkling about it. Some people are like that, are n't they?'

'Yes,' I said, 'they are'; and a vision of the snug, low-lit room at Escargots, and our nightly table, with its vivid youthful faces shining above the amber twinkle of the glasses, blotted out for a moment the little figure against the gray cushions. 'Yes, some people are like that,' I thought; but just why, I did not venture to tell her; indeed, I am not sure that I wholly knew.

'We went to Bordeaux after Paris.' Her eyes were vague and elusive now,

and her relaxed body swayed slightly to the motion of the train. 'We were tired, and he wanted to go away. He said we needed the mountains after Paris. He always knew just what he needed. He often told me how important it was to be very sure of what you needed, and then get it. He needed beautiful things most of all, I think.' She looked at me without a hint of self-consciousness. He was always talking about beauty and always looking for it, and yet he seemed to have found more than anyone I ever knew. That night going to Bordeaux he told me about all the wonderful things he had ever seen. I can remember as if it was — now.' She sought the darkness for a moment and the beat of the wheels, inevitable and persistent, leaped suddenly into the silence. 'Do you have a feeling in rains,' she said, 'a feeling of going on and on forever? I had that with him; I felt as if all the wonderful things he was telling me, and all the wonderful things we were going to do, would go on forever.'

She looked gravely at me as if to test my response. I had nothing adequate to say — the sheer, revealing honesty of the girl was quite beyond words. I only waited, every instinct of sympathy alive, to draw some new revelation from those extraordinary lips.

'Do you know the Pyrenees and the Provence country? We went to Luz and Gavarnie and the Pass of Roland.' Her voice lingered on the words for a moment. 'It was like a picture, all day long. The little steep-roofed houses, and the men and women working in the fields, and the far white peaks that shone so warmly in the sun. I could have stayed there with him forever.' She looked directly at me, her gaze as clear and unfathomable as the waters of some mountain pool. 'Oh, well,' she said, with a return of her self-amusement, 'nothing really lasts, does it?'

'Nothing?' I questioned.

She turned her face to the window without answering.

After a moment I broke the silence; I simply could not help it. 'Did you go to Arles?' I said.

'Yes,' she answered, without turning from the window, 'we went to Arles, and then' — she paused — 'I went back to Lyons alone.'

A swift attack of the brakes shook the carriage into a series of little jumps. A row of lights stretched out across the darkness, fixed and unwavering above their reflection in the water below. Beyond, other lights shone, high up against the massed obscurity of the horizon.

'Sur le pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse, l'on y danse' —

The refrain of the ancient song came softly under her breath, a ghostly whisper from the past. She leaned back and looked at me like a weary child. 'I'm going to sleep,' she said, turning her face against the cushions. 'Please wake me at Arles.'

II

The sunlight was just touching the broad hat of Mistral when I emerged from the Hôtel du Nord into the square. There was a pleasant hint of early morning scrubbing in the air, and the chairs of the restaurant lay in supine preparation for the bath. The *cochers* cocked a friendly eye at the white expanse of their victorias; the market women, passing with leisured preoccupation, smiled quite frankly; altogether I felt enveloped and sustained by a comfortable air of unhurried routine. The haunting personality of the night before seemed shadowy and unreal before the simple solid facts of daily life. I wondered vaguely, as I looked at the cheerful houses across the square, what had become of my lady of the train. She had refused to give me her name, and had disappeared with a great

bearded man, who enveloped her with an enthusiasm the exact quality of which I was unable to detect.

Disregarding Jimmie's wife, I had beaten upon his door a few moments before, and had been told not to eat my breakfast for five minutes. The door had not been opened, possibly for domestic reasons, and the usual high note of enthusiasm in Jimmie's voice had seemed a little subdued. The impression lay like a tiny speck upon my sense of the clear brightness of the morning. Jimmie married might be very different from Jimmie single — probably would be, I thought, rather absently noting the lovely profile of an *Arlésienne* who was passing just in front of me.

I heard a quick, light step behind me, and Jimmie and I were face to face.

'You old scout!' he said; 'I'm mighty glad to see you! What are you doing, knocking about France this way, anyhow? Come over here and tell me all about it.'

He led the way to some chairs that had not yet suffered their morning bath.

We sat for an instant in the silence that succeeds a hearty greeting. Then I remembered Jane. I pulled myself together, rose, and hurdled her nicely. My congratulatory phrases had a warmth in them drawn from sources of deception that I did not know I possessed. Jimmie was all that could be desired: his voice had just the right accent of sober pride, and his words were brief and hesitating, as if revealing depths that could be reached only with difficulty. And as he talked, his gray eyes were fixed, in the eager gaze I knew so well, on the cluster of roofs that splashed a warm red against the fair morning sky, and his nostrils twitched as if he were smelling the sunshine.

'God, what color!' he exclaimed, breaking impetuously from the middle of a sentence and plunging his face forward as if to drink it in.

There was a commotion amongst the somnolent *cochers*, a general shifting of posture and sprucing up. Evidently something was happening at the hotel. The broad, expansive figure of Jane appeared in the doorway, and bore slowly down upon us. Jimmie leaped from his immersion; his startled look turned immediately to one of bland quiescence. I saw Jane's pink face shining above the wattles of her chin with a diffused, rather aimless delight. We shook hands, and I experienced my accustomed shock in striking so suddenly the bottom of her pale, shallow, close-set eyes.

'Is n't it just lovely that we should all meet in this idyllic spot?' she said beaming vaguely at me. 'Jimmie has been so anxious to see you — a kindred spirit in the appreciation of the arts you know'; and she sighed herself softly to the end of the sentence.

I murmured something that I hoped was appropriate, and Jimmie suggested that we go in to breakfast.

It was a long breakfast, rather tiresome, and pervaded by a certain sense of stoppage in the conversation. We were always coming up short and beginning over again with enthusiasm. I felt a certain weariness; the keen pleasure I expected had somehow evaporated. I knew I was doomed to watch Jimmie and Jane, to observe, to probe into, and above all to feel, the ceaseless action and reaction of their two personalities. And hot little egos seemed so futile in the presence of the clear beauty that lay around us. In the last twenty-four hours I had had enough of the dark mists of analysis and vicarious introspection. Too much of the human soul was not pleasant. I wanted to eat my food and enjoy it, and to talk to Jimmie about pleasant, wholesome physical things. There was so much of beauty in Arles; things that had been built and dreamed over in the past by — hot little egos like our own, I suppose.

Once out in the sunlit square I felt better, and so apparently did Jimmie. He beat Jane on the shoulder, shook himself, and remarked that, after all, it was good to be alive.

'Look at the old poet Mistral, with his slouch hat on like a Confederate officer!' he said, pointing at the statue; he knew it — he knew it! He lived a dozen lives, Jane, did you know that?'

'Ah,' breathed Jane, 'how wonderful!' Her fat face fairly exuded appreciation. 'I remember a Swami once, at Mrs. Hildreth's; he said we could grasp all consciousness and pass into the illimitable beyond, if we only chose. Isn't theosophy wonderful?'

Her eyes swam, and she sighed heavily at the statue. There was a moment's silence, and then Jimmie suggested that we might as well walk a bit.

The pleasant preoccupation of watching faces, and especially the faces of the Midi, lifted the slight shadow that had fallen upon us. Everyone who passed seemed so delightfully and so leisurely engaged in the cheerful process of living. Jimmie's eyes were a study, now alive with a stealthy ardency, now far away, reflective, as if lost in speculation. His comments were vivid, illuminating, shooting like rockers from the absorbed contemplation into which he had plunged; and his lean, nervous hands moved restlessly, as if to seize some fleeting impression, some hint of strangeness or beauty.

We passed an open doorway; within, the outlines of a Greek column stood with poised serenity against the sky, and from the adjoining wall a gargoyle looked down, distorted in all the turbid agony of mediævalism.

'Marvelous city!' cried Jimmie. 'Can you beat that for contrast? Look at it, Jane; see how it stands out in that extraordinary sunlight!'

'Ah, yes,' echoed Jane; 'extraordinary sunlight, extraordinary sunlight!'

Isn't it just perfect — so adorable, sitting there all by itself! And think how lucky we are to be here!' — She spoke in a tone of benediction. — 'I suppose it is probably snowing or raining in Philadelphia.'

It was Jane who did most of the talking for the next five minutes, Jimmie surrendering to the conversation only when necessary. It was a way he had of his own, that of stepping quite out of the picture, leaving a vacantly amiable countenance to deceive the unwary.

Just how far his present companion was unwary, I did not know. As her conversation grew in volume, there was a suspicion of insistence in her voice, a hint that she too felt that her thoughts had some claim to attention. She even fluttered now and then, like a large soft bird about to become petulant. The idea crossed my mind that upon occasion she might act with considerable clumsiness.

Jimmie, however, seemed quite unconscious of any such possibilities. It was only when we reached the Musée that he came to; and then, quite abruptly, 'Now,' he said, seizing Jane by the arm, 'we'll go in and visit the Venus of Arles.'

Jane ascended the steps with a lumpy sedateness, her broad, yellow-plaided back seeming a little formidable as it passed into the suave interior of the Musée. She blinked for a moment at the young woman at the door, and then walked immediately to the centre of the room. Her eyes went from object to object, as if bewildered by the variety of shapes.

'How many things there are here, and all so different!' she said. 'How versatile the ancients were! Jimmie!' — her fat hand waved commandingly — 'show me these things. I want to understand them in all their inwardness.'

For her own sake I could have taken

her neck below the fluff of yellow hair and wrung it sharply.

Jimmie walked straight to the statue of the *Arlésienne* Venus. 'Look at that for a moment, Jane,' he said gently. 'You don't really need to look at anything else. — Do you?' And he turned with a quick smile to me.

I nodded, and for a moment we stood in silence before the statue.

The young woman attendant moved within the range of our vision. A decidedly human appreciation replaced the look of awe and reverence on Jimmie's face. The statue, somewhat less perfect, yet somewhat more seductive, had come to life. I realized that I had not noticed sufficiently that young woman at the door. Jane evidently had not noticed her at all. In fact, Jane was busy just then thumbing the pages of her Baedeker.

'Now,' she announced, 'I think we ought to read about the Venus of Arles. It releases the spirit so to read about these things.'

She turned her plump face toward me. It was slightly disheveled; evidently she was in hot pursuit of an emotion. Jimmie was far off, lost in contemplation of the resemblance between the past and the present. I doubt if he even heard Jane. She waited an instant for his response, waited until she caught sight of the human recipient of his divided attention. Then she shut the book with a little snap.

'You should at least listen to me, Jimmie,' she said, and marched toward the door.

I broke the embarrassing pause on the steps by suggesting that we go to the Arena.

'No,' said Jimmie shortly, 'let's not go to the Arena; let's go to the river.'

I knew what Jimmie really thought of the Arena, but it was no time to ask questions. I started them down the steps without delay. There was some-

thing ominous about Jane's silence. A brisk walk on the streets would do her good. As for Jimmie, he always had been able to take care of himself. How far his ability would continue in the future, was a thought I gave myself to with considerable interest as we walked to the bridge.

We leaned over the balustrade, absorbed for a moment by the unceasing flow of green, sunlit water that hurried on its way to the Mediterranean. The mistral blew down the valley, fresh and insistent, like a draught from some gigantic door that had been left open. I fretted the pale green of the water with tiny ridges that shone with the color of steel in the sunlight. Above us the sky was a radiant, translucent blue, shot with faint vaporous mists floating high up in the eye of the sun. There was a tenseness, an eagerness, in sky and wind and water; it whipped the nerves and drove the imagination into extraordinary antics. I could feel Jimmie respond to it, feel the lift of his spirit as he leaned out over the balustrade, hat off, his face set keen against the wind.

'Jolly old world,' he said. 'Goes on and on — always new — carries you along somehow, does n't it?' He turned to me. Jane edged a little closer. 'I could only get hold of it, just for a minute — the strange passing beauty that mocks you — laughs right at you. You think you have it, and it's gone. He leaned out again, and the wind caught his words and blew them back to us in sudden eddies of sound. 'We've all tried; men have tried for a thousand years, and it escapes, elusive imperishable — unspeakably precious Romanticism!' He laughed. 'Yet the Greeks understood, and they were n't Romantic. And the French — they get it somehow. Fine sense of form and clear thinking, I suppose — eh?' Jane was looking eagerly at him, but he seemed oblivious of her. 'I tell you, old

man,' and he slapped the balustrade, 'we've got a lot to learn. We're like those old Roman Johnnies that came floating down from Avignon to the cemetery over there.' He pointed to the Alyscamp, which lay shrouded in cypresses, its tombs a dazzling white through the green foliage. 'They brought their burial money in their dead hands, paid their way through with good honest money, even unto death; and then some esurient Greek stole it, and sat in the shadow of the Arena, looking lazily upon life and feeling that it was good. Oh, my boy, we miss it all, — we miss it all, — and we have n't long to live, either!' His gaze sought the green, sparkling water that was slipping away beneath us, and then came back to me. 'I suppose I'm simply a rank hedonist,' he said in a matter-of-fact voice.

'What is a hedonist, Jimmie?' said Jane.

There was something disturbing in her voice; I wondered what was coming next.

'My dear,' said Jimmie, patting her hand absently, 'you would n't understand, and I won't try to explain it to you.'

'Why would n't I understand?' she insisted.

'Oh, I don't know,' said Jimmie carelessly, his eyes fixed on the dazzling line that marked the bend in the river. 'Because you're you, I suppose.'

Her pink face darkened and her hands fluttered a little.

'I understand a lot more than you think I do,' she said. 'You talk too much anyway, and you never listen to me. Come on back to the hotel; I'm tired.'

Jimmie and I spent the afternoon together, Jane having retired to her room immediately after lunch. Jimmie was morose; we had very little exercise and many moody sessions on the sidewalk

cafés. To his credit, he kept what he thought to himself, only allowing it to escape in a fine drizzle of pessimistic philosophy. He dwelt long and lovingly on our year in France, the wild irresponsibility of it, and the glamour of its incessant variety. It was as if its ghost had come back to haunt him, so ceaselessly did he turn the details over and over. Bit by bit he traveled through its history, down to the days of the Armistice.

And then I dropped a question, let it roll unobtrusively into the conversation: 'You were here on leave, were n't you, Jim?'

He looked straight at me. 'Yes, I was,' he said. 'That leave, my boy, was — an illumined moment.'

It was an unappeased Jane and a sulen Jimmie who sat down to dinner. The drawn curtains, the soft light of the rose-colored candles shining on the white linen and polished silver, the deft, friendly touch of the waiter, all the pleasant intimate surroundings of a French dinner, seemed garish and unreal in the atmosphere of bitterness that enveloped our table. Whence the lightning would strike, I did not know. My curiosity was gone; I had only a desire to get out of Arles as quickly as possible.

The waiter, with soft apology, presented the bill to Jimmie. Jane took it quickly out of his hands.

'Charge it to my account, room 19,' she said in barbarous French.

Jimmie's face was scarlet, but he laughed cheerfully. 'Do you insist on paying it, Jane dear?'

'Yes,' she said, 'I do. And will you order tickets for Paris? We're going up to-morrow. You can have them charged, too.'

III

The moonlight lay in cool splashes on the roofs of the houses, and the town

was settling into the reposeful calm of night. Our steps echoed emptily upon the pavement; there was only a passing figure in the square, and the café had put up its shutters.

Jimmie was silent. He had not said a word since we had left Jane seated at the table. He turned at the corner in an opposite direction from the railway station.

'I have a great desire,' he said slowly, 'to see the Arena. Do you mind? We can' — he gulped painfully — 'let the tickets go for the time being.'

The street lay before us, a black trench between two rows of moonlit roofs. The freshness of the air was vaguely disquieting; the night seemed to stir about us like the unfolding of some deep-petaled flower. Two women passed. I caught for an instant the glimmer of their faces turned toward us, a sleeve brushed my arm, and an odor of perfume drifted out into the night. I looked at Jimmie. His gaze was fixed on the courtyard just beyond, a courtyard where the moonlight fell in clear, unbroken radiance on the fragments of two columns, ancient, immutable, absorbing and reflecting an unchanging and eternal beauty.

The Church of Saint Trophine loomed ahead, massive, forbidding, crowned with silver light. The shadows of the arched doorway lay like grim lines of pain on the graven surface; they frowned upon us in all the agony of souls in self-inflicted torture.

Jimmie shivered a little. 'I wonder what it all means,' he said. 'It's a part, though, is n't it, of something? Something I can never quite understand. Form, of course, I understand that — but the spirit of it; no, I don't get it. Do you?'

He peered wistfully at me out of the darkness.

A shaft of ruddy light stained the pavement at our feet. The shutters of

a little café were open; its intimate interior turned an unconscious, friendly eye upon us. A swarthy, black-bearded man threw back his head and laughed; the woman by him seized the cards out of his hand, and the echo of their laughter floated out, muffled, rich with a note of deep contentment. From above came the sound of a voice singing a Spanish song, the melancholy, long withdrawing notes passing with poignant futility into the peace of the impalpable night.

We walked in silence to the end of the street. The walls of the Arena stood before us, black as the shadow of poised wings in the moonlight. Above, on the stones that seemed to meet the sky, the light lay in still pools caught from a flood that gleamed with radiant tranquillity beyond the enclosing darkness.

Jimmie drew a deep breath. 'If people were only like that!' he said. 'What restless, searching creatures we are, are n't we? We flow in an eternal flux about the white hidden face of truth, and now and then it's revealed to us in rare glimpses like this, caught and put down in some great work of art or some great act. And then the current washes us away, to grope about like weary swimmers lost in a sea of illusions. Lord!' — he shook his head like a dog emerging from water — 'I'm getting decadent; come on.'

There was a knowing smile on the face of the old concierge as he swung the gate out for us and pocketed our franc. He grunted quite familiarly at Jimmie, who scarcely noticed him. Standing against the gate with his grizzled head on one side, he peered after us, a bit of cheerful, curious humanity, at the entrance to antiquity.

The great circles of stone rose about us, empty, expectant, as if awaiting some ghostly pageant. Above, in the dim arches, the night wind murmured

in hushed whispers; there was no sound save that of our footsteps echoing through the moonlit well of the Arena. We walked toward the Saracenic tower, a black square on the topmost circle. Jimmie climbed the first stone of the ascent, and then faced me.

'My boy,' he said, 'don't ever' — He stopped for a moment and looked across the moonlit space. — 'There's something you can lose, and don't you forget it makes a difference. I thought it did n't, but it does. I was here before, and — I don't like it.' His face had the look of one who sees for the first time the vision of something irretrievably lost. 'Hell of an old world, of our own making, is n't it? Why have the gods afflicted me?'

He smiled, and a little twist caught the corners of his mouth.

Slowly we climbed toward the topmost circle of stone. The moonlight fell in slanting beams down the rows of staring seats, our shadows lengthened and shortened in strange gyrations behind us. We seemed the actors in some ancient tragedy, mouthing bits of humanity before the sardonic face of the Arena. The great stones above the arches lay like folded hands, impassive, pitiless, in the white light that fell upon them.

We stood at the top, breathing heavily. For a moment we looked down. Then Jimmie walked to a stone that lay breast-high above us, its surface emerging from the shadow of the tower. He climbed upon it, and as he did so a figure slipped from the darkness and moved toward him.

Jimmie stood as if frozen. He passed his hand slowly over his forehead.

'Madeleine, is that you?' he said, in a voice that trembled slightly.

She looked at him without a tremor, her body tense and her eyes filled with wonderment.

'You have come back?' she said.

He walked toward her, and then stopped, as if checked by an invisible barrier.

'I cannot believe it.' His voice was almost a whisper. 'It is too strange that it should be you. O Madeleine, tell me, why did you come here?'

She looked gravely at him, seeming to draw slowly from some deep source of composure.

'I did not think we should meet,' she answered. 'I did not know you were in France. You have never written to me — not a word.'

He hesitated, as if struggling against some dim bewilderment. His arms moved forward, and then dropped.

'You can't understand — I don't, myself. I wanted to write, but it was so far away, so different. I was in another world; and now, with you here, it all comes back to me overwhelmingly.'

His outstretched hands tried to convey his meaning, but she did not move.

'Had you forgotten that you were ever in Arles?' she said quietly.

'No,' he cried, 'I had not!'

'Ah, yes, you had forgotten,' she answered. 'You remember now, and you think you remembered always, but I know it is not true; you had forgotten. You had finished with Arles, and it had gone from your mind. Is it so beautiful then, in America, and so interesting?'

Her words fell with delicate precision, like arrows finely barbed.

Jimmie quivered; once again his arms moved forward, reached out, and dropped.

'Oh,' — he spoke as if in agony, — 'you don't understand, Madeleine, you don't understand! I feel shaken — clear out of myself. Things change, and then, suddenly, they change back. I had forgotten what you were like, and now —'

He shut his lips tight and clinched his hands.

She came closer to him; there was an appeal in her gesture, and yet she seemed as remote and inaccessible as some returned spirit.

'There is magic in the Arena,' she said; 'it calls up the beauty of the past, and then, on nights like this, it gives it forth to trouble us with visions. It was just a year ago that we were standing here together, and you said that. You see, I remember everything.' Her slim body and dark head swayed slightly forward, as if bending to the force of some poignant memory. 'We had so much together, did n't we? — Paris, and the Pyrenees, and this! And after, I had Lyons again.' Her head drooped for a moment; she threw it back; and her eyes sought his face with a swift, controlled eagerness. 'And you — what did you have? Adventure, excitement, and the never-ending quest for beauty? Without that you could n't live, is it not true? And yet, with all the world before you, you come back to Arles! Tell me,' she demanded fiercely, 'why did you come?'

Without answering, he threw his arms about her.

She drew her head away and looked steadily at him.

'Why did you come back?' she said.

He made no answer; his arms only closed tighter. She laid an elbow against his breast and kept herself clear of his grasp.

'You never wrote, not one word. I did n't even know where you were; I wrote you, oh, so many letters!' Her voice faltered a little. 'Have you never thought about me at all until to-night?'

Jimmie buried his head on her shoulder. She smoothed the thick hair that lay against her dress. Her touch had in it something inexpressibly old and full of wisdom.

'You are not happy, are you?' she said, bending her face over until her lips touched his hair.

He was silent, and she looked out over the still beauty of the Arena, as if seeking the answer to her question.

'You are married?' she said, in an even voice.

Jimmie raised his head. 'Yes.'

She stood motionless as marble, the firm lines of her face drawn with delicate distinctness in the moonlight. 'And is she in Arles?' she asked gently.

Jimmie nodded.

'Oh, poor boy!' Her voice broke into a ripple of laughter. 'Why did you bring her to Arles?'

Jimmie seized her with an overpowering grip; her face fell back like a flower caught in a sweeping torrent; he moved toward the edge of the Arena as if driven by an insane desire, and for an instant they swayed perilously on the brink. Then he dropped his arms, and she leaned against him a little unsteadily.

'Will you go with me?' he said.

She stepped back. 'And to-morrow?' Her voice was the level voice I had heard on the train. 'What about to-morrow?'

Jimmie stretched out his hands impetuously, as if to sweep away all obstacles.

'Let to-morrow go; why think about it now! For God's sake! Madeleine!'

She looked at him for a moment, her calm scrutiny seeming to come from that deep hidden source of wisdom and composure. Her face, so sensitive, so full of sadness and undaunted resolution, brought back old memories of her countrymen in bitter days of trial.

'No,' she said, 'it is impossible. It is always dream with you; but we are very old, we French, we do not hesitate to look upon the truth. You and I have had our moment, and we can never recapture it. I know, oh, I know so much more than you. You are young and you dream, and you cannot see the truth. You are always changing,

and absorbing, and passing on to new things. It is the youth of a young race, and mine is old, and wise, and deep in loyalties. No, it is impossible.'

She slipped back into the shadow of

the tower, and her whispered good-bye sounded with piteous finality across the still, moonlit stones. Jimmie turned away, and climbed slowly down to where I was standing.

ADVENTURE

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

O Possible and Probable,
Fell jailers of my mind,
I had a way of leaping once
And leaving you behind.

I had a way of soaring once
Off in a maze of blue,
Tempting Unbelievable
Until it happened true.

But now they 've taken Beautiful
And measured her a gown.
Beautiful, my Beautiful,
Come, storm through the town,

Naked on a smoking steed,
While I cry your name,
And old cringing Credible
Dies of rage and shame!

THE LASTING THINGS

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

WE may be very progressive, but we do like our own ways. Between the ages of twenty and sixty our dread of getting into a rut has power to keep us uneasy; but, even during those critical years, our own ways hardly seem to us like ruts. A rut is generally a groove made by the wheels of others. We are glad to think that the paths we have blazed are a little aside from the main-traveled road.

Traced through a life-time, traced through the generations, these private ways of ours would be found to mark the regions where individuality is most pronounced, where the historical background is most charming, where we have the most memorable encounters with our friends.

They mark, also, the regions where we form the most memorable customs with our relatives. In a family made up of resourceful people, with ways that sometimes coincide and sometimes intersect, the chances for comradeship and the chances for collision are about even. From the resulting combination of accepted and contested modes of procedure, the permanent family tradition is made up.

The most distinctive customs in household life are likely to gather around very simple things, such as the material equipment which the family has in common, especially four great subjects for debate: furniture, personal property, the automobile, and the food-supply. Nobody deliberately sets out to establish individual customs in connection with these things; but years afterward the acci-

dental associations come to have a striking significance.

Furniture, for example, is a matter of genuine idealism with most householders. We intend to accumulate only things worth owning — the fine, durable things that can be handed down with unimpaired dignity through the generations. With adequate funds and trained judgment, this ideal can be approached. But when the average family is developing within financial limitations, certain articles of furniture that are not representative are bound to creep in. And if this goes on through a period of years, the final accumulation is not homogeneous.

In the most comfortable of homes, therefore, we find things in which nobody takes much artistic pride. As 'period furniture' these pieces are not a success, for they are not purely of any recognized type, not even early- or mid-Victorian. If anything, they are early McKinley or mid-Ulysses Grant. In spite of excellent reasons for keeping these objects, the owners are quite aware of the inharmonious note. Those members of the family who, like Mrs. Gummidge, *feel* it more than the rest, are continually suggesting new locations for the offending articles, manœuvring to get them into inconspicuous positions. But you cannot hope to obscure such things entirely. The more you try to suppress them, the more they prey upon the mind. Some profounder, more penetrating Freud ought to investigate the effect of suppressed furniture upon the inner life of the home.

People who find themselves in possession of such things have a baffled feeling. Their ideals were dignified, but their success was uneven. Yet, if they wait long enough, they will find that it is not exclusively the old mahogany that is carefully cherished by the younger generation. The memory of the stuffed sofa over the back of which we fished for trout, and of the unsteady little pine tea-table where we used to find the cooky-pail, can assume a value in our later thought quite equal to that of the ancestral highboy.

A famous logician has said that furniture is divided into two classes: furniture made to hold people, and furniture made to hold things. But within these two great logical divisions there is a peculiar extra class — furniture made to hold memories. Leaving out of the account such poetic examples as the trundle-bed and the settle by the fire, we can all of us think of articles that have formed, not only the social centre of the group, but also the centre of discussion.

In one household, this kind of furniture is represented by a chair where the lower part is stationary and the upper part rocks. Everyone knows this kind of chair — the kind where the top has a curved solid-wood foundation that rocks on a stationary base, the whole thing held together by springs, if I make myself clear. The English language is curiously inadequate to a description of this chair. But the man who owns one knows that, as you seat yourself in it, you are likely to take a backward swoop, very startling indeed if you are new to the manner. Since the foundation is firm, you do not really fall; you simply go through the preliminaries without the crash.

Suppose that, for some unaccountable reason, this happens to be somebody's favorite chair — what can you do about it? The sensitive members

of the family, deploring, not only its manners, but the way it is upholstered, do their best to retire it to a cranny. But since, when it rocks backward, it blemishes the wall behind it and bumps annoyingly, the comfort-loving classes keep dragging it out again as fast as it is set away. This breeds dissension. And any inanimate object that can outride the gales of household strife is perfectly sure of an eternal place in our memories. Whether we attacked it or defended it, we remember it.

An entirely different variety of hotly discussed furniture is the sort not ugly in itself, but by nature untidy. Some pieces of furniture seem made to hold more things than others. There are tables that are positive magnets. They attract the entire deposit of the day. You may put such a table in perfect order in the morning, and by night it will be completely hidden beneath an accumulation of newspapers, notions, and small wares. In the same way, certain backs of chairs form natural hanging-places for caps and book-straps and shopping-bags. 'Have you looked on the back of the Morris chair?' — 'Have you looked on the hall table?' Magnetic furniture governs not only the domestic trade-routes and thoroughfares and the line of traffic from room to room: it governs also the line of argument when things are lost and not found.

Sometimes it is not a single bit of furniture, but a whole room, that must be suppressed. In one house, this room is the 'plaything-closet'; in another, it is the 'cubby-hole' — a cache for rubber overshoes, dry-mops, and hockey-sticks; in another, it is the boys' room, a sort of Tramps' Paradise, where the boys keep their dynamo and all their odds and ends. The doors of such places have a universal tendency to stand ajar. As you ring the doorbell of certain pleasant homes, you hear the careful closing of doors before your ring is

answered. I like to think that this is the gentle shutting of plaything-closets and cubby-holes.

Of course, there are houses where there is no imperfection — no suppressed furniture, no plaything-closet, no paradise. But they are comparatively few.

A family's treatment of personal property is another famous starting-place for distinctive traditions. Every family has to build up a code, for example, about what shall and what shall not go to the rummage sale. The laws that govern the borrowing of supplies, tools, thimbles, and costume from one's kin are enforced in most households by an amateur detective system of no small talent.

And customs arise also out of the respect due to people's eccentricities in the use of their own rooms. Kindly men who are otherwise tractable about the house turn dangerous on the subject of their study-table. The lady of the house is supposed to leave that spot alone, and yet at the same time to be able to produce on application the *Outlook* of the week before last. Women who dust skillfully learn to handle such stage-properties with amazing success. But occasionally the most experienced will blunder.

A certain small boy once gave out simple orders that nobody was to touch his box of matches or go anywhere near the Bible on his dressing-table. His mother understood about the Bible. Her little son, she knew, was not devout, but he was a man of his word, and he had promised to read the Bible every day for a year. The thing that she wondered about was the match-box. There was an electric light beside his desk, and the matches at the bedside seemed superfluous. Therefore, when she dusted, she left the matches sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, not at all appreciating his rage when he could

not find them. But one night, as she went past his room, she saw the flare of a match in the dark. She paused, fascinated, and looked in. There he sat in bed, Bible in one hand, match in the other, reading while the match held out to burn. It is astonishing what an amount of Holy Writ you can absorb before the flame creeps quite up to your thumb. He explained somewhat impatiently that he had to turn out his desk-light before he could raise the curtains and open the windows, did n't he? and he had to read the Bible, did n't he, after he was in bed?

Most persons have these little ways with their own possessions — ways that they cannot defend and will not reform. But there is no other department of household life in which tradition becomes so suddenly Chinese as it does in an automobile.

The automobile is so new that one does not naturally think of tradition in connection with it; but when you are in an automobile, you can establish a custom in a twinkling. There is no other setting where peculiarities, either of the group or of the individual, so promptly crystallize into something invariable.

Every family, for instance, quickly establishes well-defined relations between the driver and the group. People on the back seat of a touring-car are tempted to shout directions to the driver, especially if he is a member of the clan. This would be well enough if the directions were always succinct, sensible, final, and from one person. But when several of the party lean forward and halloo conflicting suggestions against the wind, the fibre of the family tie is tested.

Drivers react to this according to their temperament and training. The highly disciplined son or brother responds like a sensitive instrument. He swerves the car lightly hither and yon

at the cross-roads, turning an impossible corner when a shout from the rear demands it, and instantly making another swoop in the opposite direction when the order is countermanded. By the curve of the car he accurately registers the caprice of the tonneau. Many sons and brothers can make a car cut a perfect figure eight to order without accident, but few can do it without remark.

A very different type of young man goes to the other extreme, and pays no attention at all to anyone who tries to alter his plans or to regulate his speed. Bracing resolute shoulders, he spins along, deaf to the cries of his passengers.

And there is now and then a driver, perhaps the father of the family, who, instead of being merely obedient or disobedient, is diplomatic. If there is an argument as to route, he stops the car, leans a kindly arm along the back of the seat, and turns around to talk things over. He does not start again until a satisfactory group-decision has been reached. This saves wear and tear on the car.

With the automobile, too, comes the question whether or not to put up the curtains when it begins to rain — a subject too painful for more than mention here. And you can take the complete measure of a family's growth in grace when it comes time to select a spot by the roadside where they can all agree to eat the picnic lunch. All hands on the lookout, they skim along the country road, everybody pointing out perfect spots, which somebody else vetoes on account of mosquitoes, or cows, or poison ivy. That family is fortunate that has already settled upon ideal picnic grounds on every highway — places where they always stop for luncheon without debate.

We like to have traditional places and unchanging rites and ceremonies in connection with our food-supply. The

charm of a picnic is in its informality, but also in its conformity with the recognized rites and ceremonies of the picnic. A picnic that tries to be a course dinner is interesting as a feat of special ingenuity, but out of place under the trees. We want even our basket-luncheon to live up to what we expect of the proper picnic tradition.

The most interesting example of the way in which traditions gather around the most informal of meals is the Sunday-night supper. This is the most flexible of all national events. There is no social code to govern it. Each family celebrates it in its own way. Yet nearly everybody has definite ideas as to how this meal should be managed. Some families, like the Children of Israel, eat standing. This saves dishes. In other homes, Sunday night is the favorite time for guests, and the meal is more or less elaborate. Some people have brown bread and milk for supper, some have popcorn and cocoa, some have Welsh rarebit. Then there is the great school of foraging, the teachings of which permit every man to raid the larder for what he wants. The maid is out, and it is the open season for hunting in the refrigerator.

In homes where this last practice is in vogue, the supper-hour is variable. Some time after dark, the family, two or three at a time, begin to drift toward the kitchen. Somebody opens the refrigerator door and goes down on one knee for a survey. The others gather behind him and look over his shoulder at the rows of dishes sitting in the arctic twilight of the shelves. Then one dish after another is called for and handed out, as each announces his choice. Everything is open for selection, except one.

And here is the moment for an almost national debate, carried on perennially, with one side always winning. Shall or shall not the Sunday chicken be

eaten cold on Sunday night? Every housewife in the land upholds the negative: resolved, that it shall not. There it is, the chicken, in plain sight, delectable. To-morrow it will be only our Monday dinner. To-night is its perfect moment. But in most homes, the tradition is inflexible, though upheld by only one single personality. Except for a criminal morsel or two snatched under cover of the excitement, the chicken remains undiminished. On this one point, the mildest lady in the land stands firm.

But the most significant phase of the Sunday-night supper will vary with individual experience. Sometimes a prosaic moment is most memorable, as it is in one home where the true spirit of the occasion is always most charming when the time comes for washing the dishes.

The whole household on this one night joins in the process. The son of the family, who normally sojourns very little in kitchens, is provided with a tea-towel, and stands immovable, polishing conscientiously. He is not a rapid worker, but he is very thorough. Conversation flourishes as he vigorously rubs a single bread-and-butter plate endlessly round and round. He thinks of a dish-towel, not merely as an instrument for drying moisture, but as a sort of buffer. Still, it is something to have him there, though he does monopolize a dry towel that might otherwise be put to use. His sisters dart about, snatching cups and plates from under his elbow at the right, drying them as they make the *détour* around him, and depositing them at his left.

Meanwhile his father — also conversational — leans against one of the doors of the china-closet, choosing by instinct the door that bars the way to the place where the next pile of plates must go. Requested to move, he springs aside with alacrity, and with unerring intuition takes up a new position against the

shelf that is the destination of the incoming glasses.

Just why it should be so thrilling, on this one night in the week, to have two gentlemen of doubtful serviceableness in the kitchen, is a question that might be puzzling to explain in terms. But it is nevertheless one of the great settled questions of that home.

No matter how commonplace the origin, any simple, unvarying custom, followed for a long time, gathers power to stir the imagination. Thus the little ways of the household, insignificant and even annoying at the moment, become later something more than a series of trivialities. This is particularly true of the things that older people do with children. There are men and women who are artists in this matter of establishing beautiful customs that children love and always remember.

A certain astute business man, who is not generally known as an artist, has this knack with his children. His wife, whose gifts are more along the disciplinary lines, says that, when her headstrong sons and daughters were small, she and her husband were like the Law and the Gospel. She was the Law, and he was the Gospel. He was the one who established, for example, a good-night custom that involved a plate of apples, a sharp knife, and a book. His children are all grown up now; but one winter evening, when they were at home for vacation, they invited a little party of guests into the house after a long ride.

We found the hostess seated at the table, a tray piled with apples before her, and over by the fireplace her husband, waiting with a book. We all sat down round the table, as her children had done ever since they could remember, and she pared the apples, cutting them into quarters, and giving us each one quarter at a time as it came our turn.

Meanwhile, the father read aloud a selection from Rostand. The mellow blend of Rostand and the Baldwin apples, the pleasure of hearing the reading and of watching the skillful hands at work, and of waiting our turn for our slice of apple — all this was delightful in itself. But there was, besides, a rich sense of the recurrent spirit of the moment kept over so many years unspoiled. There was something very fine and durable about it. We instantly recognize the authentic tradition when we see it.

Such early customs have a curious way of assuming symbolic value in our maturer thought. They are reassuring in moments of insecurity — a steadying element. If it is true that an unfortunate event or terror in childhood can make so deep an impression as later to undermine the mental health, surely it is not making too extravagant a claim to suggest that an exquisite or humorous or gracious moment may serve later as a powerful force for sanity.

Each of us will recall such early significant moments from our own experience. One of my own most perfect childhood memories concerns my visits to my grandmother, when she invited me to stay for supper, and my grandfather walked home with me after dark.

All along the way, he used to point out our two shadows on the pavement, as we passed the street-lights one by one. We watched the way the shadows were very short directly below the lamp, and how they lengthened until they were just our height, — his more than twice as tall as mine, — and how they finally grew so long that their tops were almost out of sight. The object was to find the point where the shadows were exactly as tall as ourselves. When we came to the darkest part of the street, where our shadows were lost in the hedges, we used to stop and find the North Star over a pointed tree near my own home.

That was always the way we made the journey from his home to mine, until he thought that I was too old to care to have him show me stars and shadows any more. But for me, as long as I live, the North Star will shine over that particular tree. And I shall always keep the memory of that funny little shadow that used to be mine, clear-cut with the light behind it — and beside it, hand in hand with it, that dear characteristic shadow that never falls now on any road in the world.

We make something that lasts a good while when we make a custom.

A CONSCIENCE FOR THE WORLD

THE LEAGUE PROBLEM RESTATED

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

PLUNGING right into the heart of the matter, I ask myself, after looking on at the Geneva experiment in internationalism: Is the League — or the Association of Nations envisaged by a certain school of American thought — to be merely another instrument of diplomacy? or is it to be a Super-State? or is it to be a free assembly of peoples expressing, not so much the realities of practical politics as the high ideals which should animate humanity? My carefully considered judgment of Geneva is that at present the League is only a diplomatic manœuvring ground, in which wheel and intrigue, in strategic formation, the representatives of the foreign offices of the world — or, rather, of a definite portion of the world, which seeks to present itself as a solid *bloc* before another portion of the world, while the component members at the same time aim at the triumph of their own particularist policies as against the policies of their fellow members.

The League is conceived sincerely enough by some of the delegates, who were actually chosen by their respective governments to go to Geneva; but the majority of delegates were only the tools of the statesmen at home, who are necessarily preoccupied rather with immediate national concerns than with the principles of good world-government, and are anxious above all, in letting

live the League, that the League shall not run counter to their projects or the traditions of their country. There were certainly other delegates, and perhaps their number was not insignificant, who had not framed any general notion of what the League is or may be, of what the League may or may not do.

Now, I trust that I shall not be considered presumptuous if I attempt — especially at this moment, when America is considering again what place she shall take in the mondial scheme of things — to define the League. There have been earlier attempts to define it, but they have been made in the air. No one had previously seen the League at work. It had, before the gathering at Geneva at the end of last year, no local habitation; if it had a name, it had no shape. It existed only on paper. It existed, if you like, in embryo: the Council had carried on *tant bien que mal*; but the Council was, quite plainly, simply another Council of Ambassadors. The Council was composed of emissaries of the governments which were at that moment engaged in a diplomatic struggle. It was hardly an innovation: we have certainly seen diplomatic conclaves *ad nauseam* during the past few years. It could scarcely be expected to accomplish anything, since it was dependent in every sense on Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay — an em-

anation of the Supreme Council, subordinate to the Supreme Council, and fatally marked by its lack of daring, its desire to move on collateral lines with the recognized authorities.

How, indeed, could it be otherwise, even though there were on the Council of the League men of distinction, who have devoted their political lives to the promotion of the theory that principles might advantageously be introduced into the relations of nation with nation? I am not decrying the Council; but the pre-Assembly Council must be taken for what it was. For what it was, — a strictly supervised body never moving outside the orbit of the wishes of the Great Powers, — it did creditable work. But the League had not really come into being: there was no authority of any kind given to the Council except the authority which it drew directly from the interested directors of diplomatic affairs.

It was the Assembly that had to decide what the League should be. Was it to be the Super-State, so much dreaded by superheated imaginations? The notion is preposterous in the present stage of progress, although, doubtless, there will be a real Super-State, when there shall be the United States of Europe as there are the United States of America, and when they shall have coalesced into one great organization of mankind known as the United States of the World. This is, indeed, the ultimate step in government. Without arguing that there is any law of progress, it is a fact that, from the wild lawlessness of the individual savage, to the associations of the family, of the clan, of the tribe, of the nation, of nations, there has been this gradual tendency to regulate common relations of fraternity on an ever broader basis, to unite for general purposes, to merge private irresponsibility in responsible coöperation for the greatest good of the mass.

There should be reached at long last an epoch when there will be a Super-State, when all peoples will be content to be under one supreme government, without therefore sacrificing their own separate existence as national entities.

But we are far from that; the dream, or nightmare, as the adversaries of unity and also of unison would have us believe, is yet within the ivory gates.¹ There could be no question of a league that should impose its fiat on cabinets and presidents and kings. Obvious as this is, it is necessary to emphasize the point, since there are ardent but misguided advocates of the League who profess themselves disappointed because the League cannot enforce its conclusions on France, England, America — not even on the Poles or the Kemalists or the citizens of Fiume.

That is not a reasonable conception of the League. What I believe to be such a reasonable conception, which should satisfy the most advanced spirits and yet not provoke the opposition even of the foreign offices and the state departments, is that in which the League will remain a platonic body with spiritual powers, and in which, nevertheless, it will be completely independent of diplomatists and of diplomatic influences; in which it will be elevated above considerations of expediency, removed from the realm of the arbitrary, pursuing its deliberations in the calmer atmosphere of philosophic reflection, guided, not by the instructions of the governments, but by the principles of humanity.

II

There are, then, I think, three conceptions of a league, which are far removed from each other and which have yet become confused. From what I saw of the proceedings at Geneva, I am con-

¹ Current efforts to overcome religious dissension offer a curious parallel.—THE EDITOR.

vinced that the countries which have adhered to the League have not clearly separated one conception from another. Hence arise misunderstandings of the most unfortunate kind. It is, I am persuaded, in consequence of this attempt to combine three sorts of leagues in one — an impossible Trinity — that America has held aloof. America is not hostile to the League; America does not understand the League. For that matter, neither do the adherent countries; but by an accident of politics they find themselves perplexed inside the League instead of being perplexed outside the League. It is strange that, after so much talk about it and about, we have not clarified our ideas. What is it that we want from the League? How should it operate? At Geneva we saw a hotch-potch of incompatible conceits. The result was crazier than any quilt made by our grandmothers, idealism alternating with realism, politics clashing with principles, nationalism criss-crossing with internationalism.

The prevailing impression left on my mind, however, in spite of a great deal of good-will, in spite of an obvious attempt on the part of many delegates, at moments on the part of all the delegates, to take detached views, was the diplomatic character of the first Geneva Assembly. Now I see in this an immense danger. The trail of diplomacy was over it all. Let me defend myself in advance from any charge of pouring undeserved scorn on diplomacy or on diplomatists. I respect both the institution and its agents. Diplomacy is a *métier* like any other: it is no more to be denounced out of hand than is journalism. But it has its place, and its place is not, in my opinion, in the League. The League should be the corrective to diplomacy, the antidote of diplomacy. Let me recall again the famous saying of Cavour, the creator of modern Italy: 'If we had done for ourselves what we

have done for Italy, we should have been great rascals.'

Cavour was a great statesman; he was a great man. But political morality is not, and never has been, — it probably never will be, — on as high a level as private morality. It cannot be judged by the same standards — though why it should not be so judged, it would not be easy to analyze. Certainly the consequences of *a*-morality in politics are disastrous: they may ruin great nations and bring unspeakable misery to millions. What statecraft without a conscience has done during the last decade constitutes an appalling lesson — which, however, will not be heeded. The conventions of diplomacy are too deeply rooted. The amazing woes of the Napoleonic era did not persuade the world that righteousness is better than might. Metternich, who dominated the Continent in a different way after Napoleon, is the perfect type of intriguer, who by dark combinations and occult schemes pursued his policy of repression for many years, holding Europe in twilight. Neither he nor Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, can be criticized on the ground of immediate failure; and we have always taken it for granted that the end justifies the means in diplomacy, even though the means increases immeasurably the sum of human sufferings.

It is clear that, from another and a higher standpoint, even national unity and national aggrandizement are too dearly bought at the price of multitudinous murder and universal unhappiness, and that in the long run the reliance on force fails. It failed for Germany: success attained by unscrupulous exercise of power must sooner or later be followed by a crash. Empire after empire has trodden the dusty road of destruction, because there has never been lasting triumph for brute force or subtle dealings. If Germany

alone of modern nations (with the possible exception of Japan, who has observed that the West respects only weight of arms) has boldly proclaimed without hypocrisy the gospel of strength, and has found that strength breaking under her, countless examples of the baneful effects of a more carefully disguised employment of strength, which has equally brought countries to perdition, could be cited. Undoubtedly the diplomatists, and behind them the militarists, have nothing to boast about. But it is not necessary to condemn them utterly, for the purpose of my thesis. Accept them as necessary in this imperfect world; assume that our customary national methods are justified. It still remains true that the League is not wanted, — it is not wanted by men of good-will, at any rate, — if it is only another vehicle for the manifestations of the politicians. They have plenty of ways of operating, and certainly it is not by multiplying these ways that we change anything. If the League is to be only the appanage of the foreign offices, it is a delusion and a snare, and the sooner it is scrapped, the better.

I hope I shall be excused for insisting again and again on this point. It has, in my opinion, inexplicably escaped attention, and yet it is the most important thing to say about the League, that at present it is an annex of Whitehall and the Quai d'Orsay. It is not democratic: it is diplomatic. It is fatally the instrument of the same people who have brought us to our present pass. Let the diplomatists continue to act on their plane, but let us put the League on an entirely different plane.

III

Before I elaborate my view on the true functions of the League, let me show briefly how the foreign offices

really controlled the Geneva Assembly. Everything, of course, depends upon the choice of delegates, and there was conspicuously demonstrated, in the choice of almost every one of the delegates of the twoscore-odd nations, the belief that here was a new diplomatic organ, on which only diplomatists and statesmen more or less connected with the foreign offices would be of service. It is only necessary to run down the list of names: you will find ambassadors, you will find ex-foreign secretaries, you will find former prime ministers, you will find all sorts of functionaries who belong more or less to the governmental machine, and who are not selected as citizens of the world, exponents of the League idea, but as specialists in foreign politics who thoroughly understand the point of view of their own governments.

It would have been a miracle had any decision of first-rate importance come out of such a gathering. How could it? It seems to me that already the League has been side-tracked, and that the majority of the delegates, consciously or unconsciously, went rather in the capacity of watchdogs, to prevent anything being done, than as apostles of progress. Now the difference that should exist between a leaguer and an ambassador is such that it cannot possibly be bridged. 'My country, right or wrong' is the very proper device of the ambassador; whereas, the leaguer should be concerned only with right. Utopian as this may sound, can anybody explain what is the purpose, what can be the benefit of a league of ambassadors? Governments do not lack facilities for getting in touch with each other. The moment the representatives consented to go to Geneva with instructions in their pockets, the League of Nations, as a league of nations, was dead.

And yet so widespread was the mistake about the character of the League,

which is nothing if it is not free from governmental interference, if it is a mere packed jury, that French writers like Pertinax, expressing the view of the Quai d'Orsay, declared that it may be an admirable instrument for enforcing the Versailles Treaty — a purely anti-German institution. Even M. Poincaré, the ex-President of the French Republic, complained that France and England had not in a preliminary meeting come to a clear accord on all subjects which were likely to arise in the Assembly. There was a bitter campaign in the French press against M. Léon Bourgeois, the veteran advocate of the League, because he declined to have his hands tied. What! cried the shocked Quai d'Orsay; why even the highest Ambassadors carry out an imperative mandate! In England Lord Robert Cecil is certainly the chief author of the Covenant; and yet, because he was not precisely suitable in an ambassadorial rôle, he was not accepted as a British representative. Independence is indispensable if the Assembly is to mean anything, and yet everywhere the independence of delegates was curtailed. What was encouraged were private bargains in the lobbies, intrigues in the hotels of Geneva, groupings of delegates to carry or reject or whittle down proposals.

I think that no one will deny that the regard for national policies at Geneva hampered the whole proceedings, made them largely nugatory. No matter what question came up of which the common people of the world looked anxiously for a happy solution, some diplomatic interest was involved and compelled its virtual shelving. I declare my undiminished faith in the future of the League; but I am bound, as one who has written much and whole-heartedly in favor of the League from the earliest days, to confess that Geneva was disappointing, and that, unless the concep-

tion I am now trying to crystallize prevails, not much can be hoped for many years.

There came into collision the policies of the foreign offices with regard to Russia, with regard to Germany, with regard to Poland, Lithuania, Middle Europe, the Near East. A typical instance was the Armenian discussion, in which M. Viviani was clever enough to espouse rather belatedly the cause of the oppressed people, because it gave an opportunity of pressing the French case for recognition of the Turkish rebel, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, and negotiations with him; while Mr. Balfour was forced to appear opposed to Armenian well-being because the price was the sacrifice of the British anti-Kemal policy. To go into the ramifications of the Franco-British Eastern dispute would be a long and superfluous business: it is sufficient to observe that even a humanitarian problem like that of the Armenian massacres was complicated, under the present constitution of the League, by these petty parochial policies.

Again, how could representatives of the foreign offices of the Great Powers, who are wedded to the old methods of diplomacy, fail to combat the obligatory clauses of the scheme for the erection of an International Court of Justice? Could they consent to have their country dragged, at the instance of a smaller power, before a tribunal whose findings they would be pledged to accept, however strong is their navy, however big is their army? All authorities on jurisprudence agree that, unless recourse to the Court is compulsory, cobwebs will seal its doors. It is possible that upon the excellent plan of a court accepted at Geneva something immense may be built; but an essential condition of success is the universal recognition of the jurisdiction of the Court in all litigation between governments. While the

Assembly is composed of diplomatists, instead of men totally detached from the immediate wisdom of cabinets, such recognition will not even be recommended. There is a rule that on all questions except questions of procedure, unanimity shall be obtained, — in my opinion a pernicious doctrine, which in itself must emasculate any worthy proposal, — and it is therefore obvious that the temporary ambassadors at Geneva can always, at the behest of foreign offices, block a vital motion or wring the heart out of it.

IV

Take any question you please: you will find the same nebulous result springing from the same method of representation. There is no need to argue about the desirability of the League's universality. That is a principle that must be conceded. But while members of the League are held in leash by their governments, and those governments, for perfectly natural and (from a national standpoint) sound reasons, have a grudge against other governments, universality will never be attained. The result will be the division of the world into two camps, and the League, which depends upon its moral authority and its prestige from Pole to Pole, will be flouted.

So it is with disarmament. The nations are piling up arms as never before. Newspaper headings startle one every day — or rather are losing their power to startle. 'Japan Preparing for the Struggle'; 'America's Naval Race with Britain'; and so forth. If there was one subject upon which it might have been expected that the League would speak out clear and strong at Geneva, it was disarmament. It is disarmament or — Armageddon! *Eh bien*, so poisonous was the influence of the foreign offices, that not even the pious expression of a wistful hope was heard

at Geneva. The most that could be done was to make a recommendation that the war budgets for the next two years should not exceed the war budget for this year; and against this innocuous resolution, timidly suggesting the *status quo* for a limited period, seven nations, including France, Poland, Rumania, Greece, and three South American states, voted. Can it be believed that free men, having regard to the interests of humanity and not to the policy of their naval departments and foreign offices, would have done no more? I think the League of Foreign Offices stands utterly condemned. Once more I deprecate any condemnation of the foreign offices as such; but the League ought to be fearless, and approach problems from another angle.

I am tempted, too, to deal with the farcical fiction of so-called mandates to protect and to govern countries of various degrees of civilization. The conditions of the mandates are the secret of the Council of the League — a close corporation; and although feeble protests were uttered by the Assembly, it acquiesced in this utter perversion of the spirit of the Covenant, which was designed by Mr. Wilson to do away with the old methods of colonization, and not to perpetuate them under cover of self-given mandates.

But I will refrain from a discussion that would take me from my point — my point that a radical reform of the system of delegation to the League is the first thing on which all well-wishers of the League in Europe and America must insist. How can this change be brought about? Such changes as were proposed were all set aside, and will continue to be set aside unless America comes to the rescue, or until a change in spirit is previously accomplished. That can be only by the pressure of public opinion; and that is precisely why I am concentrating on this desperate defect

of the League, and am endeavoring to sweep away the mischievous false conceptions of its character and functions, and to establish what I believe to be the sole conception that is of value. Not a Super-State; not a League of governments; only a League of peoples can be of avail, if MAN is ever, in Rossetti's phrase, to cease to be parceled out in MEN, and the earth not to fall asunder, being old.

V

The Assembly of the League should, I believe, after carefully observing the beginnings of this huge experiment in internationalism, be nothing more and nothing less than a conscience for the world. It should be composed of men and women entirely detached from their governments, and not preoccupied with diplomacy, freely enunciating the great principles which should rule mankind, careless of the practical consequences of their pronouncements, solicitous only of their truth and honesty. They should not attempt for a moment to square the realities of an imperfect world with their ideals. That is a task that should be left to others — the foreign offices, whose rôle they are neither to duplicate nor to understudy. How they should be elected, and the guarantees that should be given that they will remain unfettered by considerations of conflicting narrow national policies, is a problem that presents difficulties, but it is not insurmountable. Even the same personnel that was at Geneva would have voted very differently had the members definitely understood that in no sense were they emissaries of a nation, but missionaries of humanity. Almost any group of intelligent men without a diplomatic bias would fulfil all the conditions which I demand and which I think the times demand, provided they follow the dictates of their own conscience; it is this consensus of con-

sciences that becomes the conscience of the world.

It should not be objected that this is in the clouds. Words are, in some sense, deeds; and it is better to have a genuine ringing declaration about armaments from the representatives of the majority of nations, — a declaration which in itself has no imperative force, which in no way commits any country or seeks to impose itself upon the governments, — than to have a fumbling attempt to shirk this great question because of a fear that one's country will be compromised if anything vivid is said. The futility of leaving problems alone is lamentable. Nothing good can be spoken of the methods of the first Assembly. No advance whatsoever has been made. But drop the pretense that the Cavour of the world are bound by the Geneva utterances, and let those utterances, in consequence, be fearless, and I am persuaded that those apparently empty phrases will not evaporate into the air. On the contrary, they will fly like winged seeds, falling on fruitful ground, blossoming in unexpected places, filling the earth with their shade and their fragrance. It is the idea that the League can assert its authority, and that its decisions are pledges imposed upon the peoples, which results in cautiousness and sterility. It is the disannexation of principle from practice, of the ideal from the real, which will result in a surprising fertility.

This is the reply to those who advocate or dread the Super-State. Nothing has done so much harm as this confusion, which would assimilate the League with a Super-State. Even though the Super-State does not exist in any form, the states fear the assumption by the League of overlordship prerogatives and powers, and accordingly do their best to make it ineffective, by controlling it, by crabbing it, and by using it as a deliberative diplomatic corps. If

the states were wise, they would try to make the League an entire separately and distinctive organism, in no way attached to them, not moving in the same sphere. There is no reason to be afraid of a universal body viewing problems from a different angle, on a higher plane, since its conclusions are only an expression of the general sense of the world. Those responsible for the destinies of states would indeed be helped by the existence of such a guiding light in the firmament. They would doubtless continue very largely in the old stumbling paths; but now and again this voice would reach them as the voice of mankind. They would be enabled to disarm, for example, as they dare not now disarm, were Geneva to cry aloud, and insistently, that disarmament should be undertaken.

Moreover, the League can only, as it were, be useful in at once stimulating and announcing public opinion. Any other weapons are vain. There were studied by the Assembly all the arms that might be employed. There are some leaguers who are so far from this conception of a world-conscience that they ask for an international army. If we had only an international army, they say plaintively, we could regulate the affairs of the universe in a trice. The cause of all their failures is explained by their lack of physical force. Always the belief in coercion! If it is not Rome with her legions preserving order in Europe, it is the Holy Roman Empire; it is Germany, by tremendous armies, spreading her Kultur; it is even the victorious Allies, dreaming of hegemony by hordes in the cause of civilization. The League, pitifully misguided, thinks of preserving peace by making war. There are to be heterogeneous divisions, to which the commands are to be given by a battalion of interpreters. There is to be a headquarters staff kept busy planning campaigns.

Other leaguers, more modest, ask for an international police force — that is to say, small companies of soldiers, detachments sent by all the members of the League to any part of the unpacified world. This is certainly more sensible: the police troops would serve, not as a force in themselves, but as an advertisement of the force that is latent in the League, just as the policeman in Piccadilly or in Fifth Avenue does not really rely upon his truncheon, but upon the unseen and relatively inexhaustible power of the State.

But there still persists in all this the notion of the Super-State, called upon to govern the globe. The League, in my opinion, can do no such thing, and is not likely to get an army of any kind that could be used against its own members, or even against its non-members.

Precisely the same objection is to be made against the economic weapon with which we have been hypnotized. At Geneva the possibilities of the blockade, the boycott, and the rest of it, against culprit and recalcitrant nations, was examined, and the best that could be done was to resolve that the League should call the attention of the members to any breach of international law that could properly be punished by economic encirclement, and leave it to the members to act, or not to act, as they should think fit. They would, of course, think fit, or not think fit, precisely as it suited their national policy. The revolt against the Super-State was seen at every turn. The truth is that the League has no method of enforcing its decisions; and the sooner this is recognized, the better. There will then be a chance that the decisions will be bold, instead of betraying a pusillanimity that has lost the League many friends.

If it can get away from all these secondary considerations and, like a veritable conscience, seek no compromises, no false interpretations, no opportunist

solutions, no arbitrary measures, no subservient policy, it will be respected and will thus be truly strong. It is strict adhesion to principles that will make the only appeal to public opinion. Public opinion — that is its vehicle of action; though it has not to care about action. It will set in motion countless wheels, and they will turn and turn until the very governments, the foreign offices, are turning as the League turns. What at first sight may seem to be the most ineffective system of a League is infinitely the most effective. Super-States will not work; new diplomatic conclaves are a mockery; it is a conscience for the world that is wanted.

If the Assembly has nothing to do with national conveniences, its *raison d'être* disappearing if it studies national conveniences and even national possibilities; if the Assembly must detach itself from the foreign offices and, unmoved by threats, uncajoled by promises, untouched by intrigues, enunciate the plain principles of international conduct, understood of all men, though ill-defined, the Court, in much the same

way, must be impartial, judging according to law. The Assembly is a conscience; the Court is a code.

A conscience and a code — principles and jurisprudence — equity and justice — these are the pillars of the League. With them firmly planted in their place, it will be a veritable Temple of Humanity.

It is to be hoped that, when America comes to pronounce upon what has been done, she will insist upon the plan I have here indicated, which is the only practicable plan; which has none of the objections that are often urged; which obliges no nation to undertake a responsibility that it is not willing to assume; which asks for no blind obedience; which cannot be suspected of diplomatic designs; which is not a hot-bed of intrigue; which yet must inevitably, however slowly, however gradually, bring the conduct of the World into consonance with law and conscience. Once established, there is no shorn Samson who would lay destructive hands on these twin pillars upon which will ultimately rest an ordered universe.

THE REASON: A REPLY

BY DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE

ON two occasions in the last two years I have met on Continental trains an unknown man whose conversation has furnished nourishing food for reflection concerning the answer to the question asked by a contributor in the January *Atlantic*.

The first was in November, 1919,

when, at Leipzig, I entered a compartment of the semi-weekly train from Berlin to Vienna. It was after midnight, and as I climbed past a tangle of legs in the half-light, a fellow voyager swore softly in broken English. The fact that he swore in English on being suddenly disturbed awakened my interest, and

made me realize that he had possibly spent some time in England or America. The fact that he swore at all changed possibility to probability that his sojourn had been American. I was right.

I dumped my bags in the rack and took the vacant space next him, pulling from my coat a three-year-old copy of the *Atlantic* that I had salvaged from a Leipzig bookstore where I had inquired for magazines. The unknown eyed the magazine a moment, asked me if I were an American, and burst into an invective against America, her citizens, and her institutions. He seemed to take his tune from his American passport, to which he pointed almost wildly, accompanying himself at shorter and shorter intervals with crooning curses that ultimately drowned out the tune. When he had subsided to occasional rumbles, I disregarded my fears that he might be a deported Red with a bomb in his pocket, and sought to find the reason for his negative Chauvinism.

As with Mr. Bouton's 'dozens,' it developed that 'America is all right except for the people who run it.' The next afternoon, when we passed the customs officials at Passau, I saw that he had no bombs, but a collection of long green-and-yellow engravings of our presidents, among which Washington, Lincoln, and Jackson were conspicuous by their absence, Cleveland was a rarity, and the more select brethren were assembled in crowds.

Oh, yes, he had done pretty well in America; had been there eighteen years, and had saved a reasonable pile, he told me with a pride that was anything but modest. He had been an agent for a well-known automobile of the better type in a small city of the Middle West.

He wished me luck quite genially at Vienna, and was not above riding with me, at his own invitation, to my hotel. I did not worry about the expense.

The thirty crowns that I paid the ill-clad driver had cost me but eight cents. I was glad that my dollars were American. My notes dismiss him with the phrase: 'Man in my compartment returning to Budapest from America. Had the biggest grouch against the U.S. I have ever seen. Wonder if he'll sing the same tune after he's starved a year.'

Ten days ago I was again returning from Germany, and in the station at Brussels I ran into him. He did not recognize me as soon as I did him, probably because I have no wen like his. But he suddenly became enthusiastic. He remembered. He was on his way to Antwerp to sail for America. 'Going back to God's country,' he was. And if he ever got by the Statue of Liberty, he would never look her in the face again. He was 'through with these damned countries.' He was going 'back where a man with brains had a chance.'

Last April I sat alone in the salon of the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam, where Rembrandt's *Night Watch* hangs in solitary glory. I had carried the one chair in the room to the point where I could get the best light on the picture. After some time, I heard a footstep, and a very charming young lady came in. She walked to the other side of the room, and sat on one of the benches where the light was bad; but it seemed obvious that she wanted to come to my side of the room, where the angle of vision would be better. She hesitated for an instant, and I rose and offered her my chair, giving simply the usual Dutch salutation, '*Als U belieft*' (If you please).

She looked at me a second and said in perfect English, 'Thank you. You are an American.'

There seemed to be no interrogation, and I thought that perhaps she had seen my pointed shoes. Over here, if you want to be sure of all the Amer-

icans in the crowd, 'By their feet ye shall know them.'

I must admit that I was in no wise tempted to deny my nationality; in fact, I hastened to admit it. She had been in America for seven years, had graduated from college, and had worked as librarian in a small town. After discussing Rembrandt a bit, and incidentally learning a point or two about him that my 'History of Art 401' had neglected, I took my courage in my hands and asked her to tea.

During the hour in which we sat at the Amstel, she told me that she was going back to the States as soon as possible. Reasons: no public libraries to speak of; no good magazines (and few bad ones). Above all, women in Europe treated like property. I said good-bye to my delightful *inconnue*, with the unexpressed thought that it was good for America that she was returning.

In the *rapide* from Paris to the Mediterranean, two months ago, I ran across another case. A young Frenchman was in my compartment. Passing through a town where there had been a serious wreck a day or two before, we got to discussing the accident and drifted into conversation on other subjects. I discovered that he spoke English and had been in Detroit for several years, employed as a technical draughtsman. He had come back to France in 1916, and had served through the war. He was on his way to Marseilles, to sail for America. He loved France and had almost died for her, but he was going to make application for citizenship papers in America. The reason: his father and grandfather before him had been *des simples ouvriers* (simple workmen), and he had gone to America with an uncle, and was getting ahead in his trade, and had a future. A man who had to work in the day-time could go to night school, and be taught any subjects he wished.

In Belgium I have had four unsolicited illustrations of the same eager desire to return to America that is manifested by Europeans who have returned to their native land for a visit, or for good.

A mining foreman from western Pennsylvania was returning because he found living conditions *épouvantable* (frightful) after the things that he and his family had begun to accept as necessary to decent living. He is the father of four boys, and he wanted them to have an American education. Here a miner's children cannot afford to go to the higher schools.

A baron, who has a Philadelphia wife, looked at me in amazement when I happened to ask him one evening at a dinner-party if he were going to remain here or return to America. Although he is not an American citizen and will not become one, he replied that he had decided to spend the rest of his life in America. 'Do you realize,' he said to me in comparing cities, 'that there is no sewerage system in Antwerp, which is the first port of the Continent; nor in all Belgium for that matter, except in Brussels?'

Two men came to me in Brussels and asked me to give them a letter to our consul, in order that they might return to America. They were from the same town, and both had spent several years in America, one as a glass-blower and the other in a Wilkesbarre lace-factory. They were returning because workmen had so many rights in America that they did not have here in Belgium. The cost of living was higher, they knew; but in the long run it was the same, because wages were higher and living conditions a thousand times better.

Last summer in England I took a circuitous route from the Lakes to London, in order to visit friends in Sheffield.

On the platform, while waiting for a train that was overdue, I saw a man whom I took to be a very well-dressed workman, about fifty years of age. He was a member of the Fraternal Order of the Pointed Shoes, and I asked him if he was an American.

'Yes,' he replied; and then continued, with a Yorkshire accent, to tell me that he lived in Trenton and worked in the potteries there. He was a naturalized American citizen and was going back the next month.

'You like it better than here?' I asked.

'Oh, much!' he replied. He went on to say that in America a man might do the humblest work, and yet he would n't be considered a 'rum.' He had a boy and a girl. The girl was a stenographer and was earning a good salary. The boy was going to enter college soon.

Then, like the other family men I had encountered, he spoke of the better living conditions. 'And things are cleaner to live,' was his comment.

This morning's London *Times* (January 5) has an interesting side-light on this aspect of the question. 'Milk Purity, America's Lead,' is the heading. And the *Times* lends a half a column to the propaganda in favor of pure milk and of having it in bottles!

These eight examples are not selected from a list. They are my all, so far as I can remember. They are accurate representations of the sentiment of these people. They were all enthusiastic about it. I cannot help wondering if they will not be joined by some of the two hundred pessimists interviewed by the *Atlantic* contributor. At least, I

should like to have a string on the seventeen-year-old American who speaks no Norwegian, to see how soon he will leave his parents, to return to the land where children have a real childhood, and where young people, irrespective of birth, grow up to a real opportunity.

The other morning I passed a group of Polish peasants, huddled together, with their luggage marked, '3d class — Southampton-New York — Disinfected.' There were dirty men and dirtier women, crying babies and sticky children. All day, and for several days, I thought, not of them, but of a brilliant president of a Western college. He gave an inspiring address at a Student Volunteer convention that I attended. As he spoke, we could see Ellis Island, and groups of such peasants as these arriving, but from Bohemia. One of them especially stood out from the crowd by wealth of description. All his belongings were tied in a very small bundle and were slung across his back. I wondered what climax the orator was going to achieve, as he paused for an instant before his hushed audience. And then, 'I was in the loins of that man, my father.'

As long as America can do this, there is no need for worry. And as usual, a few members of the American colony will gather together in any foreign capital and discuss the relative merits of Ryle, Wisconsin, and Manchester, Iowa, while the supercilious Californian from Watsonville will state that the *Register* has announced that more apples were shipped from that one town in the last year than from any four states in the Union put together.

THE COURIER OF SPRING

BY CARY GAMBLE LOWNDES

IN the latter part of February, I become restless. The days drag, and work is more than usually tiresome. A longing tugs and strains. A call comes. From marshland, bay, and creek, it loudly summons. The longing is inherited from our ancestors, the Britons. Autumn was not the only hunting-season of those skin-clad warriors. Spring, also, summoned to a threefold harvest. Then the brown bears, stirring from a four-months' lethargy, roused and came, grumbling, from their musky caverns; the red deer were less wary; over-night, the deserted marshes roared with wild-fowl; the tidal rivers boiled with fishes. All was fighting, mating, eating, and being eaten. It was a time of fatness again, after the winter's dearth.

The longing becomes stronger, especially, when I see the first robins, strange and shy, on the new-burned fields. That pungent, woodsy scent of the leaf-burning! Why do not men distil it for the exiles, in the city?

One morning, on the way to the railroad station, I hear wild geese honking. Rabbit-tracks, on the sandy roadside, look suspiciously crowded. Paired crows, stalking on barren hill-tops, evince symptoms of unbecoming levity—one might call it flirting. Sparrows, reckless of flood and man, tenant the spouting gutter. Spring? Not yet. Next day, everything is glazed with sleet, ribbed in ice; then snow on top of all. The plumbing goes on a strike; one washes in a tin bucket, backed against an icy radiator. The fires re-

spond only to coaxing and kerosene. The negro servants, looking numb and ashy, drift in, about half-past eight, kick mounds of snow from burlap-bound feet, remove their wraps, and condescend to sit down to their breakfast in the kitchen. The early robins, now tame and wretched, hug the holly bush, by the dining-room window. The mockingbird, guardian of the portals, returns to winter quarters in the porch wistaria. Jays and cardinals feed at the kitchen door. Chickadees try to enter the house. The wild geese return to the South. Feeling my way from tree to tree, in blinding snow-swirls, I spend half an hour going half a mile, and, reaching the station, spend half a day waiting for non-existent trains. Then comes a loosening. The wind puffs, gusting from the east. In the night, the thunder rumbles in the hills. The rain comes down. Away goes the hated ice.

Then comes a morning when the alarm-clock rings at five. I rise, dress by candle-light, start a spirit-lamp, boil some tea and make toast, pull on my boots, and take my gun from its case. I handle it lovingly. As soon as I have left the house, I begin aiming at imaginary snipe. It is warm and still. It is raining, but not hard.

On the way, across the great river-viaduct, I stop to watch the yellow floods roaring seaward, sending before them logs and harried cross-ties. They bound and dive, tossing endwise, like porpoises strayed from the ocean reaches. Busy waves, sent shoreward as sappers, are toiling at undermining

the huge slabs of discolored ice, — old Winter's visiting-cards, — which so long have lain, announcing his cumulative visits. Good work! There goes a rusty mountain of them, all at once, crumpling and rumbling into the triumphant torrent. In the lowlands, all a-steam, thin fog-smoke shrouds the sloppy desolation.

Better go back. What sport is here, struggling, knee-deep, in mud? Go back? No. Yonder is the willow, marking a little marsh. And there's a flock of bluebirds — a gentle, gracious swarm. In the rain, they flit lightly from the fence-posts earthward. One is singing. That means nothing. They are sometimes absent-minded in January. But that cheery, persistent little sound, which the rising breeze checks and turns on, as if in sport: 'Krex-kex-kex-kex! Krex-kex-kex-kex!' — an æolian 'hyla-phone,' albeit somewhat rusty. Has spring really come? They are called Spring's harbingers — the hylas, hidden, past finding out, in the withered sedges of the shallow pond. But they are absent-minded, too, sometimes, on warm days of December.

I approach the marsh. From the top twig of the willow, comes a trill, a fluty 'Onk-a-lee! Onk-a-lee! Onk-a-lee!' Downward, in halting, ecstatic flight, floats a marsh-blackbird. He, too, knows the little marsh, and has picked it out for his start in housekeeping — that is, if she'll have him. She has n't made up her capricious mind yet. But he has made up his mind. Insane with the fire of love, he sings, unseeing, unregarding. Nothing exists but the One. That muddy, rubber-coated thing with the gun? Oh, it's not there at all! Down he comes, glittering, his breast puffed, tail spread, and scarlet epaulets

quivering, and alights beside the drab-gowned coquette, who is pecking so enthusiastically at a pebble. One would think that she had found something particularly good to eat, and was wondering why the handsome idiot, in the stunning dress-coat, was making all the fuss. There! Too ardent. She's flown away. Gallant, red-winged beauty, you wear your heart on your sleeve. Try flying away yourself. She will break her frantic wing-tips following.

At my tread, the hylas stop. The blackbirds fly up the meadow. I see, among the cat-tails, the sullen gleam of lingering ice, and the faint awakening of green along the sodden margin. There are the pale spear-points of the splatter-docks, piercing the mould.

Mark! A lift of curving wings across the pond. A snipe — the Courier of Spring! He lighted beside that alder-clump. Steady. Why does my heart beat fast and my face grow red? Closer, now Careful. Don't dare miss. 'Scaip! Scaip!' Off he darts. Confound it! He kept behind the alders, and I could n't shoot. Hear those derisive 'Scaips!' high in the sky. Whirling round and round the horizon, he melts from sight, bound, apparently, for the Mexican Gulf. But while I am 'cussing,' he darts from directly overhead, and, with a flash of gray-speckled feathers and a flick of sharp wings, he checks his plunge, drops his legs, and pitches, almost at my feet. Up he whirls. 'Bang!' Got him, that time, for all his twistings. There he lies, floating in the little pond, neck curved, wings outstretched, and saucy fan-tail spread.

What are rain, mud, and five miles, with heels rubbed raw by heavy boots? It is Spring. And the first shot of the year.

JUVENILE COURT SKETCHES

BY GRACE E. POLK

III. THE FORGER

It was spring, one of those gusty March days whose blasts, reminiscent of winter, are succeeded by a mood so soft and wooing that the senses ache with the swift prescience of growing things. It was the sort of day that sends young lambs on shaky legs cavorting over the meadows, and lures young boys out of their white beds, to sleep in the open fields or any chicken-coop or ash-barrel. Such a boy now walked along the street peddling hand-bills.

He was fourteen, and since his mother died the year before, he had supported himself. Since, to do this, he must elude the truant officers, he had become crafty. And since he had twice been caught by them, and had gone without eating for two days before he discovered that he could quite easily run away from school and lose himself in the city, he had also become bitter. But he was neither crafty nor bitter as he walked along, sniffing the spring, and shivering when the bitterer gusts smote his small person.

So, with his eyes upon nothing at all, but alert as a young fox's, he perceived in the gutter a stamped envelope, saw that it was addressed, and picked it up. Without examining it, he thrust it quickly into his pocket, and then, with our ancient instinct for an alibi, he began whistling jauntily, peddling his bills, meanwhile, with an almost ferocious exactness. Two blocks away he halted before an alley and looked quickly up and down: then scurried along it and

dodged into a doorway. Jerking the envelope from his pocket he tore it open. A check for seventy-five dollars, drawn to Peter Googan, confronted him.

The boy knew perfectly well what he had found. The year before, in school, he had himself written dozens of checks, all the way from twenty-five cents to a million and a half dollars; and this stupendous capital, enough to float the war, with careless abandon he had passed around to his companions, receiving I.O.U.'s in juvenile penmanship and strictly legal phraseology.

But this check was different. He stared at it. It meant real money — seventy-five real dollars. The gust died down; the thrill of spring swept over him. He snatched off his hat and threw it into a puddle. Then he leaned up against the brick wall, and across the back of the check he wrote 'Peter Googan.' He wrote it quickly and neatly.

The need of an accomplice now became immediate and imperative. Another boy came up the alley. He was picking up cigarette stubs, examining them with minute interest, and stuffing part of them into his pocket.

'Swiggey, come here.'

Swiggey came, with the ready obedience that ten accords to fourteen.

'Take this to John's grocery and get it cashed and bring me the money.'

'Where did you get it?' asked Swiggey suspiciously.

'He gave it to me: he owes my father money.'

'Why don't you do it yourself, then?'

'I got those bills to peddle. Can't you see for yourself? Ah, gwan, Swiggey. I'll give you a dollar, if you will.'

'Give me half,' said Swiggey.

Without a word the young forger doubled up his fist and brought it up swiftly toward Swiggey's jaw. But Swiggey's jaw was no longer where it had been. Swiggey ducked under the oncoming fist, gave a couple of leaps, and stood on the opposite side of the alley, poised like Hermes, for immediate flight, if caution dictated.

But Swiggey was in no danger. With a look of scorn that was meant to annihilate him altogether, the young forger folded up the check and put it into his own pocket. Then he picked up his hand-bills and walked leisurely out of the alley, whistling as he went. Swiggey waited until he had turned the corner, then stuffed his last cigarette stub into his blouse and trotted after him.

Once more on the street, the boy again began to distribute the bills, this time, very honorably, one to a doorway. In this way, he worked his way for two blocks, until he stood before a grocery. He lifted up a basket of potatoes; with a sudden quick movement of his foot, he kicked off another basket, threw his handbills into it, and replaced the basket of potatoes. A man passing by smiled at the small cheat, and the boy smiled back, the guileless smile of childhood. Then he went into the store.

There was a crowd inside and no one paid any attention to him. But the Fabian policy had long been his. He inspected the apples, the various kinds of jawbreakers, also the cigarettes, with interest.

Presently a clerk came up to him.

He held out the check. 'I want to pay Peter Googan's bill.'

The clerk eyed him sharply.

He smiled his frank smile. 'How much is Peter Googan's bill?' he asked.

'How much did he tell you?' said the clerk, inspecting the check.

'He said you'd know,' said the boy.

The clerk consulted the books, then handed the boy forty dollars.

The boy received the money and turned to confront Swiggey. Swiggey's face wore a grin, and Swiggey's hand was out. A boy or a dog always knows his friend. The boy knew that his eyes looked into the eyes of an enemy, and a cunning one.

'If you snitch, I'll kill you,' he said.

'I've got a gun and I'll kill you dead.'

It was a threat for the waste places, but not for a crowded store. Swiggey's hand shut tight on the forger's blouse.

'Dibs,' he said.

The other boy twisted his hand loose and brushed past him.

'He stole it,' Swiggey shrieked. 'I seen him put the writing on it: I seen him. Up Mack's alley, by the pool-room. I seen him do it.'

But the accused was gone. A survey of the street revealed no scurrying boy.

An hour later a policeman walked down to the front row of a movie house and touched a boy on the shoulder. Bill Hart was just leaping the chasm on his sported pinto. The boy did not move. The policeman took hold of his arm and shook him.

He looked up. 'I ain't done nothing.' Then, behind the burly form he saw the grinning face of Swiggey. 'I'll kill you, you dirty little snitcher,' he said. And the sleepy afternoon audience was given a mild diversion, not noted on the programme, as two small boys and a policeman climbed the aisle.

Outside Swiggey watched the two go up the street toward the courthouse. As they disappeared, from the pocket of his blouse he drew a handfull of stubs, selected the longest, and lit it. And now, he too, become a culprit, became suddenly fugitive and dived into an alley.

RECREATION

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

It would be a blessed relief to drop all talk of school for a while, — we will admit that, — and that is what we will do. After all, schools should not become obsessions. If we had sense enough, we could get on very well without them. They are not essentials. Something happened to make them seem so. It was a man with a book. He ‘put it over’ the man who had no book. He made him believe that you could not be wise and happy unless you knew what was in his book. He persuaded the man with no book, but with plenty of brains and knowledge of his craft, to hire him to teach. He talked to him about religion and a great many things that were exceedingly interesting, and he finally got himself entrusted with the instruction of his children. And now the man who knows all about books, and is called a ‘professional’ man, who gives his directions for doing things in a very autocratic way, is much more honored than the man who knows about materials and tools, who is a craftsman. Esau has sold his birthright to Jacob.

But do not let us deceive ourselves for a single minute. The craftsman is likely to be the better man. The fact that fame remembers him with no familiar name must not deceive anybody. And the reason why he is likely to be a better man, is that he is closer to nature. He is sure to be a better man if he can do one thing, namely, interpret his work in terms of spirit; or, in other words, have the right idea about himself, his life, and his creations. There, he sometimes needs the man with the

book, but not always. Now, when it comes to craftsmanship, as between the book-man and the hand-man, both of whom you say are craftsmen after all, listen to this statement of Stevenson’s: ‘If any of us folk who write about things could attain to the dignity of those who *do* them, we would indeed be worth consideration.’

It’s the man who uses his whole battery of power, not just his head, who is the integral man, the man on his feet with the currents of the Earth’s life charging him — not insulated, but a conductor.

From a book by an Englishman named Tomlinson, — a most observant person with wonderful moods and a great gift for scooping up right words out of the sea of words (and there they flip and hiss like a great catch of silver shad in a seine), — I take this, because it bears on this question of craft and manhood: —

‘There is an old fellow I met in this village who will take the ruins of a forest, take pine-boles, metal cordage, and canvas, and without plans, but from the ideal in his eye, build you the kind of lithe and dainty schooner that, with the cadences of her sheer and moulding and the soaring of her masts, would keep you by her side all day in harbor; build you the kind of girded, braced, and immaculate vessels, sound at every point, tuned and sweet to a precision that in a violin would make a musician flush with inspiration; a ship to ride, lissom and light, the uplifted Western ocean, and to resist the violence of

vaulting seas and the drive of hurricane. She will ride out of the storm afterwards, none to applaud her, over the mobile hills, traveling express, the flags of her sails triumphant pennants in the gale, the beaten seas pouring from her deck.

‘He, that modest old man, can create such a being as that; and I have heard visitors to this village, leisured and cultured folk, talk down to the old fellow who can think out a vessel like that after supper and go out after breakfast to direct the laying of her keel — talk down to him, kindly enough, of course, and smilingly, as a “working-man.”’

Recreation is largely an adult word. They — the grown-ups — need recreation, and in general need it very badly, because they have allowed the processes of civilization to tear down a great many fine things which they had given to them as children, among them the capacity for pure play. Some of this loss is inevitable. When you once discover what degree of tragedy goes with human affairs, you cannot have that perfect abandon which you had at fourteen to twenty, and especially earlier.

But a good deal has been lost through carelessness only. For it was assuredly careless to allow anybody to rob us in broad daylight of one of the most precious of our endowments — the capacity for play, for idleness, for vegetation. And yet these assiduous taskmasters, shouting all kinds of catch-penny slogans, have done it. They have got us so bewildered with the music in their bandwagon and the antics of their menagerie, that we actually don’t know what to do with any time left over after they have taken their huge slice, but continue to follow the parade and indulge in their peanuts. Look at the boulevards, the theatres, the summer gardens, the automobiles, the motor-boats, the moving pictures, the victrolas, the Sunday newspapers, the popular magazines.

It would seem that one of the most essential of the lessons of life is this — what to do with leisure time so that it shall always be recreative; so that it shall always renew a right spirit within you. As a matter of fact, if our work was the work most suited to us; if we expressed ourselves very directly in our work and if we did not have too much of it; if we did not violate the dignity and the beauty of it by doing too much in order to secure larger rewards and a quicker recognition; if it was not so much competitive work and was more coöperative and intensely friendly and exhilarating; then recreation would only be a different kind of work. And that is what it is at its best; and yet there is a place for quiescence, for passivity, and a most important place.

If you have had the good fortune to read Hudson’s book, *Far Away and Long Ago*, you may remember one chapter in which he tells how, at a certain time of his life down there in the great plains of the Argentine, he began to go off by himself, on a pony or afoot, into the vast loneliness of that land. He was a boy, as I remember it, about twelve years of age, and these experiences, surrounded by the silence and beauty of the land and sky, by the subtle influence of the things that grew there and that moved mysteriously there through the grass and tall reeds, were very profound experiences, which eventually worked a kind of magic on him, by the force of which he became part of all he saw. Both the huge things and the little things took him into their confidence, and made him their familiar friend and close associate. Something took place within him which he calls by the name of ‘animism’ — a certain polarity of the mind not only, but of the very blood-corpuscles, so that he felt himself initiated into a kind of society, — the society of the inarticulate earth, — and changed in a peculiar manner,

differentiated from his family and friends by a transfusion of blood, and thereafter immune from the fevers and obsessions of those who are confined to human society.

You may say that Hudson was of a peculiar temperament, and that very few would react to environment as he did. But the fact is that, at a certain age, perhaps adolescence, every child has this peculiar affinity, — this ability to become one with nature, — and very few indeed find the opportunity to indulge it. It takes time and it takes detachment, a certain solitariness, repeated expeditions alone; but once it has worked its beneficent charm, that person knows that he has established an intimacy with the most permanent source of strength and happiness — his own Mother Nature, draped in those astonishing garments, the Earth, the Sea, the Sky. Thereafter, however submerged he may be in the pursuit of a livelihood and a career, he is perfectly aware that this intimacy is his meat and drink; and at every opportunity, when he can escape, you will find him in remote places renewing his youth, recreating himself, recovering that deliberation and poise and serenity and robusticity and resourcefulness, that clarity of vision and inevitability of action that characterize his associates in the wilderness.

Recreation that does not include this experience may still be called by that name, but does not extend to the roots of a man's or a woman's nature; and, unless as boy or girl this baptism has been administered, it never will.

Therefore we advocate a sufficient amount of quiet detached life for children: not enough to induce anti-social traits, and produce peculiarities which they themselves will afterwards regret; but certainly enough to enable them to see more and more clearly that their kinship extends to the whole universe

of life, and that the part that cannot speak and reason is forever correcting the errors of the part that can, healing its diseases, forgiving its iniquities, satisfying its mouth with good things.

There is that much to be said, then for passivity, and much more could be said. When it comes to activities, the one most closely allied with the passivity mentioned is that of the naturalist. So far as enjoying life is concerned, we contend that the naturalist has got the best of it on every count. And if that is really so, why should we not have some share in his happiness? In the article on natural history, a plan for securing these blessings of the naturalist, by those who are not to be professionals in that subject, has been discussed, and also some emphasis put upon the fact that the place allowed for that subject in school curricula, and the people entrusted with it, are wholly inadequate. The only way most of us will ever catch the spell of this subject is by association with one who is a naturalist, and who has the art of transmitting his enthusiasm as well as his gifts of observation.

If children could spend a suitable part of their vacations with such a person, you would have a type of recreation that could hardly be improved upon. I suppose that one of the most beneficial things that could possibly happen to city-bred or country-bred boys or girls would be to spend a summer with an Indian, and get some realization of the fact that their own life is one of blindness, deafness, and helplessness. That they depend almost entirely upon assistance from others, and can do little or nothing for themselves. That their resources, when tested by the forces of nature in uninhabited places are exhausted in a few minutes, and their instincts always misleading and fatal. That it is quite as desirable to know how to take care of one's self under adverse physical conditions as it

to know banking or law; and that the honors in this world belong to the banker, the lawyer, and the business man, only because they keep closely within a very small area of human experience.

The same might be said of other crafts than woodcraft. Take sailing for instance. *Captains Courageous* is a good book; so is *Two Years before the Mast*; so is *The Cruise of the Cachalot*. In all these a boy is shown being instructed in the ancient and very honorable art of handling sailing vessels under all conditions. And whether he can become an artist in that department or not, the process of learning it is one of the most important things that can happen to him, for it involves several very fundamental experiences. First is his association with the sea, and with winds, tides, and weather in general. It is necessary to say that the motor-boat is a means whereby the whole significance of the experience is lost. A motor-boat for boys and girls is a complete evasion of the opportunity the sea offers for constructive recreation. But when you introduce a boy — and I include girls as equally interested and able — to a sail-boat, you do him a great service. First, because the elements, winds, and water, are exceedingly important things to get in some kind of terms with — to recognize their humors, their playfulness and their rage, and the premonitions of each. Second, because the tradition of the sail is an old and very fascinating one, and the more you know of it, the more the construction and the performance of ships get into your essential interests, the more likely you are to respect everything whose usefulness has made it beautiful — which grew in beauty as it grew in serviceability.

The very breath of romance, the presence of the Northmen and the Iboean trader, down through the whole vivid story of hulls and canvas, spars and rigging, is in every little boat bob-

bing at its mooring, with the same salt sea tugging at it and the same old winds tapping its halyards against the mast.

If it has a cabin and can be used for living, then the sense of adventure is complete, even though the voyages are in land-locked bays.

Once you begin to spend nights aboard, you get a better sense of the proportion that really exists between the human and the un-human: how insignificant the former is, compared with the latter; and how dependent a man is upon some kind of shell into which he can creep out of the austerity and chill of the night sky, light his lamp and his stove, and finally sleep, while the dark tides flow beneath him and his boat swings to her cable.

We were anchored one night in a small harbor on the New England coast, and the two boys and I rowed over to a schooner anchored nearby. Hailed by a man aboard, they climbed over her side and went below at his invitation. What led up to the conversation in that cabin, I do not know; but when they came back after an hour or more, they breathlessly told me the things that he recounted to them, the things that made him the man he was — old in years and in knowledge of the sea and ships.

I could imagine the scene in that cabin under the yellow lamp: two boys with bare feet sitting on the locker, and the old shell-back smoking and calmly reciting a little of his vast store of experiences as a Gloucesterman — on the Newfoundland banks; off the coast of Greenland in Baffin Bay; of carrying sail in midwinter gales; of lying at anchor in mountainous seas and a week of blind fog; of picking up lost dories and frozen men; of the run for home with the fleet, with no reefs, in a forty-knot wind — until his son died in the cabin on his last voyage, and the old man quit.

Here was oral tradition in full blast.

Here was the thing that puts more color and more flavor into the eyes and ears, the veins and arteries of boys, than years of school, and leaves permanent tracks on their souls, like the tracks of a prehistoric animal on an ancient shore. When you can get a man like this to talk to your boys or girls, — and that is something you can rarely arrange; it has to come by the Grace of God, — you have done more to adjust their compasses and correct their chronometers than any single thing you can mention.

It is clean, it is fine, it is adventurous and involves the endurance of bitter hardship, and it is unconscious of anything extraordinary: it is just a simple tale of a very simple life, unrecognized and soon extinguished. Some sense of values must register permanently as between this kind of man and the soft kind — the indoor man; and a certain relish for the asperities that make small comforts peculiarly grateful and always sufficient, without desire for those gross and upholstered accessories with which the successful man seems determined to suffocate himself and his family.

And then! 'Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight?' — having come down the little stream, through the great expanse of northern wilds, with his canoe, as one of the parti-colored autumn leaves floating with him; with his trout-rod and his camera, his duffle-bag and kit and little silk tent. That evening he camps — he and his boy or girl, perhaps — under a group of golden poplars that make a sanctuary, a hymn, and a benediction.

The chipmunk flashes across the boulder, the chickadee calls with his three exquisite notes, the great woodpecker hammers, the loon laughs from a lake, 'dark brown flows the river, golden is the sand.'

You take your children into such partnership, on journeys of this sort, as

circumstances will allow. You will not have the same sort of experience that you have alone or with a man or two but you will be fulfilling some of your obligations as a father, and will be making school less necessary; and the less necessary you can make school, the better.

But of all recreation for children, the word is applicable at all to such newly created beings, the farm is the best, because the farm is the most real and perhaps also the most practicable. The greatest good fortune that I can wish for any family is to have the kind of grandfather our family had.

He lived on a farm in the lovely country of Maryland near the Susquehanna and that stream gleamed in the distance with its bright lure, as it flowed through the hills. Every year we escaped for a month — only a month — from the dusty and warm confinement of a New York suburb, and by a breathless progress on trains, through fields of wheat and corn, butterflies and singing grasshoppers, through hot and ugly towns across shining rivers, we arrived at Paradise — at the delectable land of cows, calves, chickens, pigs, horses, oxen, mules, negroes, brooks, spring-houses, apple-orchards — all in a setting of woods and meadows, filled with the odor of mint and the notes of meadow larks. It was an enchanted land. To arrive was to fulfill every extravagant desire. To leave was to enter the Valley of the Shadow of commonplace routine.

While there, we breathed the very wholesomest air, mental, physical, spiritual. To wake in the morning and instead of the strident cries of the 'Micks,' as we called them, the drone of the hand-organ and the jingle and rattle of the horse-car, to hear the far sounds, the far-away calls to horses, the long complaint of calves, the mixed staccato of chickens, ducks, and turkey

the songs of birds, the mourning dove — to wake in the morning was a daily re-creation.

Breakfast in the old low-ceilinged dining-room, prayers in the cool sitting-room, with the old man reading, 'Lord, Thou hast been our Dwelling Place in all generations'; and then the long, delicious day among all the farm activities, until the scented, velvet-blue night was framed in our bedroom windows. If you have n't a grandfather with a farm, can you possibly adopt one who will let you interfere with all his employments, who will be as happy to see you each year as you are to see him and his house? No, you cannot. A grandfather like this cannot be manufactured out of nothing. He must always be a part of destiny, a gift out of the millions of years of earth's experience, an incomparable gift to children. What shall we do for lack of these grandfathers; Lord, to whom shall we go?

So much for the out-of-door things. Of course, we have barely touched the subject; but there is no room in this paper to go beyond the area of suggestion.

When you come to indoor recreations, there is a most alluring range of choice, toward which children should be definitely moving; so that, combining out-door things with indoor, they may eventually come into the inheritance of the man who needs not seek good fortune because he continually possesses it.

There is music, and there are books. And now you add to music and books some of these extraordinary experiences with your hands, — some working in wood, in clay, in iron, with a proper place to work in, a place apart, — and another breach is made in the wall of circumstance through which you escape into the enchanted land.

You know, in spite of all romantic argument, the soul is quite unmixable, and its health seems to depend on con-

siderable periods of uninterrupted detachment from all human society.

Then, if it has some of the characteristics of a planet, and not exclusively those of a toy balloon, it begins quietly to turn on its axis and to take on some of the deep and strange colors of its immortality, as it floats in infinite space on an orbit which, one day, will return it, no more to be blown about by gusts of passion and of doubt as it tugs at its thread.

Under the title 'recreation,' as applied to schools, one would naturally think that athletics was to be the subject discussed.

But this is not a conventional paper; and the recreations I mention are recreations that reach down into the recesses of human life, and are as necessary for the teachers as for the children.

School and college athletics are good-enough things, but have no value comparable with these recreative things I have mentioned. Nevertheless, they have their place as part of the training of Youth for whatever race is set before it. The American and English people, with their sense of 'the game,' get a relish out of life that is obtained by the gameless nations at a cost of cleanness and health which is evident.

The game is a great feature in morale and, to a certain extent, in ethics. But the tendency to surrender too much to group-loyalty, and to idolize victory and aggressiveness generally, is always present and often overshadowing. The defects of the strong Rooseveltian type become sufficiently apparent, together with its virtues. People 'determined to win' are hardly more wholesome than people unable to win, because in winning they usually lose more than they gain, both for themselves and for their contemporaries. They lose their souls, their critical judgment, their open mind, their generous heart, and they make

it seem that you can afford to lose these things if you win by doing so. A game that involves a real antipathy for an opponent is not a good game. It is the forerunner of the business game, and

the business game easily becomes the war game — the game of those who sit in the seat of the scorner, who stand in the way of sinners, who walk in the counsel of the ungodly.

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

(For the Soul of an Eccentric Man)

BY FLORA SHUFELT RIVOLA

LORD of the understanding heart,
 Who gave him ways that made him queer
 To all his kind, save me, who lived quite near;
 Who for some hidden reason set apart
 This man for whom I pray,
 Draw near to-day,
 As he lies lingering by the Styx' lone bank;
 Draw near, and let my glad tears thank
 You for the soul of an eccentric man
 Who opened gates to me; who, stronger than
 Myself, drew me, despite myself, to his own plane —
 A plane too high for hurts from those to whom
 He seemed so queer, a plane so wide!
 Lord, these are thankful tears that I have stood beside
 This man who led my soul from room to room
 Of wonder-living in Love's realm, who made
 My woman's fearful soul so unafraid
 That, see! I smile through tears, Lord, even as he waits
 At Death's now opening gates!

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE IDEOGRAM

BY JOHN COLE McKIM

I

THE Chinese ideogram is the written language of the three neighboring lands, China, Korea, and Japan. It is, in a strict sense, the only written language now in use in the civilized world. In Europe and America we use phonetic symbols to indite the spoken language. The ideogram has no phonetic value, and may be read out quite arbitrarily in the spoken language of any country. The *spoken* languages of China and Japan differ far more widely than do those of England and France; but their written languages are practically identical, and the ideogram can be studied by an American (just as Indian hieroglyphics are studied) without reference to any spoken language but his own. This is obviously impossible in the case of European languages, since the letters of the alphabet represent, not ideas, but sounds.

Historically, as is well known, the Chinese ideogram is a development and conventionalization of the hieroglyphic. But a knowledge of this fact is of no assistance whatever in the study of the characters, except in so far as it adds to the interest of a certain type of student to trace the hieroglyphic origin of ideograms *already learned*. For the purpose of acquiring the language one must be prepared to acquire knowledge of a vast number of apparently arbitrary and exceedingly complicated symbols.

Japanese children are taught the characters without any reference to their origin. Many of them are entirely

ignorant of it, and hear of it for the first time from foreigners. The Japanese child learns the ideogram by rote. His school readers are just as profusely illustrated as those in use among us; for the character is never thought of as a picture, and the illustrations are as necessary as with us to lend interest to the text. To read his newspaper with even tolerable intelligence, he must learn, not only some two thousand characters, but a large number of meanings which attach themselves to certain combinations of ideograms. These are hardly to be guessed. For instance, the characters which, taken separately, indicate *man*, *mutual*, *see*, mean, when written together in this sequence, *fortune-telling by physiognomy*!

The obvious effect of all this is to give a marked visualistic turn to Japanese psychology. Handwriting, which is with us a matter of minor concern, is in Japan a fine art. It has often seemed a puzzle to the Occidental that so progressive a people should attach an apparently disproportionate value to chirography. In the early days of her foreign intercourse, the people of Japan were almost equally at loss to understand the place that oratory has occupied in our civilization. The psychological effect of ideographic writing explains these and other things that puzzle the foreign tourist.

In the Far East, chirography occupies a position not unlike that of eloquence in the West. 'Amplificare rem

ornando,' wrote Cicero, 'est summa laus eloquentiæ.' To the Japanese, the graceful presentation and arrangement of those symbols which, without the suggestion of sound, at once inform his mind with ordered ideas, afford a keen æsthetic pleasure. And so, although under the conditions of modern life, speechmaking has its place in the Japanese cosmos, the orator must bear the ideogram in mind, and his style will differ widely from that of ordinary conversation. For just as Europeans tend to auralize what they read, the children of the ideogram visualize what they hear.

Nowhere is this distinction more apparent than in ideas concerning poetry. Japanese poetry, lacking both rhyme and rhythm, seems to the European to be no poetry at all. For his poetry is a sort of song. It is his ear that is delighted, and the writing of verse is but a means of conveying this delight to scattered multitudes. But the poetry of the ideogram is not, primarily, sound at all. It is the graceful presentation of ideas through the eye. To appreciate it, one must know and see the ideogram. If a truly poetic idea be involved, a paraphrase in good English verse may be effected. There are those, of course, who go into raptures over bald translations of Japanese poems. Such persons are generally *poseurs*.

The same is usually true of those Europeans who claim to discern any great charm or beauty in Japanese music. Japanese music is, indeed, a more or less developed art. It is not quite the simple and obvious thing that many think it. It has its literature. But — and when we consider the effect which, for centuries, the use of the ideogram has had upon the Japanese psychology, it is not surprising — it is, judged by Western standards, incomparably crude and harsh. That many of the Japanese themselves recognize this fact is fre-

quently indicated. I have yet to see the Japanese village school that has not its little organ. Usually it is the only musical instrument on view. Generally, the village schoolteacher has much — painfully much — to learn about the organ; but its very presence symbolizes the fact that, in at least one of the fine arts, and that the one that is primarily auricular, the Japanese are looking to the West for help and inspiration.

So, too, in her spoken language, Japan has been enriched by the introduction of many Western words. But in the matter of writing she still clings to the ideogram. The abandonment of this system and the substitution of our own Roman alphabet has had its advocates: Count Okuma, twice prime minister, is said to be one of them; but the ideogram holds practically the whole field against all rivals.

The sentimental grounds for the retention of the ideogram not only rest on the strong psychological bias with which centuries of its use could not fail to inform a people, but are fortified by circumstances of which it is easy for Americans to underestimate the influence. The situation is not analogous to that which the advocates of 'fonetik spelling' are trying to create. On the practical side, the advantages proffered by the proponents of change in our orthography are offset by the losses which such a change would involve, and the sentimental argument is all against the change. It is significant that the proposal gets its best hearing, not in England, but in America, where there is a large unassimilated foreign element, to whom the history and traditions of our language suggest little of value. In Japan, however, the practical arguments in favor of the adoption of the Roman alphabet are exceedingly strong, sentiment is enlisted on both sides, and delay is due to the vastness of the change suggested rather than to any

weakness in the arguments by which it is urged. The changes urged by our 'fonetik' brethren are insignificant by comparison; and if we have not adopted them, it is principally because there is no prevailing reason why we should do so. Our whole controversy with them relates to a proposed different use of our present alphabet in writing what is — practically — the spoken language; while the movement in Japan is directed to the introduction of an entirely new system of writing, which will involve the scrapping of a large portion of her ancient literature and a tremendous change in the psychological bias of her people.

Nevertheless, without underestimating the tremendous difficulties that lie in the way, we cannot doubt that the nation which, without changing its written language, superimposed upon it, a thousand years ago, the fully developed ideogram of a then foreign civilization, is fully capable of adopting the phonetic symbols of a civilization into which it has already largely entered, for the purpose of making its ancient and proper tongue the language of its literature. It will be seen from what has just been written, that sentiment is enlisted in favor of the change as well as against it, and that it may yet be the mission of some native Petrarch or Chaucer to be the father of a genuinely Japanese literature.

As if in retaliation for this claim for a division in the field of sentimental argument, the *laudatores temporis acti* sometimes urge considerations which are supposed to indicate that there are great practical advantages to be derived from the retention of the ideogram. Two of these are of a national, and, to some extent, an international character.

(1) It is urged that the retention of the ideogram proves an effectual barrier against foreign intrusion into the

Japanese mind. This is quite true; and as the ideogram makes it more difficult for a European to learn Japanese than for the Japanese to acquire any European language, it is, more often than not, the Japanese who has the advantage of being bilingual. This is the principal practical advantage to be derived from the ideogram; and as it comes to be seen that the gains that accrue from mystery are more than offset by the losses that arise from being forever misunderstood, this argument must, gradually, lose its force. A failure to be intelligible often results in unmerited loss of confidence, and this condition can be only enhanced where unintelligibility is cultivated.

(2) The sinophiles make much of the advantages to be derived, by those who are at home in the ideogram, in dealing with China. This argument has really less value than the one just mentioned. On the commercial side, Japan will always have the advantage over European and American competitors of proximity to China, and, for a long time to come, she will probably possess that of cheaper labor as well.¹ If Japan, without any further advantage, cannot turn these circumstances to good account, she may well despair of achieving greatness as a commercial power. In both commercial and political matters it is clear that the advantages to be gained from identity of written language are mutual. In point of fact, Japan, as contrasted with European and American powers, might have some difficulty in pointing to any diplomatic achievement in which superior knowledge of the ideogram has been a decisive or even an important factor.

¹ But the Chinese market may not always remain open to any countries exporting manufactured goods. Unless artificially thwarted, it is exceedingly probable that an undivided China may soon supply her own needs in this matter, as well as a good proportion of her own raw materials. Look at the map. — THE AUTHOR.

Proximity, plus military strength, has proved to be Japan's main and most obvious asset in dealings which concern Eastern Asia.

II

Japan's most remarkable *diplomatic* successes have been scored in her dealings with European and American nations. This may be due in very small part to the fact that the use of the ideogram makes it much more difficult for the European agent to keep himself *en rapport* with Japanese matters than it is for the Japanese to familiarize himself with Occidental conditions. It may also be due partly to the fact that Japan would naturally employ her greatest diplomatic talent in dealing with those nations whose power makes diplomatic approach the wisest way of dealing with them. But in the main it is due to the fact that Japan had the most to gain by this intercourse, and hence gave foreign affairs a relatively important place in her governmental organization, and to the sympathetic interest with which foreign nations, and especially America, have welcomed her to the company of nations and have encouraged her efforts at modernization — a factor which will naturally tend to disappear as these efforts approach success.

In addition to these two supposed advantages of a national or international character, there are reasons that may tend to make the retention of the character desirable to certain classes or interests within the Japanese social structure. This is, however, less true of Japan than of China. In ancient China it was inevitable that illiteracy should be widespread. Where the bare ability to read depends upon the acquisition of several thousand arbitrary symbols, and where the attainment of any degree of versatility calls for a knowledge of several thousand more, it is obvious that either a readi-

ness to make great sacrifices, by the side of which those made by our self-educated poor men shrink into insignificance, or a leisure secured by a certain degree of wealth or position, is absolutely necessary for those desirous of becoming *litterati*. From such an achievement the vast majority of the men, and practically all of the women, are inevitably debarred. Since, in such a society, means is the principal avenue to learning, and learning, in turn, is a means of enrichment, a literary aristocracy, such as has been the bane of China, is developed as a matter of course. Further, in countries where, as in China, the current philosophies draw little or no distinction between intellect and spirit, it often comes to be denied that the illiterate classes possess 'immortal souls.' That a missionary should labor for the 'salvation' of such persons becomes an occasion of amused contempt.

Japan, however, had begun to frame her social order before the introduction of the Chinese system of writing. The social influence of the ideogram was, therefore, modified in several important directions. I mention two.

(1) Leisure is required for the acquirement of the ideogram. But, at the time of the introduction of Chinese letters, Japan had already a warrior class of good social standing, the archetypal samurai, who could, in times of peace, command considerable leisure. Hence (though even in Japan the greatest conventional elegance in writing was generally confined to a small and effeminate court nobility surrounding the cloistered Mikado at Kyoto) letters were mastered by those who thought at least as highly of martial virtues as of literary graces. This broadened the avenues to promotion and prevented the enervation of all the upper classes.

(2) At a very early period, perhaps as much as twelve hundred years ago (the invention of Syllabary, known as

Katakana, has been attributed to Kibinomabi, who is said to have died in A.D. 776), before contempt for those lacking the opportunity to acquire letters had had time to harden into a convention or to receive quasi-religious sanction, persons with singularly liberal and democratic ideals had developed a syllabary of about fifty symbols, covering the whole phonetic range of the Japanese spoken language. Not only did this extend to all those possessing sufficient ambition to expend the very modest effort necessary, — the power to indite words, — but it also served to create a desire for further acquirements in the breasts of those who might not otherwise have entertained it, or to whom leisure for learning did not come until comparatively late in life. 'Women, coolies, and ignorant persons' were to have their equal chance, so far as circumstances allowed. Thus it is not so revolutionary, or, to such an extent as many people imagine, the result of a modern importation of Occidental ideas, that the elementary schools offer their advantages to the children of all classes alike. It is nearer the truth to say that Western educational methods owe at least a part of their popularity to the fact that they enable the Japanese to realize ideals proper to their own ancient way of thinking, which the influence of Chinese civilization never quite succeeded in obliterating.

The progress made by Japan in the field of modern popular education is almost as creditable as that achieved in the department of arms; and as, in the latter case, we plainly see that success has followed upon the use of modern methods in the expression of ancient aspirations, so it is legitimate to suppose that the operation of similar factors has brought success in secular education. Indeed, I have been told that education is the only large public service which is not, in one way or

another, mulcted in the militaristic interest. How true this may be, I have no conclusive means of judging; but in a country whose every peaceful activity is seriously affected by the upkeep, through heavy direct and indirect taxation, of a powerful navy and of a standing army larger than the peace establishments of nations ten times as rich, the remarkable spread of education is at once a sign of the value which is attached to letters, and a pledge of the sincerity of the expressed desire that all may have an opportunity to share in such benefits as are to be derived from purely secular education.

III

It will appear from what has been said that circumstances have prevented the ideogram from developing in Japan, to the same extent as in China, a social structure capped by an effeminate literary aristocracy. Its social effect is, nevertheless, detrimental.

In spite of the assistance afforded by a liberal educational policy, elegant Chinese cannot be understood — much less appreciated — by the elementary-school graduate, however naturally bright. The graduate of even the middle school cannot, as a rule, write a letter which the *litteratus* will accept as correct in style. Self-education, such as many a high-school graduate in America can acquire, is well-nigh impossible in Japan. One result of this is an overcrowding of the higher institutions by students of mediocre ability.

The acquirement of a sufficient number of characters to pursue general, not to mention professional and technical, studies takes so long, that young men are often unable to enter upon their careers at a reasonably early age; though this is sometimes achieved by sacrificing versatility in the interest of a very narrow specialization.

Education is itself affected by the fact that the earlier years of schooling are so largely taken up with memorizing and copying out the ideogram. It is a commonplace that, in ideographic lands, progress is the result of imitation and adaptation rather than of initiative. While this may serve well enough in the applied arts and sciences, — such, for instance, as those employed in war, — it is a serious handicap in higher philosophical study. Many a graduate of the Imperial Universities can (and does) quote German philosophers with great accuracy and at length; but the number of those who are at home in a discussion *about* philosophy, is immensely smaller. Perhaps it will be enough to close this paragraph by reminding the reader that while Japanese soldiers and medical men have achieved international fame, this has been far less the case in law, and that Japanese journalism is distinctly behind the times.

The circumstances recited above interfere, in the case of women, with an advance in culture after marriage, such as is within the reach of American high-school graduates. In Japan marriage everywhere puts a stop to female attendance at school; whereas the male student is sometimes a married man. In some cases, professional life is assumed to have been entered upon before study is completed, and salaries are provided, as in the case of our military and naval cadets. Again, an eldest son, particularly if he be an only son (and delicate), may be encouraged to marry early and thus perpetuate the family line. Or, a promising student may be induced by the offer of support during his professional educa-

tion to enter, as a son-in-law, some family which has no sons. More than one professional man, who was a younger son in his former or original house, owes his vocational education to an arrangement of this sort.

Although the ideogram is so imbedded in the Japanese civilization that it must be many years before it can be finally abandoned, I have no hesitation in predicting that it will gradually give place to a phonetic system, and that that system will be the alphabet in common use among us.

The principal advantages that will accrue to Japan will be (1) unification of her own language; (2) the shortening of the period required for learning to read and write, and consequent opportunities to acquire versatility and to develop powers of originality and invention, now impeded; (3) the bringing of all learning more nearly within the reach of all, thus introducing a democracy at least of learning (such as the mediæval Church made the earliest of European democracies); (4) the introduction of foreign words — scientific and technical terms, and so forth — into their original form; (5) making the language much easier for foreigners to acquire, while at the same time allowing Japanese to devote to the study of foreign languages much of the time that must now be devoted to acquiring their own; thus opening the way to a sympathetic understanding, which will be increasingly advantageous to Japan as her world-interests continue to broaden.

A people with so little it need conceal will not long attach much weight to arguments that rest only upon the supposed advantages of crypticism.

‘NEW ENGLAND’

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I

It was not for the village to know everything that went on in Miriam Draper's solitary little old white house behind the lilac trees. It did not know the nights when she knelt for hours with her elbows on the window-sill, hearing the meadow-frogs' eternal crescendos and monotonies, watching the stars shift, and the crazy moon, like a half-burned galleon, reel past the maple boughs.

What she was thinking, she hardly knew herself; only, when she caught herself singing softly, —

‘Wer nie sein Brod in Thränen ass,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen
Mächte,’ —

she would reproach herself for unwarranted romantic melancholy, and would go quickly back to bed and sleep. The silent village had no knowledge of those times, for she was quite alone; not mournfully, but soberly, alone.

Neither did the village guess her secret mirth. She loved to masquerade. Often in her room, by candle-light, she would dance, soft-footed and wild-haired, swathed in all the red and orange scarves and shawls that she could find, clinking silver bangles and barbarous glass beads, playing at a harmless dagger-dance before the long mirror. Or she would be a queen in improvised ermine and velvet, walking with high proud steps among the stiff-backed Windsor chairs and blue rag-rugs of her everyday self. She was Joan of Arc, in

a straight old faded brown smock, girt on over her nightgown; or a dryad in floating green; or a wicked French woman with evilly looped hair and bespotted veil; or a copy of her own mother's curls and hoops; or a serious angel in voluminous white cheese-cloth.

It made her laugh aloud when she realized what she was doing — she, the quiet, solitary Miriam Draper, no longer so very young, and never acknowledged as so very beautiful. Then she would look at the stiff, well-cut coats and skirts and seemly silks and ginghams hanging in her closet, and would wonder if they really belonged to her, and she to them. They were so respectable, so worthily, unobtrusively modern and mild, so fit for a New England Old Maid. They were the trappings of her body, and of one half of her soul. But she knew that the mad gay scarves and jewels became her soul and her body very well. She had a queer, dark-haired, pale-faced beauty of her own; the beauty that lies like a smothered flame under the gray ashes of day-to-day and convention, but leaps up wild and joyfully bright when a free wind fans it.

She knew that; but in the village a free wind seldom blew. She did not want her neighbors to think her altogether lunatic; and, moreover, she too was New England born and bred. She dreamed, she masqueraded, all to herself; and only once in a long time did she permit herself to ask of Life, ‘Have I no right to freedom, to beauty and

wildness, still? Will no one ever understand?' Then she would smile, perceiving that her æsthetic and social code was exactly like the moral code of children and childish peoples. It was all right to lie, and to dream, so long as you did n't get found out. And the village was not likely to find out. It was too busy with its own lies and dreams. But they were not as hers.

She had met, at a summer camp, a man who saw the flame of her soul dancing through its gray disguise. He was an artist, and quick of eye for the more subtle beauties of the body and spirit. They had followed a few mountain-trails and watched a few sunsets together: she was too shy for more, but she had remembered him, for she had not many such free joys to remember.

One day, a year after, a letter came from him. He was going abroad; would be passing through New England; might he find out her village and stop and call? She answered yes, and was angrily amused at herself for the extra heart-beats and girlish flutterings that disturbed her. She called herself a silly old maid, and scolded herself roundly; but somehow she could not help it. After all, even if she was not so very young, neither was she so very old; and, Life having denied her its greater encounters, she could not deny herself the full delight, even the silly delight, of its lesser ones.

She found herself buying new and softer curtains for the old parlor, rearranging the books, planning fondly just where the big copper bowl with the yellow roses should stand, where the blue one with the little white roses and maiden-hair fern. She knew it was all 'just for fun,' but she loved an excuse for the game, and almost forgot (she was glad to find that she forgot) for whom she was playing it so eagerly. And when on the afternoon of his coming, she looked in her glass, she clapped her

hand over her mouth to keep down an unreasonable bubbling laugh of joy. She looked so young, so happy, so free! Not the whimsical, sad, odd face that she and the village knew, but the face of the girl she had hardly ever had the chance to be, only keener and more wisely merry with years.

She ran to the cedar-chest, and pulled out one of her make-believe dresses. It was a long thin delicate garment of palest green; it looked like moonlight on a pool, or a clear brook, or sea-water over white sand. She had made it one day when her soul felt hot and stifled. It signified to her coolness, remoteness, mystery — everything that the village never dreamed; and she knew that it made her more beautiful. Why should she not wear it to-day — for someone with eyes to see?

She let her hair lie soft and dusky, and pulled the white lace a little away from her throat. There was a string of beads to wear: strange dull jade, on a twisted silver cord. They lay among the folds of her gown like sea-stones in the ebb tide. She stood regarding herself, masquerading, as she had done so many times, but now with a prospective audience. It felt wonderfully gay and adventurous!

Downstairs, all was right and ready: the cool afternoon light through the lilac leaves, the big shabby chairs where the breeze crossed them, the books and pictures and tea-tray and roses. She had not really changed anything, for she knew secretly that the room was right — the essence of New England, with all its subtle old savor of intelligence, comfort, reserve, and hidden passion. And it was the essence of her own life, too, but without her wild pagan twist for windy freedom.

The copper bowl needed more yellow roses. There was a half an hour yet to her guest's appointed train-time. She stepped through the long French win-

dow into the garden, holding her pale draperies close from the currant and raspberry bushes, and glancing consciously past the shrubbery to the street. She did not care much if the village did find her out to-day. But no one was stirring. It was warm mid-afternoon, the air heavy with syringa-scent and buzz of bees. Everything seemed asleep except the great warm earth and herself. She wandered in happy indolence down the paths, well enough aware that, for once in her life, she was as lovely and as free from stiff-necked reserve as the flowers themselves.

The garden ran far back, and ended in a tangle of old fruit trees choked with woodbine: a perfect screen, for the most part, from the little unfrequented lane beyond. There in a green plot grew one of the tallest and most glorious of the syringa bushes. Sweet air blew and vibrated about it, like sweet sound about a tower of chimes. Against the blue its great wax-white blossoms and thick green leaves gleamed like rich enamel-work. With a sudden gesture of wonder and love, Miriam stretched up her arms and gathered into them all they could hold of the sweet flowery foam. She buried her face in it passionately, half drunk with pure fragrance; she would have clasped the whole tree to her heart. Then the branches leaped back; a shower of white petals covered her hair and shoulders; and she emerged laughing, with an upturned face like a child from a sea-wave, and once more held high her arms, in their pale green draperies, to the sky and the sun.

It was a moment's revel and ecstasy. A cloud blew over the sun. There was a wind in the woodbine, a brush as of feet, and a rattle of wheels in the lane. She turned quickly back to the house.

And as she stepped once more into the shadowy room, something tight-

ened inside her heart and head. The familiar, sober house seemed to be laughing at her — at her, reveling like a Bacchant in scent and color, dreaming vague romance into her sedate gray life, decked in green sea-water silk and strange jade beads! Thinking herself beautiful; thinking herself, almost, fit for Love; or, if not Love, the dear departing phantom of it. The house said, '*You!*' and pointed mocking fingers at her folly.

Meekly, in dumb haste, she ran to her room. She tore off the green garb, though it seemed to cling to her like delicate leaves and ferns and seaweeds. She brushed her hair back from her temples, and was hurrying into her neatest white linen frock when the doorbell jangled loud. She had only time to pin a black velvet bow at her throat: no beads, no mysteries now, hardly a glance in the glass; hardly time to laugh at herself as she ran down to the door.

II

They had sat talking until sunset threw its last thick gold past the lilac leaves, and the robins called down the dark. At first their talk had been a little stiff and strange. She could feel the artist's keen eyes traveling up and down: searching the room, valuing the lights and colors, and returning always to herself. His eyes, for all the quiet friendliness and good confidence they gave her, seemed like hands touching her gently yet eagerly. They seemed to feel her hair, her shoulders, her hands; almost to recoil from the stiff texture of her gown, and to turn back to rest upon her face like a cool caress. There was something quizzical about them now, that she had never known before. She thought, 'The New England in me is hateful to his free spirit'; and the more she thought it, the more reserved and contrary-minded she grew. She

was determined to be loyal to her house, her village, her traditions, rather than to that wild strain that cried aloud in her.

She saw him smile, sometimes, when there was nothing to smile about; and once, when she looked up out of a silence that held many thoughts, he was leaning forward, staring at her so obviously that he blushed like a boy, and laughed, saying, —

'I beg your pardon! There seems a great deal to think about, in New England!'

She took it for a jibe, and retorted gayly enough; but she was glad her face was in the shadow. She felt as if he were staring at New England through her, and as if he did not understand it at all.

But when the robins were calling and the late sun came in, their talk grew less constrained. He told her of his work, his ambitions, his visions; she told him a little, a very little, of her dreams, her tragedy and comedy. She did not think he listened much. He seemed only to look at her and to respond with one of his own half-fantastic notions. Yet she was content. She did not want him to understand too well. She was afraid that, if he had seemed to understand, she would have suddenly broken through the wall of reserve that she had built about herself, and have told him things to be sorry for. She knew only that it was good to sit there, close to someone who could talk her own language; and that, if the house had not compelled her to put off her dream-dress, he would have seen it and her spirit exulting in it, with those keen sensitive eyes.

At last he must go. He wandered absently about the room, touching the yellow roses, glancing at the books, laying a light hand on the piano keys. The chord vibrated softly. He looked over at Miriam.

'It gives off little urgent circles of

sound,' he said, dreamily, 'just as each rose gives off circles of scent; just as each life gives off circles of force and mystery. And sometimes it seems as if one simple chord like that, all by itself, in an empty room, had more magic than a whole symphony. I wonder if lives are like that, too: solitary lives; or if they need the other chords, need them as much as people usually assume.'

He came and held out his hand. 'Good-bye,' he said, pressing her fingers and smiling down at her. 'When I come back from Old England, I should like to stop in New England again, if I may?'

She nodded and laughed.

'Yes. Maybe then you would understand it better; poor old stiff-necked New England!'

'Maybe I'm not so far from understanding it now,' he rallied. 'But I think I shall have something to send you before that; something that will amuse you. Good-bye!' he repeated. 'When I come again, it would please my eyes very much — you know my eyes ask for what they want, quite boldly — if you would have a green gown — pale green — the color of sea-water over white sand. I'll tell you why, some time. Thank you for this afternoon, all of it. I must run for my train. Good-bye, to you, and to New England!'

A few weeks later she had a note from him. All it said was, —

'I am making the thing I think will amuse you. You thought I did n't like or understand your New England, your village, maybe yourself. Please be patient with me. And please give my respects to your syringa bushes. I shall be back in September.'

While she waited, not knowing what to answer, and preferring to dream lightly of the thing he might be making for her, and of his mysterious allusions to green gowns and syringa bushes, she chanced upon a brief cruel item in the

newspaper. He had been killed instantaneously in a motor-bus accident in Piccadilly.

There was nothing to do or to say about it. She went on her quiet village way as ever; but she did not masquerade any more by candle-light; and she felt curiously old. She did not pretend to herself that she had loved him, or he her; but she found that she longed intensely to know what the thing he was making to amuse her had been, and what it was in New England that he seemed so sure he understood. She attached an almost unreasonable importance to it, but had no expectation at all of ever uncovering the secret.

III

The next autumn, being in the city for a few days, she walked down the sunny, bustling street. She was a little weary. The village had seemed to her more cramped and dull than usual. Even the flaming autumn hills had not called their trumpet-cry loud enough to waken her. A sort of quiet apathy was drifting over her, as sands drift up across an unsheltered, lonely rock. The city did not help her. She wandered idly, until the sign, 'Exhibition of Modern American Painters,' attracted her flickering attention, and, without much thought, she went up to the little softly lighted gallery.

It was quiet there. The city noise was muffled and far away. The walls, with their flaming spaces and jewel-like dots of color, meant little to her tired eyes. She sank into a cushioned seat in a dim corner, and felt herself slipping, as she so often did at home, out of Time into Eternity. Nothing mattered: neither her own life and death, nor that of all the world. Everything was in Eternity.

She sat there a long time. It was forenoon, and only a few casual comers

crossed the heavy carpets, and whispered their comments in half-bored, courteous voices. They were as insignificant to her as so many paper-dolls. Her reverie was deeper than day-dreams—deeper, almost, than sleep itself. Her ears hummed with silence, her limbs with a sort of dreamlike weariness. She never moved.

But at last she was aware of two people who passed and repassed her time and again. They were looking at her fixedly. She awoke, as it were, and perceived that they were a young man and girl,—art students, probably,—a frank, eager, thin-faced pair of comrades. They passed her again, stared at her without reserve, passed on, whispering, nodding their heads; and stood before the pictures at the far end of the room. The girl glanced back at Miriam. They pored together over a catalogue-slip, whispering.

Annoyance and amusement broke Miriam's trance. Why in the world were they so curious about her? She was afraid that she had seemed to nod off to sleep, or had spoken some vagrant thought aloud, as she sometimes did at home. She stood up, half-staggering at first like a man too quickly roused from sleep, and began an unseeing round of the gallery. She had no catalogue, and wished for none. The pictures, beautiful and mediocre alike, were to her mood only so much brilliant or blurred color. A windy upland pasture, with silver-white clouds chasing over a blue sky, caught her fancy for a moment. She was touched by a child's wistful big-eyed simplicity, and repelled by a dancer's sensual face and limbs. But they had no meaning for her. She was still in Eternity.

Her round brought her slowly toward the young art students, who stood still, glancing now covertly from her to their catalogue and the walls. She refused to notice them, although in reality her

heart cried out to ask them plainly, 'What is there so queer about me? Do you like me or hate me? Why do you look at me as if I had no eyes to see you too? Do you think me simple, or blind, or asleep, or one of the paper-doll people?'

As she stood beside them, their whispers hushed. Her languid glance swept the walls. Many little pictures were hung there: delicate intense studies of faces, figures, phantoms. A foot-square canvas seemed enough for this artist to open a window on romance or reality. For the first time Miriam leaned forward in vivid wonder and delight, forgetful of herself and of Eternity.

Then, suddenly, she gasped. Her heart missed a stroke. She knew she flushed and went pale. With involuntary directness she turned on the young people beside her.

'Tell me,' she breathed fast; 'I have n't any catalogue. Who painted these pictures?'

The two seemed to exchange a glance. There was an instant's awkward silence. Then the young man spoke, courteously, but with a note of interrogating curiosity in his voice and words.

'Surely,' he said, 'you must know that better than we.'

They both looked at her, with parted lips and shining, searching eyes. But Miriam was gazing at a little picture that hung just on a level with her face.

'Do you mean to say,' she half whispered, 'that John Carlisle painted these?'

'Why, of course,' the girl answered with amazement, as if she were explaining something too obvious for words. 'Some of these were just sent over from England after his death. They're wonderful, are n't they? But surely you — you know all about them, or some of them!'

'I don't know as much as you do,'

Miriam said brusquely. 'How should I? What makes you think —'

She realized the foolishness of her speech, and was silent; for there before them, from a square of exquisite glowing color, looked her own face.

There was her own garden, the white gable and chimney of her house, the church spire beyond the tree-tops, the blue, blue sky, the great white syringa bush, and her own shape, slim and cool as a dryad, glad-armed and glorying, with hands reached to the sun and delicate wild face flung back under a shower of petals. But the house-gable, the church spire, cast a long dark shadow over the greensward. The shadow almost touched her feet — not quite. It was a creeping, grasping, greedy shadow; but she, how glad and gay in the sun!

Next it hung another picture. It had a rough, unfinished look, but the face stood out clear. Her face again: a white face in a shadowy room, with thick gold sunshine blotting the walls; her face, sad and whimsical, a little remote and old, above her stiff white gown.

In a corner of each picture, like a trade-mark, was painted a great Luna moth, pale green, with silvery moons and eyes and veins. But in the first picture, his wings were spread and shining; in the second, they seemed shriveled and cold.

Miriam stood with her hand to her lips, pressing back the wonder and the trouble that twisted them. She could have laughed or cried aloud. It would not have mattered which. A mad impulse to snatch the pictures from the wall and run with them straight home to her village, to the secret corners of her house and her heart, swept over her. She could have cried, 'These are mine! mine! Nobody else has a right to them.'

But that was impossible. She controlled herself, and spoke, trying to be as cool and careless as might be.

'I was surprised. I did n't know — these were to be hung, now. Would you be good enough to let me see the catalogue?'

Her hand trembled as she took it; the little figures blurred before her eyes. At last she found them: 46 — it had no name; a note informed the reader, 'Found unfinished after the artist's death.' 47: "New England." She gave back the paper with a crooked smile.

'Thank you. You see — I did n't know what they would call them, here.'

She wished the two young people would leave her alone. They vibrated with too much curious sympathy. The girl turned to her impulsively.

'It must have been wonderful, to know him!' she said; and then, with the audacity of shyness, she touched Miriam's hand, whispering, 'It would n't matter to me what happened, if someone had once seen me, and understood, like that!'

Before Miriam could speak, they were gone. She had a vision of bright tears in the girl's eyes; the young man followed her with a sudden little gesture of sympathy and protection. Then they almost ran from the room, and she was alone.

She went only twice more to the gallery. Each time someone seemed to recognize her and to stare at her, though perhaps it was only her self-consciousness that made her think so. But she did not need to look at the pictures much. She made no effort to get them for herself. They were already sold, the catalogue said; everything that John Carlisle had painted was sold. She had hardly known how eminent he was.

Once the two young art students passed her in the Gardens. They bowed gravely, wistfully; a shadow seemed to cross their gay, self-absorbed faces. She thought in a flash, —

'And do I cast shadows, so? Or is it — New England? I will not have them sorry for me!'

She felt them turning to look back at her, and she turned, too, with a smile and a little wave of the hand. It was the look of the garden-dryad, loving and wild and free; it challenged them. They laughed out in sympathy; the glad youth surged back to their eyes and lips; and she went on her way comforted. 'They will remember the sun, and not the shadow,' she thought.

IV

At home, she sat one evening in her warm firelit house. Bare lilac boughs tapped the panes; sharp autumn stars pricked through. Great gray Diogenes purred and licked his sleek side. The fire crackled.

Miriam, under the lamp, wrote in the brown journal that held her most secret thoughts. She had taken it from its drawer, and smiled, as ever, at the warning written in her lost girlish hand across the cover-label.

'This Book is Mine. Let nobody else dare look into it. If any bad thing happens to me, let this Book be burned.

M. L. D.'

The date was old enough now. The book was more than half full. Miriam wrote, —

'I cannot help it if the mystery of Life grows thicker around me. I cannot help it if my thoughts are strange sometimes. I have been wondering to-night whether what John Carlisle said was true: whether one solitary life, vibrating to itself in an empty room, is in the least degree as worthy and true to the completeness of Life, as the chord lost in a song or a symphony.

'I wonder what he meant by that. He was talking about me. Did he think

that my life counted much or little? But he knew nothing, really, about it. I shall never know how much he knew.

'And what did he mean by the pictures? Which was the way he saw me finally — in the sun or the shadow? With wide bright wings, or crumpled? Did he really see the loneliness and reserve and pain, and the great, unexpected, queer joys that women like me find in life?

'I do not want to masquerade any more; and yet I want so very much to be free — free in my spirit. The village would never understand. It is n't necessary that it should. The village would think that I must have loved John Carlisle, or thought that I did, to care so much. It would become obviously a romance.

'Well, there was n't any romance. There never would have been if he had come ever so many times. Romance walks by the doors of such as me and only thrusts in his head to say "Good-day!" and "Good-morrow!" and perhaps that is as much of romance as we are capable of managing.

'And there are a thousand other things than romance. I know that. Only, to be free and to be complete, if only for a little while — everybody wants those two things, in their own fashion.

'So I think of what the little art-student girl said. I suppose she thought, too, that I had known him very well, and maybe cared a great deal. I know I was a strange person that day.

'But what she said I like to remember. "It would n't matter what happened, if someone had once understood, like that."

'Of course, that is not exactly true. But nothing is exactly and absolutely true; and half-truths have their consolations.

'And that gives me a certain assurance that somehow, ultimately, my life and all the others like it shall have comprehension and fulfilment — a different comprehension and fulfilment from that which we force from Life by our own attacks upon it. Even if I were braver in attack, I should want something more swift, more instinctive, than what I had made myself.

'But it is greedy to demand everything — everything — from these few mortal years.

'Truly, I do not mean to think things like this very often. There is enough work; there are more than enough people. I shall be free and glad, too. But inside, something never changes.

'And we have so few years. And then — Eternity.

'I am glad God is looking after it all. I never could!'

She closed the book and went over to the piano. A pure, thin chord trembled under her fingers. She smiled, but one slow, undesired tear dropped on the keys.

'I wonder,' she whispered, 'John Carlisle, — could you, — or anybody, ever understand?'

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THE problem with Whistler is to reconcile a great artist with a little man — or, if not a little man, an odd man, an eccentric man, a curious, furious creature, who flitted through the world, making epigrams and enemies, beloved and hated, laughing and laughable, and painting great pictures. He was glorified by his hand and damned by his tongue.

The task of disentangling this snarled soul is made much more difficult by the perplexity of records. What little he himself wrote, helps, so far as it goes. But it does not go far; and, for the most part, we have to deal with a cloud of legend, sometimes rosy, sometimes lurid, according to the reporter, but always obscuring and deceitful. Anecdotes are told in a dozen different ways, and there is never that care for verbal authenticity which is essential with a spirit at once so precise and so evasive. The chroniclers are baffling, when they mean to be helpful. The shrewd invent, the dull misapprehend. Take a single instance. One of the best-known Whistler stories is that of the answer to a lady who declared that there was no one but Whistler and Velasquez: 'Madam, why drag in Velasquez?' An obsequious follower actually inquired of the Master, whether he really meant this. When they are subjected to such Boswells, who can blame the Dr. Johnsons and the Whistlers for running riot? So, through all the uncertainty, we have to do the best we can.

Whistler was born in Lowell, like other great men. He did not like it; he would have preferred his mother's southern dwelling-place, and sometimes implied that he was born in Baltimore. He declared in court that he was born in St. Petersburg. He once said to an inquisitive model, 'My child, I was not born. I came from on high.' And the model answered, with a frivolous impertinence that charmed him, 'I should have supposed you came from below.' He was as reticent about his age as he was about his birthplace. But the hard fact is that he was born in Lowell, in 1834. To be born in Lowell, to grow up in Russia, to be educated at West Point, to paint in France and England, with vague dashes to Venice and Valparaiso, and to die in London at seventy, makes a sufficiently variegated career. Even so, it was less variegated without than within.

Through the whole of it his life was in the pencil and brush, and the world to him was a world of line and color. As a small child, he drew in Russia, and laughed at the pictures of Peter the Great. At West Point he drew his instructors, and astonished them. In the Coast Survey service he made exquisite official drawings — and odd faces on the margins of them. And, till he died, laughter and fighting may have been his diversions, but drawing and painting were his serious business.

The only serious one. Few human beings have taken less interest in the

general affairs of men. Even for the other arts he had little thought to spare, except as they affected his own. Poetry did not touch him, unless an occasional jingle. Tragedy he found ludicrous. He liked to fetch analogies from music, but he knew nothing about it and cared nothing for it.

Apparently he read little, except as a special fancy took him. He adored Poe. He read Balzac and the writers of that group. The Pennells insist that he must have read widely, because he had so much general information. Others say that he never touched a book. Probably the truth is that his reading was limited, but that a most retentive memory kept forever anything that impressed him. However this may be, in all the records and biographies I have found little trace of his conversing, or wishing to converse, on ordinary topics of general interest.

To politics and the wide range of social questions he was utterly indifferent. He hated journalists because they talked about him, and politicians because they did not. He praised America and things American at a distance, but American democracy would not have pleased him. In one sense he was democratic himself; for a street-sweeper who could draw would have interested him more than a British peer who only patronized art. 'The Master was a Tory,' says Mr. Menpes. 'He did not quite know why; but he said it seemed to suggest luxury; and painters, he maintained, should be surrounded with luxury. He loved kings and queens and emperors, and had a feeling that his work should only be bought by royalty.'

With religion the attitude was about as elementary. Whistler dreaded death and avoided it and the thought of it. He believed in a future life, and could not understand those people who did not. He even pushed this belief as far

as spiritualism, took a lively interest in mediums and table-rappings and communications from the dead. But I do not find that religious emotion or reflection had much real place in his life. He was immensely busy in this world, and left the next to take care of itself. In general, his religious tone is admirably conveyed by the anecdote of the dinner at which he listened in unusual silence to an animated and extensive discussion between representatives of various sects. At last Lady Burton turned to him and said, 'And what are you, Mr. Whistler?' 'I, madam?' he answered, using the word with which he would have liked to stop the mouths of all those who chattered about his own pursuit in life; 'I, madam? I am an amateur.'

The same ignorance of the general thought and life and movement of the world very naturally permeates even Whistler's elaborate discussions of his own art. The theories of the celebrated Ten o'Clock lecture, that art is a casual thing, and cometh and goeth where it listeth, that the artist happens, that there are no artistic peoples or periods, and that art has nothing to do with history, are shrewd, apt, and, as a protest against pedantry, in many respects just. But they are incoherent and chaotic, more witty than philosophical, and more significant of Whistler than of truth. Above all, they are intimately related to the wide ignorance and indifference I have been commenting on.

Whistler made much of his musical analogies. If he had thought a little more deeply on music, he might have used another — or he might not. For music is indisputably and naturally what he always sought to make painting — the art of ignorance; the art, that is, which appeals directly to the emotions and does not require for its appreciation any wide training or experience in history or in the general

interests of human life. It is for this reason that music, even more than painting, seems destined to become the all-engrossing, all-devouring art of the future.

And as Whistler was indifferent to human concerns outside his art in a theoretical way, so he carried the same indifference into practical action. He lived to paint, or to talk about painting; all else was pastime, and most things hardly that. Money? He could sometimes drive a hard bargain, but it was a question of pride in his own work, not of meanness. Otherwise, money slipped through his fingers, though in the early days there was little enough to slip. An artist should be comfortable, and bills were mundane things. So, though no one ever disputed his honesty of intention, he was apt to be in trouble. With time as with money. Exact hours and art had nothing to do with each other. What was punctuality? A virtue — or vice — of the bourgeoisie. If people invited him to dinner, he came when he pleased and dinner waited. If he invited them to breakfast at twelve, they might arrive at one and still hear him splashing in his bath behind the folding doors.

In all these varied phases of simplicity and unsophistication what strikes me most is a certain childlikeness. The child is a naked man, and in some respects so was Whistler. The child view accounts for many of his oddities and reconciles many of his contradictions. He thought strange things; but above all, he said and did what he thought, as most of us do not. Take his infinite delight in his own work. What artist in any line does not feel it? But some conceal it more than Whistler did. Gazing with rapt adoration at one of his pictures, he said to Keppel, 'Now is n't it beautiful?' 'It certainly is,' said Keppel. And Whistler, 'No, but *is n't* it beautiful?' 'It is indeed,' said Keppel.

And Whistler again, raising his voice to a scream, with a not-too-wicked blasphemy, and bringing his hand down on his knee with a bang, so as to give emphasis to the last word of his sentence, '—— it! is n't it beautiful?'

The child is the centre of his own universe, relates everything, good and evil, to himself, as does the man also, in his soul. Whistler did it openly, triumphantly. His official biographers declare that they never heard him refer to himself in the third person; but they knew him only in later life and always managed to take a somewhat academic and decorous view of him. It is impossible to question Mr. Bacher's account of his referring to himself as Whistler, though there may be some exaggeration in it. Not 'I,' but 'Whistler' did this or that. You must not find fault with the work or with the word of Whistler. Or again, at another period, it was the Master, as Mr. Menpes records it for us. 'You do not realize what a privilege it is to be able to hand a cheque to the Master. You should offer it on a rich old English salver and in a kingly way.' Just a hint of mockery in it, of course, but an appalling deal of seriousness also. And note the curious coincidence of this self-asserting, third-personal egotism with the attempt of Henry Adams to avoid egotism in precisely the same manner.

Everywhere with Whistler there is the intense determination of the child to occupy the centre of the stage, no matter who is relegated to the wings. There is the sharp, vivid laugh, the screaming 'Ha! ha!' a terror to his enemies, and something of a terror to his friends also. Not a bit of real merriment in it, but a trumpet assertion of Whistler's presence and omnipresence. There is the extraordinary preoccupation with his own physical personality. In some respects, no doubt, he was handsome. A good authority declares

that in youth he must have been 'a pocket Apollo.' At any rate, to use his pet word, he was always 'amazing.' The white lock, whether he came by it by inheritance or accident — what an ensign it was to blaze out the coming of the Master! Just so Tom Sawyer triumphed in his deleted front tooth. Read Mr. Menpes's charming account of Whistler at the barber's. What a sacred function, what a solemn rite, the cult of the lock, the cult of the Master's personality. At the tailor's it was the same. Every customer was called upon to give his opinion as to the fit of a coat, and the tailor was duly impressed with his almost priestly privilege. 'You know, you must not let the Master appear badly clothed: it is your duty to see that I am well dressed.'

Milton tells us that he who would be a great poet must make his own life a great poem. Whistler apparently thought that he who would be a great artist must make himself a great picture; but the picture he made was only what he detested most, — the word and the thing, — clever.

II

A large feature of the life of children is quarreling. It certainly was a large feature of the life of Whistler. And we shall best understand his quarrels, if we think of him as a noisy, nervous, sharp-tongued, insolent boy. There have been plenty of other artists like him, alas! He has been compared to Cellini, and justly; and Vasari's accounts of Renaissance painters abound with rough words and silly or cruel deeds that might easily have been Whistler's.

Whistler liked flattery and adulation as a child does, and sought them with the candid subtlety that a child employs for the same object; witness the singular story of the arts and wiles with

which the Master tried to win the affection of the ignorant fishermen of St. Ives — without success.

As he liked compliments, so he resented criticism, especially if it did not come from a competent source; and a competent source was too apt to mean one that took Whistler's preëminence for granted. Criticism, sometimes reasonable, sometimes ignorant, sometimes really ill-natured and spiteful, was at the bottom of most of the riotous disagreements which long made the artist more conspicuous than his painting made him. It is not necessary to go into the details of these unpleasant squabbles. The names of Ruskin, Wilde, Moore, Whistler's brother-in-law, Haden, and his patrons, Eden and Leyland, will sufficiently suggest them. Sometimes these adventures began with hostility. Sometimes friendship began them and hostility ended them. Sometimes Whistler appears madly angry, actually foaming at the mouth, says one observer, so that flecks of foam were to be seen on his tie. Sometimes he chuckled and triumphed devilishly, with punctuations of the fierce and irritating 'Ha! ha!' Sometimes there was physical violence.

Of course, such doings were disgusting and disgraceful, and they should have been forgotten as speedily as might be. But this was not Whistler's way. Instead, he gloated over every contest, whether verbal or muscular. He insulted his enemies and exalted their discomfiture in print, like a hero of Homer or a conceited boy. He wrote letter after letter to the papers, always so obligingly ready to help a great man expose himself. Then he collected the whole mass, including the replies of those who had been foolish enough to reply, into *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, and flattered himself that he was a great author as well as a great artist.

Some people think he was. There is no doubt that he was a master of bitter words. His phrases have a casual ease of snapping and stinging that often scarifies and sometimes amazes. From his Puritan training and his extensive knowledge of the Bible, — ‘that splendid mine of invective,’ as he characteristically called it, — as well as from his own reckless temper, he drew a profusion of abuse, which withered, whether justifiable or not. And occasionally he was capable of great imaginative touches that recall his pictures.

But in general his writing is vexatious and, to say the least, undignified; the angry rattle of a gifted small boy, who ought to know better. The Wilde correspondence is perhaps the worst; but everywhere we get a tone of cheap abuse and railing. There is a careless vigor of sharp wit, but hardly the vituperative splendor of Voltaire or Swift. And it is such a small, such a shallow, such a supersensitive way of taking criticism; no urbanity, no serenity, no large, sweet, humorous acceptance of the inevitable chattering folly of the world. I do not see how any admirer of Whistler’s genius can read *The Gentle Art* without sighing over the pity of it.

The pity of it is rather increased by his evident enjoyment. There was no real hatred at the bottom of his attacks. Mr. Chesterton insists that he tortured himself in torturing his enemies. This is rather too much of a tragic emphasis. He relieved his nervous irritability by slashing right and left. But I do not know that there was much torture in it and there was a good deal of fun — of a kind. ‘I have been so abominably occupied, what with working and fighting —! and you know how I like both.’ He did like fighting, and winning — or to make out that he had won. In a charming phrase, he describes himself as ‘delicately con-

tentious.’ Again, he told the Pennells that he ‘could never be ill-natured, only wicked.’ The distinction is worthy of him, and is no doubt just, though perhaps not so self-complimentary as he thought it.

Moreover, in all his fights and quarrels, he liked and respected those who stood up to him and answered back. If you dodged and cowered, he would pursue remorselessly. If you gave him as good as he sent, he would laugh that shrill ‘Ha! ha!’ and let you go. When the artist was painting Lady Meux, he vexed and bothered and badgered her past endurance. Finally she snapped out, ‘See here, Jimmie Whistler! You keep a civil tongue in that head of yours, or I will have in someone to *finish* those portraits you have made of me.’ All Whistler could find to say was, ‘How *dare* you? How *dare* you?’ But he thought a good deal more of Lady Meux.

Also, his impishness, his strange, fantastic love of mischief, prompted him to scenes and touches of Aristophanic, Mephistophelian comedy, sometimes laughable, sometimes repulsive. There is a Renaissance cruelty about his remark, when told that the architect who originally designed the Peacock Room had gone mad on seeing Whistler’s alterations: ‘To be sure, that is the effect I have upon people.’ There is more of the ridiculous, but also much of the bitter, in his own wonderful account of his revenging himself upon Sir William Eden by spoiling the auction sale of his pictures. ‘I walked into the big room. The auctioneer was crying, “Going! Going! Thirty shillings! Going!” — “Ha! ha!” I laughed — not loudly, not boisterously — it was very delicately, very neatly done. But the room was electrified. Some of the henchmen were there; they grew rigid, afraid to move, afraid to glance my way out of the corners of their eyes.

"Twenty shillings. Going!" the auctioneer would cry. "Ha! ha!" I would laugh, and things went for nothing and the henchmen trembled.'

Moralizing comment on all these wild dealings and doings of Whistler is perhaps superfluous and inappropriate. It would certainly have caused boundless glee to Whistler himself. Yet one may be permitted to point out how easy it is, after all, to be disagreeable, and how little real cleverness it requires. Most of us devote our best efforts to avoiding instead of achieving it. And then how often we fail! Even to be disagreeably witty is not always a triumph of genius. Any tongue can sting, and the unthinking are always ready to mistake stinging for wit. Much of Whistler's recorded talk irresistibly suggests Dr. Johnson's remark about Cibber: 'Taking from his conversation all that he ought not to have said, he was a poor creature.'

In the same way with the gentle art of making enemies. Most of us require no art for it, being incredibly gifted by nature in that direction. The art of making friends is the difficult one, especially that of keeping them after they are made. It is easy to ridicule friendship. A lady once asked Whistler, 'Why have you withered people and stung them all your life?' He answered, 'My dear, I will tell you a secret. Early in life I made the discovery that I was charming; and if one is delightful, one has to thrust the world away to keep from being bored to death.' And he dedicated *The Gentle Art* to 'The rare Few, who, early in Life, have rid Themselves of the Friendship of the Many.'

The irony is obvious enough, and it is equally obvious that Whistler was referring to the casual friendships of the world, which do not deserve the name. At the same time, the art, or the gift, or the instinct, of drawing men

to you is worth more, to the artist or the Philistine, than that of repelling them. In studying Whistler one cannot but think of such an opposite type as Longfellow, who, without effort, almost without thought, and still keeping an individuality as sturdy as Whistler's, and more manly, made himself lovable and beloved by everybody. Or, if Longfellow as an artist is not thought worthy the comparison, take Raphael, of whom Vasari tells us that a power was 'accorded to him by Heaven of bringing all who approached his presence into harmony, an effect inconceivably surprising in our calling and contrary to the nature of artists.' And again, 'All harsh and evil dispositions became subdued at the sight of him; every base thought departing from the mind before his influence. . . . And this happened because he surpassed all in friendly courtesy as well as in art.'

I am inclined to think that such praise would be worth more to Whistler's memory a hundred years hence than *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*.

III

So, having got rid of the too-abundant negative traits, let us turn to Whistler's attraction and charm. He was a man of contradictions, says Mr. Van Dyke; and the frivolous mischief-maker lived side by side with a thoughtful, earnest, even lofty-souled artist.

The child clue will stay with us, as before. Those who knew Whistler best frequently recur to it: 'When off his guard, he was often a pathetic kid.' The childlike candor rarely failed, not only in asserting merits, but even in recognizing defects. 'He was the most absolutely truthful man about himself that I ever met. I never knew him to hide an opinion or a thought — nor to try to excuse an action.' And with the

candor in professing opinions went a high and energetic courage in defending them, a courage that was sometimes blatant and tactless, but seems to have been genuine, even to the point of admitting its own failures. When Mr. Menpes said to him, 'Of course, you don't know what fear is?' Whistler answered, 'Ah, yes! I do. I should hate, for example, to be standing opposite a man who was a better shot than I, far away out in the forest in the bleak, cold early morning. Fancy, I, the Master, standing out in the open as a target to be shot at!'

In general human relations it would be a mistake to suppose that Whistler was always thorny, prickly, biting and stinging. His biographers assert that he was 'the gayest man who ever lived.' Mr. Chesterton denies that he was gay, and I think Mr. Chesterton must be right. True gayety not only does not wound, but cannot bear the thought of having wounded; and such was not Whistler. Though he chose the butterfly signature, his nature had not the butterfly's light and careless saturation of sunshine.

But it is true that he loved human society and could never bear to be alone, even liking people about him when he worked. He could use his wit to charm and fascinate as well as to punish. Whenever he took part in conversation, he led it and deserved to lead it. Hear this account of his appearance in a crowded club-room. 'Speaking simply in a quiet way to myself, without once looking round, Whistler would draw every man in that club to his side — smart young men about town, old fogies, retired soldiers, who had been dozing in armchairs.' And men not only listened to him, they loved him — when they did not hate him. 'Whistler could be gentle, sweet, sympathetic, almost feminine, so lovable was he.' He inspired deep attach-

ments, which could be broken only by the rude knocks that he too well knew how to give. Servants loved him, and there is no better test of simple goodness and kindness.

For women he seems always to have had a peculiar regard, although the records of his relations with them are naturally not abundant. His Southern training and habits gave him a rather unusual formal courtesy toward them, and many witnesses insist upon what is somewhat curious in consideration of his wit and comic instinct and of his distinctly irregular life: that he never uttered and never tolerated grossness. Two attachments to women, at any rate, played a large part in his career. He adored his mother and obeyed her in his youth. He adored her and watched over her in his riper years. Though he bitterly resented any critical suggestion of sentiment in his portrait of her, he confided to a friend, speaking very slowly and softly, 'Yes — yes — one does like to make one's mummy just as nice as possible.' When he was over fifty he stumbled upon a casual marriage, fortuitous as most other external events in his career; but the marriage was singularly happy: he adored his wife as he had adored his mother, and her death shattered him in a way to confute those who denied him human tenderness.

When it comes to art, Whistler's admirable qualities are questioned by no one. His devotion to it from youth to age was perfect and unfailing. It was not perhaps as devouring and morbid a passion as with some; but it was a constant flame, which burned steadily through all difficulty and all discouragement. It was enlightened and intelligent also, directed from the beginning with firm and close discipline toward a definite object. Not that the difficulties and discouragements did not come. In spite of his confidence and

belief in himself, there were times, as with all artists, when things went bitterly, hopelessly wrong. 'No one,' says Mr. Gay, 'can realize, who has not watched Whistler paint, the agony that his work gave him. I have seen him, after a day's struggle with a picture, when things did not go, completely collapse, as from an illness.' And one should read Mr. Menpes's strange account of abnormal excitement, on the very eve of an exhibition, over a mouth that was not right and could not be made right. 'He became nervous and sensitive. The whole exhibition seemed to centre on that one mouth. It developed into a nightmare. At length, in despair, he dashed it out with turpentine, and fled from the gallery just as the first critic was entering.'

As these efforts and struggles show, no matter how much Whistler may have attitudinized in life, in art he was sincere and genuine. If you took him quietly by himself, you could not but feel this. 'As a matter of fact,' says Mr. Van Dyke, 'he was almost always in a serious mood, and, with his knowledge and gift of language, talked most sensibly and persuasively.' His actions showed sincerity far more than his talk. Though he was careless about money, spent much of it and would have liked to spend more, and believed that he could have done better work if he had had more to spend, he never sacrificed one line of his ideals for any earthly payment. 'It is better to live on bread and cheese and paint beautiful things than to live like Dives and paint pot-boilers,' he said; and he meant it and acted on it, always.

Also, he was sincere enough to accept criticism and profit by it, when it came from a proper source and in a proper spirit. He once asked a great sculptor to say what he thought of a portrait. The sculptor, after some hesitation, pointed out that one leg was longer

than the other. Whistler's friends expected an outburst. Instead, he remarked quietly, 'You are quite right. I had not observed the fault, and I shall correct it in the morning.' Afterwards he added, 'What an eye for line a sculptor has!'

And, as he was ready to submit to criticism of his own work, so he was equally quick to acknowledge merit in others, provided it was really there. He praised the work of students and fellow artists with quick and discerning kindness, if it seemed to him praiseworthy. But pretence and shallow cleverness he withered wherever he found them.

His capacity for labor, for continuous and prolonged painstaking, was limitless. Because he concealed this and pretended to work lightly and carelessly, people thought him idle; but he was not. Industry, he said, was an absolute necessity, not a virtue, and a work of art, when finished, should show no trace of the labor that had produced it. 'Work alone will efface the footsteps of work.' In fact, it was only in age that he discovered that he had never done anything but work. 'It struck me that I had never rested, that I had never done nothing, that it was the one thing I needed.' He could not tolerate laziness in himself or in others. In his house there were no armchairs, and to a friend who complained of this, he remarked, 'If you want to rest, you had better go to bed.' But his friends and pupils did not want to rest when he was with them. 'Whistler invariably inspired people to work,' says one who knew him well. The sittings for his portraits were prolonged and repeated, till the sitters' patience was utterly exhausted, and some of them complained that the intensity of his effort seemed to draw the very life out of them.

In short, those who judge him by his

quarrels and his bickerings and his flippancy and his odd clothes get no idea of the deep, conscientious earnestness of the artist. He worked till death to produce beautiful things. A year before he died he insisted with passionate simplicity and sincerity, 'I would have done anything for my art.' He was always looking forward, and there are few finer expressions of the ardor of creation than his noble phrase, 'An artist's career always begins tomorrow.'

IV

It is not my business to discuss Whistler's art as such. But as the general's soul is revealed in his battles and the preacher's in his sermons, so in his pictures we must seek the painter's, and the psychographer considers work as well as words.

It appears, then, that in Whistler's art there are two marked elements, which, taken together, help largely to elucidate his spirit. The first of these is the element of truth, sincerity, precision, exactitude, showing more conspicuously in the etchings, but never neglected in any of his work at any time. As he himself said of the Thames series of etchings, 'There, you see, all is sacrificed to exactness of outline.'

This instinct of truth, of reality, should be closely related to the more external facts of Whistler's life. In combination with the childlike simplicity and openness, it entered largely into his everlasting quarrels. He did not quarrel in Paris—that is, not abnormally. But all the artist in him, all the truth-lover, revolted against the conventions of English Philistinism, and he fought them, whether critical or social, with all the passion that was in him. 'The wit of Whistler . . . was the result of intense personal convictions as to the lines along which art and life move together,' says one of his

most intelligent biographers. As applied to life, this instinct of truth in him was mainly destructive, and did little good to him or others; but it was obscurely lofty in aim, and it was an integral part of his better nature.

In art, on the other hand, the destructive instinct led at once to construction. Here too, indeed, there was the perpetual, deadly war on sham. Whistler saw all around him, in painting as in poetry, the Victorian excess of sentiment. The 'heart interest' was what counted, and execution was a minor matter. The Angelus and Evangeline would make a world-wide reputation, even if the workmanship was inferior. Against this heresy of the subject Whistler was in constant revolt. He did not sufficiently realize that a great artist may treat a great subject, though it too often happens that to the common eye a great subject may transfigure a mean conception and a vulgar handling. He wanted to shake art free from all these adjuncts of theme and historical association and historical development, and concentrate the artist's whole effort on the pure ecstasy of line and color. He pushed this so far as to revel in mere decorative richness, feeding and filling his eye and imagination with the azure and golden splendors of the Peacock Room.

But of course, if you had pushed him home, he would have admitted that in the end all beauty must lie in human emotion, vague suggestions and intimations of subtle feeling, all the more overpowering because indefinite. And the real purpose of getting rid of a distinct, trite subject was to allow these essential emotions richer play. Music, in which he so often sought analogy, would have given it to him on this point also. For the most elaborate orchestral symphony depends as fundamentally on human emotion for its

significance as does the simplest air. And Bach and Wagner appeal to realms of feeling equally deep, though widely different. The most original and suggestive part of Whistler's painting, if not the greatest, is that which enters most into this vast, uncharted region of intangible emotion. Of all things he loved to paint night; and what in the wide world is more throbbing with imaginative depths? 'Subject, sentiment, meaning were for him in the night itself — the night in all its loveliness and mystery.'

Here we seize the second cardinal element in Whistler's work — the element of mystery. What characterizes his range of vague emotion is not passion, not melancholy, but just this sense of mystery, of the indefinable, the impalpable. It is singular how all the critics, whatever their point of view, unite in distinguishing this, something vague, something elusive, some hidden, subtle suggestion which cannot be analyzed or seized in words. It is naturally more marked in the nocturnes and similar paintings, but it is perfectly appreciable also in the portraits and in the etchings: the handling of backgrounds and accessories, the delicate, evasive gradation of tints and shades. As Huysmans puts it, 'these phantom portraits, which seem to shrink away, to sink into the wall, with their enigmatic eyes.'

And note that the two elements must work together to produce their full effect. It is the intense sense of definiteness, of clearness, the extraordinary realistic emphasis on one salient point, that doubles the surrounding suggestion of mystery. In the secret of making precision, vivid definition, enhance and redouble the obscure, Whistler shows his debt to Poe, who was always rescued from mere melodrama by having this obsession of mystery as overwhelming as anyone who ever lived.

But there is another influence that may have affected Whistler in this regard, and that is Russia. I cannot find that any critic or biographer has suggested this. Yet the artist passed the most impressionable part of his youth in Russia. His eyes, his ears, his heart were wide open all that time. Not only Russian painting, but Russian music and Russian thought must have passed into them. He must have touched the Orient there, as he did later through Japan. And surely the essence of Russian art is in just this union of intense, bald realism with the most subtle, far-reaching suggestion of the unlimited, the unexplored, the forever unknown. Russia is childhood intensely sophisticated. And so was Whistler.

It is curious to reflect that the combination in Whistler of the most lucid, direct, energetic intelligence with the complete general ignorance that I have noted earlier led to exactly this result of the vivid union of precision with mystery. Clear-sighted and observant as he was, there is no sense of modern life in him, no portrayal of the quick, active, current movement of the contemporary world, no such of any world. The intelligence seems to clarify simply for the purpose of obscuring. The total result of the age-long evolution of such a magnificent instrument as human reason is to stultify it, to show with blinding flashes the boundless region of impenetrable shadow. And in this phase of Whistler's art nothing is more symbolical and suggestive than the nocturne with fireworks. The glare of the rocket makes the involving darkness oppress you with a negative visibility that is maddening.

It is in view of this union of intense intellectual clearness with mystery that we must read all Whistler's perplexing remarks about Nature. Nature was crude multiplicity. To the un-

seeing eye, to the unaided imagination, she would not yield her secret or tell her story. It was the artist's business and his triumph to select, to isolate, to emphasize, to coördinate, so as to suggest the emotion he wished to convey, no other and no more. Here again, the parallel of music would have illustrated better than any analysis of painting. Every sound that music uses is given in nature, but given in a vast and tangled disorder, which as often results in pain as in pleasure. The musician's genius brings this chaos into a harmonized scheme of ordered ecstasy. In Whistler's idea the final and perfect triumph of human intelligence was the transformation of confusion into mystery.

Many have been perplexed by his dislike of the country, and even abuse of it. The explanation is simple. In the first place, he had never lived in the country. His experience of it was the tourist's, and nature to the tourist is a mere panoramic display, a succession of vulgar excitements from an ever-higher mountain or deeper sea. Nature to the tourist is scenery, not feeling. This is what Whistler meant when he returned from a visit to the English lakes and said the mountains 'were all little round hills with little round trees out of a Noah's ark'; when he complained in general that there were too many trees in the country, and even grumbled to a friend, who urged the glory of the stars, 'there are too many of 'em.' If he had grown up with an exquisite threshold beauty, such as hovers in the lovely lines of Cowper, —

. . . Scenes that soothed
And charmed me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing and of power to charm me still, —

his brush would have drawn out the charm as few have ever done before. But he dwelt in cities. Huge casual doses of nature first surfeited and then

starved him. Moreover, he held, perhaps justly, that the deepest fountains of mystery are not even wide fields and quiet skies, but the human eye and the human heart.

It is needless to say that the theory of mystery as I have elaborated it — perhaps too subtly — is not explicit in any writing or recorded speech of Whistler himself. When one has it in mind, however, there is a curious interest in catching the notes and echoes of it in his own words. Thus, in practical matters, take his remark to one who commented on the unfinished condition of the painter's abode. 'You see, I do not care for settling anywhere. Where there is no more space for improvement, or dreaming about improvement, where mystery is in perfect shape, it is *finis* — the end — death. There is no hope nor outlook left.' Or take the same instinct in a more artistic connection. 'They talk about the blue skies of Italy. — The skies of Italy are not blue, they are black. You do not see blue skies except in Holland and here, or other countries where you get great white clouds, and then the spaces between are blue! And in Holland there is atmosphere, and that means mystery. There is mystery here, too, and the people don't want it. What they like is when the east wind blows, when you can look across the river and count the wires in the canary bird's cage on the other side.' Finally, take the wonderful words about painting in the twilight, as full of mystery and vague suggestion as a poem of Shelley. 'As the light fades and the shadows deepen, all the petty and exacting details vanish; every triviality disappears, and I see things as they are, in great, strong masses; the buttons are lost, but the garment remains; the garment is lost, but the sitter remains; the sitter is lost, but the shadow remains. And that, night

cannot efface from the painter's imagination.' Even allowing for the touch of Whistler's natural irony, such a view of art seems to amend Gautier's celebrated phrase into, 'I am a man for whom the *invisible* world exists,' and to give double emphasis to the lines of Keats, —

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter.

So we find in Whistler, as we found implicit in Mark Twain and explicit in Henry Adams, the immense and over-

whelming heritage of ignorance transmitted by the nineteenth century to the twentieth. But whereas Mark erected ignorance into a dogmatic religion of negation, and Adams trifled with it as a toy, Whistler drew from it the enduring comfort of artistic effort, and applied to its persistent torment the immortal, divine recipe for cure of headache, heartache, soul-ills, body-ills, care, poverty, ignominy, neglect, and pain — the creation, or even the attempted creation, of things beautiful.

RELATIVE VALUES IN PROHIBITION

BY LOUIS GRAVES

I

DESPITE the picture of a sodden world held up to view by the prohibitionists when their crusade was young, — a world bound for destruction because of alcohol, — of course, most folk never drank enough to hurt them seriously, and many never drank at all. To the majority, prohibition has not been an important personal question, really vital to their daily happiness, but merely a question of public policy — whether or not the excesses of a lesser part of society constitute such a menace as to justify the surrender by the whole of all liberty of choice in the matter of alcoholic drink. It is true that there are scarcely any of us who have not had a leaning in the dispute, one way or the other; but, except in the zealots on both sides, the bias is not so great as to forbid a fairly calm and detached attitude of mind. It becomes

simply a problem of weighing advantages against disadvantages as best we can. Lawyers may argue constitutional points, and some men may grow excited in upholding what they call 'fundamental principles,' but it is pretty safe to say that most Americans give little thought to such abstractions. Their concern is practical. What they ask about National Prohibition is, simply, is it a good thing for the country?

Recently I had occasion to spend several weeks inquiring into the working of National Prohibition in two states, Pennsylvania and North Carolina. In the course of this errand I talked with citizens of a number of other states on the subject of liquor-law enforcement in their home communities; and my errand took me to Washington, to the headquarters of both the Federal Prohibition Commis-

sioner and the Anti-Saloon League, two clearing houses of information for the entire United States. Thus I succeeded in getting, first, an insight into the details of the operation of the Volstead Act, and, second, a reflection of widely varied opinions on the whole liquor question.

Reports of a burning interest in the topic are not exaggerated. My inquiry took place at the height of the presidential campaign; yet I heard a score of men and women discussing the wet-and-dry question for every one who discussed the League of Nations. And a large part of what they said had to do with violations of the law coming within their own knowledge. Tales told in a Pullman smoker are not to be taken as evidence; but in this case they have ample confirmation from government agents, sheriffs, and court records. There is no blinking the truth: the Volstead Act is being generally violated.

But, say the prohibitionists, so is every law. Checks are forged, houses are set fire to, men are murdered, property is stolen—the newspapers tell of such things every day. Because these crimes are committed, no one proposes that the laws against them be repealed. Why then seek to throw discredit upon the dry law because it is not enforced to perfection? So runs the reasoning. The final point is the familiar list of benefits that have flowed from prohibition, even in regions where it was received unwillingly—fewer arrests, less vagrancy, a decrease in the population of almshouses and asylums, a bigger share of the family's weekly revenue available for the wife and children, better economic and social conditions all around.

Admitting all this, the man opposed to National Prohibition—and there are many such among those who champion local suppression of the liquor traffic—holds that it is unfair and essentially

undemocratic to force a reform, no matter how good it may be, upon large sections of the country which have shown no desire for it. This contention is quite aside from any theoretical considerations—'States' Rights,' or the 'infringement of personal liberty.' He defends it on the ground of common sense and fair play. He denies that a statute outlawing the possession of a bottle of beer falls in the same category as statutes against theft, arson, and murder. These all the world agrees in condemning as crimes. The offense proscribed by the Volstead Act, on the contrary, is one that great numbers of people, not yet conclusively proved to be in the minority, do not regard as an offense at all; and that fact alone is a sufficient reason why the Federal government should not undertake to make it one. The injury done by so running counter to public sentiment in many states outweighs the admitted benefits of prohibition.

This is a bare sketch of the most common arguments, a boiling-down to the bone of the debate that goes on with infinite refinements and elaboration in homes and hotels and clubs and passenger trains all over the United States.

Pennsylvania offers a perfect example of a state unprepared for the new régime. Like all the rest, it had its period of war-time prohibition; but that was too short to count for much. It has never had even a local-option law. To the hundreds of thousands of foreign-born who work in the mines and factories, the campaign against drink, in progress so many years, was nothing more than a faint and far-off echo. To them drink, more particularly beer, was a matter of course. And not only to them, but to a large part of the native population as well. Dry propaganda had made little headway when prohibition was dumped on the state from Washington. Penn-

sylvania was wet, and more than content to be so.

It would be a miracle if the Volstead Act were enforced in such territory. And the miracle has not occurred. Except in some rural counties the violation of the law has been a public scandal. In Philadelphia, as in New York, it has been kept under cover to a certain extent; but in the wealthy and populous anthracite coalfields, non-observance is taken for granted. Permits to 'druggists' and 'manufacturing druggists' and 'manufacturing chemists'—the Volstead Act provides for these permits—have been used as a means of withdrawing great quantities of liquor from bonded warehouses. Through the medium of 'bootleggers,' who grow rich in the process, the stuff has found its way to the public. Anybody who is willing to pay a high price can get it with little trouble. Dwellers in the anthracite region who do not take this state of affairs as a joke, — as most of them seem to, — regard it with disgust.

North Carolina, on the other hand, is one of those states which were led gradually up to absolute prohibition. The campaign against liquor began to show its effects there a generation ago, and the dry sentiment grew in strength, until state-wide prohibition was voted in 1908. This did not end the fight, for the law was tightened later by amendments of a drastic nature. These enactments were all plainly the reflection of popular will. In my recent visit almost everyone to whom I put the query expressed the opinion that a referendum would show a much larger proportion of the people opposed to the liquor traffic now than in 1908.

Yet, since National Prohibition came in, there has been a marked reaction in observance of the law. A Federal official, who has had much to do with enforcing the liquor laws, and is him-

self a prohibitionist, told me that there was undoubtedly more drinking in North Carolina to-day than there was when the state had only its own laws to depend upon; and I found the same view generally held by sheriffs, enforcement agents, newspaper-men, and others best qualified to know. This condition is in the face of an active raiding campaign by the government, and a noticeable tendency toward more severe sentences in the courts.

The 'drys' deny that the entrance of the Federal government into the field of regulation has anything to do with the resurgence of drinking. There are other explanations — for example, the abnormal emotional state of all mankind following upon the strain of war. Yet no one who has traveled through the state, as I did this last autumn, could fail to see that the Volstead Act has awakened a spirit of contrariness. How much this was due to the old States'-Rights tradition, how much to resentment at the 'meddlesome,' home-invading character of the act, can be only guess-work. A college professor of my acquaintance compared it to the waywardness of sophomores playing pranks on the faculty.

'This is just one more bit of evidence,' he said, 'of the balky child left in grown men and women. It was the same way when county, and then state, prohibition came. But we were gradually becoming used to that, taking it as an established condition, when the Federal government stepped in and gave us an entirely new law. This deals much more intimately with individual conduct than our own. Immediately people set out to beat it. Now you find law-abiding citizens, who have drunk nothing alcoholic in years, making wines and beer in their homes. Many men who had quit drinking, or were moderate consumers of whiskey and brandy brought in from other states,

seem to have taken a fresh start; their patronage has made illicit distilling extremely profitable, and has brought into being a veritable army of moon-shiners.'

II

Thus it appears that in two states that are radically different with regard to prohibition, — one where sentiment against liquor has been slowly and successfully cultivated, the other where the agitation showed negligible results, — the Federal dry law has not proved effective. I am aware of the claim often made that this failure in enforcement will prove to be temporary. And so it may be; there is much to justify such a belief, especially if one interprets 'temporary' in terms of years, not of months. But, none the less, the belief comes within the realm of prophecy.

The defender of National Prohibition puts a heavy accent on the future, as he must do in the face of the present widespread violation of the law. Wait, he says, until the public has become accustomed to the new condition, until the stored-up supply of liquor gives out, until a new generation grows up; then you will see the beneficent effects of Federal action. Now, when he presents that plea, he may be making a good point against the rock-ribbed 'wet,' but it is a point that does not impress the man who advocates local suppression of the liquor traffic. For this man holds that his own method — education and agitation, the gradual building up of dry sentiment throughout the country — would have brought about genuine prohibition just as soon as, even sooner than, the Eighteenth Amendment will.

In the states that I have visited, including others than the two already mentioned, the disregard of the National Prohibition law, encouraging as it does a contempt for law in general,

seems to many observers to constitute an evil that outweighs any incidental benefits. Everywhere one goes, one finds a striking lack of moral sanction behind National Prohibition. Not even the strictest citizens look upon it with real respect. Persons who earn money by violating the Volstead Act are considered low folk and are despised accordingly; but those who violate it for other than financial reasons are not condemned at all. Rather is their cleverness applauded.

The anti-liquor forces always complained that state prohibition could not be made effective because of the importation from wet states into dry. Even so, the worst evil, the saloon, was done away with, and importation was attended by trouble and expense that discouraged excessive drinking. Then came the Webb-Kenyon Act, by which the Interstate Commerce Act, from having been an obstacle, was turned into an aid to the enforcement of state prohibition. Of course, smuggling went on to a certain extent, but it became less and less serious as more states voted themselves dry.

The educational movement was proceeding in normal and steady fashion. Thousands of men and women, volunteer crusaders, were spreading the gospel of temperance, and it gained converts every day. Its appeal to the modern passion for efficiency won over many men who would never have responded to the evangelistic note. Proof piled up that localities which banished liquor came surely into greater health and prosperity and happiness. There was never a cause more plainly destined to victory.

I speak from the point of view of one who favors suppression of the liquor traffic, who believes that the result in prospect justifies the required surrender of individual liberty and would vote for a dry law in his own community.

But, after a rather more favorable chance to 'feel out' public sentiment on this question than comes to the average citizen, I believe that Federal interference has dealt a blow to the cause of real prohibition. For real prohibition is possible only with compelling public sentiment behind it; and it is notorious that such compelling public sentiment does not exist over wide areas containing a large fraction of the country's population.

In their enthusiasm the leaders of the anti-liquor movement, not content with their sure and steady achievement, taking advantage of a peculiar situation, succeeded in rushing National Prohibition through. The result is that in many of the most populous states the law — like any that is handed down to people instead of growing up out of their conscience and convictions — is a mockery. The resentment that it has kindled, the corruption, the contempt for law, are not counterbalanced by anything that can be found in police and poor-house records.

Another item to be entered on the debit side — one which has been the subject of frequent comment, but which, I believe, has never received the emphasis it deserves — is the widespread complaint that 'prohibition is a rich man's law.' No one who associates mostly with well-to-do people, and who does not take the trouble to find out what the other sort of people

think, can realize the extent of this feeling. And the statement I have quoted is literally true: prohibition *is* a rich man's law, as the case now stands. Whatever it may be in theory, it is that in fact. Persons well supplied with money can get alcoholic drink practically whenever they want it. That it may be different in the future, that the law may eventually weigh equally upon all classes, does not interest the poor man balked of his beer. 'What's that to me?' he asks. 'I'll be dead by that time.' A reform that is so far ahead of public sentiment that it cannot be enforced except upon the lowly is a powerful incentive to that very class-antagonism which is to-day such a dangerous factor in our national life.

National Prohibition has been an artificial and unhealthy growth. To social reform it is what the get-rich-quick scheme is to finance. But it may be asked: since the Eighteenth Amendment is part of the Constitution, and all agree that it is there to stay, what practical difference does it make whether you prove it good or bad? What profit is there in discussing it? Not much, perhaps, so far as concerns the liquor question itself. Yet, if it comes to be recognized, as many believe it will be, that this Federal enterprise was a mistake, the lesson may be useful when it is proposed to prohibit by Constitutional amendment any other reprehensible habit.

THE FOURTEEN POINTS AND THE WORLD

BY X. X. X.

IN January, 1918, President Wilson announced to the world his Fourteen Points.

His utterance stirred the hearts of men. It held an inspiration. It was good to see, beyond the horrors of war, a vision of justice, order, and peace in the world. But the President's manifesto had the same relation to life that pure poetry possesses. When it came to putting into effect the aspirations embodied in the Fourteen Points, the President had to deal with rival claims, covetousness, and all the involved pernicious tangle of bitter political ambitions. In the name of the Fourteen Points gross injustice has been committed. Their narrow or ignorant interpretation has, in certain cases, condemned whole countries to starvation and moral distress so horrible that the world has never seen the like.

One fact was forgotten when the Allied and Associated Powers met in Paris. The civilized world is one great organic whole. The war has laid bare the sinews, nerves, and bones of this living organism which throughout the nineteenth century was forming in blind obedience to the impulse of ever-growing needs. It has been fed by every invention and device that could further the development of industry, and by every social law that could unify the habits and the needs of peoples. Easy means of transportation and communication have interlocked the lives of every civilized country.

President Wilson was the first to recognize and publicly declare the organic

unity of the world. But he neglected to say that its future rests, not in the hands of politicians, who are always bound by party and personal ambition, but with the great masses of men, who by ceaseless toil have made the world as we know it.

An Economic League of Nations is what the world is crying for. Economically, the world has outgrown the old order of things, which could live only on the false assumption that each nation could suffice to its own needs. An Economic League of Nations will place common interests before traditional feuds. It will place its hope of peace on the solid foundations of progress and prosperity. In order that the world may be made a safe and fit place to live in, the nations of the world must join hands.

The complexity of political affairs has been infinitely increased during the nineteenth century by the progressive development of industry throughout the world and by the multiplication of means of contact between the civilized countries. European nations are largely interdependent for their means of existence. Europe is an economic whole, and cannot be torn asunder without endangering the life of every European nation. The exchanges, those sensitive tests of economic equipoise, remained stationary between the main European states for nearly twenty years before the war. The Spanish-American War, the Fashoda incident and the Erethrean disasters, marked at the close of the nineteenth century the lowest ebb in

the fortunes of Spain, France, and Italy. But the disturbance was temporary and had an ascertainable cause. No political economist had ever had the opportunity to probe the real significance and the probable repercussions of the complexity of the development of modern industrial life.

Prolonged contact, which has been the direct result of the common effort during five years of war, has laid bare inevitably the internal structure of the industrial and economic systems of each European country.

I

Two years and a half have elapsed since the Armistice of November 11, 1918, put a provisional end to the European war. The condition of mind at that time was one of universal tension. Men sought refuge from the horrors of war in great ideas. There was a time when it seemed as if the world stood poised above right and wrong. Two currents of feeling divided the victors: the guilty must be punished, and wars must be made impossible in the future.

In effect, the problem before the Peace Conference was by no means so simple or so strictly ethical.

The fact that German influence was slowly permeating European affairs was not patent to the eyes of European statesmen in 1914. Forty years of peace had bred a comfortable sense of security, and no European cabinet cared to take pointedly into account the risks of war. At any time since 1895, some check might have been placed on the military equipment of Germany, if France and England had been willing to act together and with due foresight: England, however, was involved at the close of the last century in the Boer War. French capital was very largely tied up in South African mining ventures; and the old antagonism between

France and England, which flared up suddenly after the Fashoda incident, was fed by the financial inconvenience that resulted from the war forced on the Boers by England. At the close of the nineteenth century the prestige of France stood low; a Germany latently hostile and an England coldly indifferent rose on either side of her. At that moment, the Russian alliance offered to France a possibility of political rehabilitation, and it is no wonder that French statesmen grasped it eagerly. In many respects, the Franco-Russian alliance, while it salved French pride at a critical hour in France's history, may be said to have been a powerful indirect factor in forming those political currents that brought about the war, because it placed Western Europe potentially within the range of the recoil blows of the Pan-Slav obsession.

Western European democracies did not, and do not, realize what a part the Pan-Slav question played in the minds of the Danubian Empire and of the Balkan peoples. The might of Russia, with her one hundred and fifty million souls, stood in the eyes of the Austrian Empire as an ever-present source of danger. France, by allying herself to Russia, came in for a share of the suspicion which her great ally naturally roused. It must be added, that the methods of internal government prevalent in Imperialist Russia were such as no Western democracy could find compatible with its own standards. The hatred and contempt that those methods rightly roused in the nations which, by their geographical position, were brought into contact with Imperialist Russia were also to a certain extent deflected to France's ally.

The accession of Edward VII to the throne of Great Britain opened a new page in the history of Europe. Had it taken place ten years earlier, the catastrophe of war might have been averted.

Edward the Peacemaker was a great statesman, endowed with exceptional personal authority and prestige. He foresaw that the Pan-Slav peril, acting as a goad in the relations of Austria-Hungary with her near neighbors in the Balkans, might in time succeed in inflaming popular feeling, and provide the occasion for testing the worth of that expensive asset, the perfectly equipped German army. In an effort to neutralize the effects of this antagonism, King Edward attempted to detach Austria-Hungary from the Triple Alliance, and include her in the Entente of which England and France formed part. The Triple Alliance was about to expire. There was a chance to induce Austria to join the Entente, allay her natural mistrust of Russia, and place a check on the Balkan intrigues, which fed the Pan-Slav agitation. The subject was broached at Ischl on the King's last journey to Austria. But an aged monarch sat on the Austro-Hungarian throne; and, on the other hand, no French statesman carried enough personal authority to reverse the policy upon which France had staked for ten years her chances of safety in the event of war. The Triple Alliance was renewed two years later, and the immense catastrophe of war was consummated in the fullness of time.

Men looked upon war either as a necessary, or as a superfluous surgical operation; whereas it has in effect proved itself to be a dastardly, inhuman process of physical and moral torture, the ruthless sacrifice of all the higher instincts and ideals, redeemed only by the mournful splendor of countless instances of self-sacrifice, flung like star-dust across the long night of horror.

II

On December 4, 1917, President Wilson read his address to Congress, re-

commending the declaration of a state of war between the United States and Austria-Hungary as Germany's ally. In this message the President, with that lofty utterance which ranged at once on his side all disciplined spirits, pronounced the assurance that, in the fullness of time, the people of the United States would be willing and glad to pay the full price for peace, and pay ungrudgingly. 'We know,' he said, 'what that price will be. It will be full, impartial justice — justice done at every point and to every nation that the final settlement must affect, our enemies as well as our friends.'

After defining the success by skill, by industry, by initiative, by enterprise which Germany had won, he proceeded: 'She had built up for herself a real empire of trade and influence, secured by the peace of the world. We were content to abide the rivalries . . . that were involved for us in her success, and stand or fall as we had or did not have the brains, the initiative to surpass her. But at the moment when she had conspicuously won her triumphs of peace, she threw them away to establish in their stead, — what the world will no longer permit to be established, — military and political domination by arms, by which to oust where she could not excel the rivals she most feared and hated. The peace we make must remedy that wrong. It must deliver the once fair lands and happy peoples of Belgium and Northern France from the Prussian conquest and the Prussian menace, but it must also deliver the peoples of Austria-Hungary, the peoples of the Balkans and the peoples of Turkey, alike in Europe and in Asia, from the impudent and alien domination of the Prussian military and commercial autocracy. . . . Our entrance into the war has not altered our attitude towards the settlement that must come when it is over. When I said in January that the nations of the

world were entitled, not only to free pathways upon the sea, but also to sure and unmolested access to these pathways, I was thinking, and I am thinking now, not of the smaller and weaker nations alone, which need our countenance and support, but also of the great and powerful nations, and of our present enemies as well as our present associates in the war. I was thinking, and I am thinking now, of Austria herself among the rest, as well as of Serbia and of Poland. Justice and equality of rights can be had only at a great price. We are seeking permanent, not temporary, foundations for the peace of the world, and must seek them candidly and fearlessly. As always, the right will prove to be the expedient.'

In dealing generally with the reconstruction of the economic life of Europe, it is well to choose a pertinent example, and to work outward from a case in point to the general application of those principles, which a natural process of deduction brings to hand. Austria provides the necessary test-case.

The Austrian treaty of peace was drafted when the strain of the Treaty of Versailles was showing its effects among the delegates of the Allies assembled in Paris. It was hastily drafted, and the disruption of the Empire was a foregone conclusion. Nevertheless, whatever the reasons may have been that seemed to counsel the political disruption of the Empire, a great and far-reaching error was committed in world-politics when the new political frontiers were allowed to become economic barriers as between the 'Succession States' then created.

Yet the determination to visit upon one part only of Austria-Hungary the responsibilities and burdens of the war was accepted without challenge. Seven million men were chosen as scapegoats of the enterprise in which fifty-two millions had an equal share.

If the Austrian government, face to face with utter paralysis and actual physical starvation, were at the present moment to refuse to carry on the business of government, two possibilities would have to be considered: the partition of the Austrian Republic among the Succession States, and its absorption by Germany.

The Succession States, which would presumably benefit immediately by territorial aggrandizement, are Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, and Italy; in the last resort, the country that would benefit is Germany.

Let us take the states in the order of enumeration.

Czechoslovakia has already absorbed two very indigestible elements — the Slovaks, who are alien to the Czechs and kindred to Hungary, and who speak a national dialect of their own, and four million German-speaking Austrians, who already very nearly balance the purely Czech element in the republic. The addition of further Germanic elements would rob the Czech Nationalist party, now governing the country, of its majority, and would revive in a much more acute form the latent rivalries that were the ground for the claim of Czechoslovakia to independent autonomous existence. If, therefore, it was necessary for the peace and welfare of the world to separate Czechs from Austrians, the only logical conclusion of a provisional encroachment by Czechoslovakia on a German-speaking population, would be a further splitting of the country into Germanic and Czech people, and a consequent increased threat to the peace and welfare of Europe.

The new political entities created by the Treaty of St. Germain are in effect rendered absolutely interdependent economically by the system of railways and waterways, and by commercially intercommutable assets, which have

been developed to feed and serve, not small artificially created states, but a complete economic organism. The result to the world of this parceling-out of countries built to be the component parts of an economic whole, is a very great waste in productive power, both directly and indirectly. Directly, because the sum of the productive powers of a number of small states must inevitably remain inferior to the productive power of the former whole; and indirectly, because the political rivalries thus created will keep alive countless centres of unrest, and extend right up to the borders of central Europe the dangerous undisciplined spirit of the Balkans.

The same criticism as to the effects of racial rivalry is true with regard to the forced union of Austria, or any part of Austria, with Hungary. The result of the plebiscite taken at Klagenf rth on November 10, 1920, which, in spite of the prevailing economic distress, declared the determination of the inhabitants of the country to remain united to Austria, sufficiently proves that, when absolute domination threatens to pass into the hands of an alien people, the racial differences, which, under the general rule of a prosperous and enlightened government, were but latent, break out into flame.

Any proposed addition of territory to Jugo-Slavia would be an inevitable source of strife with Italy. Moreover, in spite of their qualities of bravery, dignity, and endurance, no one who knows the countries we are now considering can maintain for a moment that socially, intellectually, or politically, the Serbian is the equal of his brethren formerly under Austrian rule. The influence of Austria made of Bosnia and Herzegovina a civilized and prosperous community. It was not the actual annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1909 that roused the patriotic passions

of Serbia; many Serbians had viewed the infinitely superior condition of the Serbians under Austrian rule with sadness and envy; it was rather the brutal form given by Count Aehrenthal to the public consummation of an accomplished fact, which seemed to the Serbian people to throw a contemptuous challenge to their national self-respect.

Finally, we have to consider the results of the further addition of German-speaking people to Italy.

The annexation of new territories and more German-speaking peoples would create for Italy a reversed irredentism of Germans against Italians, which would militate against Italy, even as the Italian irredentism of the borderlands was a disruptive force against the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The hypothetical solution of a further dismemberment of Austrian in favor of the other Succession States should, therefore, be set aside as dangerous to the peace of Europe and harmful to the economic settlement on which alone can be built a lasting hope of peace.

The further question remains, whether the absorption by Germany of that part of the German-speaking people of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire now known as the Austrian Republic would tend to restore and maintain the prosperity and peace of Europe.

Germany was mulcted by the Treaty of Versailles of the provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, wrested by her from France in the War of 1870. The whole history of the development of German influence, as it has manifested itself during the last fifty years, is the history of Prussian hegemony, and of the strong welding of purely Germanic interests as a weapon against non-German nations. The war of 1866 against Austria, although ostensibly fought on the question of a Danish province, was really a struggle between the liberal, humane

interpretation of a federal organization of the Empire, which was the Austrian programme, against the harsh, aggressive, intransigent policy which Bismarck succeeded in establishing on the foundation of two military successes — against Austria in 1866, against France in 1870.

The annexation of Austria would add seven million people and a great manufacturing country to Germany; would give over to her almost exclusively the Balkan market, and would inevitably set smouldering the latent commercial rivalries between Great Britain and Germany, which partly accounted for the war; while the political rivalry between Germany and France would flare up inevitably. By allowing Austria to founder, the Balkans are closed to European trade, and turned over to Germany as her uncontested field; and one of the richest markets is lost to Europe and to the world.

Now, labor-troubles and acute political anxiety with regard to Germany's expansion are not favorable conditions for the peace of the world. The real interests of nations have become interlocked; and the urgent need for a permanent international economic council is felt more and more, as time reveals the nature of the mutual bonds that hold fast the life of nations. These bonds have grown unconsciously, in obedience to the pressure of economic needs, created and strengthened by international finance, international means of transport, and facilities of communication, which are the props of modern trade-conditions.

III

We are now witnessing the birth of a new era. The commercial interdependence of nations, created by the expansion of trade and by the linking-up of thought, resources, and activities, has made one organic whole of the civilized

world. Europe is no longer an assemblage of independent rival states: she stands revealed, economically, as the United States of Europe.

These conditions have come about as the natural inevitable result of international trade, fed by international finance, served by international means of transport. This fact was unsuspected in any real and precise sense until the war revealed its tremendous import for the future of the world. The powerful tentacles of this commercial organism reach out to every part of the civilized world. It encloses all that we hold precious in the domain of the spirit, as well as all the material achievements of modern life.

Ignorance and fear brought about the catastrophe of war. Slowly and unconsciously, men who had no precise vision of its real meaning and its consequences laid the train for the great cataclysm. The appetite for domination by sheer brute force already rears its head once more. This is in the tradition of narrow national policies pursued for the advantage of party, and against the real interests of the people.

We can bring peace and prosperity to the world by furthering international constructive action, and by substituting it for the methods of cutthroat policies. No European government could take the initiative which falls to us. We are the creditors of the world, and must take the chair at the board where nations must meet to frame a policy of reconstruction. Our conditional abstention so far has proved disastrous to the world and harmful to our interests. No settlement can be reached if the chief creditor is absent from the board. If we evade what is our duty, we fail, as a nation, at a crucial moment in the world's history. Our power and our prestige lay this obligation upon us.

Once before in the history of the

world America led the way. The democratic constitutions of Europe were inspired by the principles we proclaimed as the foundation of our national independence. Those principles of liberty which, from the French Revolution onward, France carried throughout Europe with her victorious armies, marked the decline of the old system of government by privilege, and set free the spirit of a new world. The English Reform Bill of 1832 embodied the principle of 'no taxation without representation,' on which we had fought the War of Independence.

Once more, in the history of the freedom of mankind, America must lead the way.

Let us consider the position from the point of view of pure common sense. As a creditor-nation, two courses are open to us: either to remit wholly the indebtedness of Europe, or to fulfill the task that falls on our shoulders as chief creditor of the whole civilized world. Common sense and common justice demand that the financial debts incurred toward America should be paid off. Europe is in a state of relative insolvency.

We demand that the world shall be made safe and fit to live in; and we demand that the world shall be secured once and for all against the recurrence of violations of right. The programme of the world's peace must be our programme. We alone as a nation can frame it and carry it through. We have the right and the duty to make ourselves heard in the world's councils; and these are the guiding thoughts that should determine our actions.

Right, prosperity, and the liberty of governments and of nations are the three fundamental ideas on which the hope of peace can be built. In order that peace may reign in the world, a fair chance of self-development and

economic progress must be granted to all nations equally. Meanwhile, it is incumbent upon the civilized nations of the world to watch over and further the material existence of certain weaker states, whose existence is not the outcome of the slow progress of natural events, but of artificial creation in a spirit of compromise, or in obedience to certain real or illusory requirements. These states, known as the Succession States, were created by the disruption of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Economic paralysis, with its consequent dangers, now threatens with varying degrees of imminence, all and each of these states. The consequent distress and unrest are a source of danger to the peace of Europe, and call for immediate action. The peculiar position of the Republic of Austria, and the fact that, by an error of justice, she alone is being held responsible for the share of the whole Empire in the war, make her needs more imperative.

No single European country can at the present moment assume the task of reconstruction in Eastern Europe. This task should devolve on an active international commission, in the formation of which America should take the lead. Vienna should be its centre, being placed at the very heart of a once self-sufficient economic organism, at the centre of a perfect system of railways and waterways. The available resources that once rendered the former Austro-Hungarian Empire an independent economic organism should again be freely used, to the immediate advantage of the states concerned, and the indirect advantage of Europe. The national legislative bodies of Austria, and of Hungary, Poland, Roumania, the Serbo-Croate-Slovene state, and the Czecho-Slovak state, would be invited to accept certain principles, based on their economic interdependence, which might be laid down as follows:—

Constant and regular transit on all lines of communication between the designated states, without hindrance or interruption of any kind, shall be guaranteed in future. Regular communication by rail and navigable waterways shall be assured, and the points of junction at the frontiers organized in such a manner as to unify, facilitate, and accelerate the passage of goods and prevent all blocking and stoppage—more especially with regard to the transportation of food-stuffs and fuel.

The importation and exportation of raw material and manufactured articles originating in the designated states shall be entirely free within these states. No difficulty shall be placed in the way of the free transit of goods to any of the designated states. The products of each designated state shall be free of all charges, restrictions, procedure, or impositions, other than those that may be in vigor within the state itself, with regard to its own natural products.

The currency of each designated state shall be accepted as legal tender by the treasuries, from a convenient time; and as legal tender within the territories of all the designated states in the ordinary practice of trade; and for all commercial transactions, at a rate of exchange to be fixed by the International Economic Council for defined periods, and subject to revision from time to time.

No conditions or restrictions, other than those that are required for the maintenance of order and the safety of international traffic, shall be laid upon travel between the designated states. No obstacle shall be placed in the way of labor contracts between subjects of the designated states, except in such cases as may constitute a breach of the principles established by the Council of the League of Nations.

Organized authority for carrying out these principles might be vested in an International Commission of Communications, an International Commission of Customs, and the International Economic Council.

The International Commission of Communications shall have the control and direction of railways and waterways, and shall be responsible for the proper usage, according to the public need, of all rolling-stock and shipping. The decisions of the Commission shall be carried out by the administrative departments to which the execution of the principles laid down concerning transit is entrusted.

The International Commission of Customs shall regulate and direct the trade in raw materials and manufactured articles of the designated states, and more especially with regard to food-stuffs and fuel. The decisions of this Commission shall be carried out by the administrative departments to which the execution of the principles laid down concerning customs is entrusted.

The International Economic Council shall organize the financial control of any among the designated states whose currency, in consequence of inflation or of other circumstances, may have suffered a depreciation, and it may, in consequence, during the period defined above, exercise a repercussion on the exchange of the other designated states.

The International Economic Council shall nominate a Commission of Financial Control for each of the designated states, in whose hands shall be concentrated all legislative and administrative powers within the states in question, for all questions concerning the exchange and the budget of the state; and its decisions shall be subject to the approval of the International Economic Council before they have the authority of law.

This International Economic Council shall be nominated for five years unless, its task being accomplished within a shorter period, it is deemed advisable to allow it to depute to the governments of the individual Succession States the continuance of the task primarily assumed by it.

The primary task of the International Economic Council shall be to apportion the output of the Silesian coalfields in such quantities as may be necessary for the resumption of the industrial life of the Succession States, on a basis of pre-war consumption. The quantity of Silesian coal required by Germany, and provided for in the Treaty of Versailles, shall continue to be supplied.

Italy shall be reckoned among the Succession States. The surplus output of the Silesian coalfields, when the claims of the Succession States shall have been met, shall be disposed of in the open market.

The initiative for the promotion of the International Economic Council should be assumed by the government of the United States. The precise task of the Council should be definitely defined. The Council should consist of one national representative for each European country whose interests would be directly involved in the issues under consideration. Only those persons who possess direct active experience of economic and financial questions should be nominated, in preference to men, however eminent, whose training has fitted them for control rather than for action in the economic or financial field.

In this manner, Europe and the world might set their faces at last toward a lasting hope of fruitful endeavor. A systematic record of achievement would save the world from the hazards of undisciplined experiment. The deep scars of a fratricidal war might be in time healed and obliterated.

CALIFORNIA AND THE JAPANESE

BY PAYSON J. TREAT

I

[ALTHOUGH dealing with the same subject, Professor Treat's paper is quite independent of Senator Phelan's, which appeared in the *March Atlantic*. — THE EDITOR.]

AFTER six years of almost complete quiescence, the anti-Japanese agitation in California has again erupted, with the white heat and dense smoke-clouds of a typical volcano. The occasion was

a measure, placed by initiative upon the ballot at the last election, designed to strengthen the force of the alien land law passed by the legislature in 1913. Briefly, the initiative act proposed to deny to 'aliens ineligible to citizenship' the right to lease agricultural land; to prohibit corporations in which they were interested from owning such land; and to prevent their native-born children from acquiring land, by removing

them from the guardianship of their parents in such cases.

For the election of November 2, 1,374,184 voters were registered, and 987,632 votes were cast. On the Alien Land Act the votes were 668,483 in favor, and 222,086 opposed. Thus the measure was carried by a minority of the registered voters, and by a three-to-one vote of those who expressed an opinion on the measure. The large minority vote, which deprived the victory of any 'overwhelming' significance, was a surprise to many who had opposed the measure, and an understanding of it is of value in any discussion of the Japanese problem in California.

In brief, the opposition vote was largely cast by those Californians who could distinguish between the real and the alleged questions at issue. The advocates of the measure spoke largely in terms of 'immigration'; the opponents realized the 'discrimination' involved; and, comprehending perfectly that the state could in no way interfere with the immigration laws or policy of the national government, they were unwilling to support a measure that was openly discriminative against Orientals who had come to this country in the past, in good faith, and in accordance with our national laws.

This point must be clearly borne in mind. With few, if any, exceptions, all Americans are agreed that, for the present, at least, there should be no mass immigration of Asiatic peoples to our shores. And I believe the leading Japanese and Chinese statesmen recognize the wisdom of this policy. That it is a national policy is evident from the several Chinese exclusion laws, the 'gentlemen's agreement' with Japan of 1907, and the barred zones erected in almost all the rest of Asia by the general immigration act of 1917. There should be no occasion for alarm lest this policy be reversed and our Western coast be

flooded with immigrants from Asia. It is true that the Japanese would be desirable immigrants from every point of view save two. They are industrious, thrifty, and law-abiding; they are literate in their own tongue; they would go on the land, where labor is so much needed in these days of the drift to the cities; and they are quick to grasp new ways and methods. But they would come from a country of much lower economic development than our own, where wages are often ten times less than those paid in California; and so, unrestricted immigration might mean mass immigration in numbers too great to be assimilated, and productive of serious disturbance in our economic life. And they would be representatives of a race, different in color and culture, with which white people are not yet prepared to deal on its merits. It would be equally unfortunate for the white settlers of the West and for the Japanese immigrants if any appreciable immigration were permitted until our people are ready and willing to receive these aliens. But, on the other hand, the passage of legislation discriminating against Oriental subjects already resident among us has been in the past, and will hereafter be, if persisted in, the occasion of difference of opinion among our own people, and of bitterness on the part of our Asiatic neighbors.

All this seems so elemental, that one may well wonder why there should be any problem at all in California. It is necessary, therefore, to examine the reasons for the heated discussions of the past few months.

Antipathy to Oriental immigrants is an old story on the Pacific Coast. In some ways the Japanese have suffered because of the anti-Chinese traditions, but in other ways they have gained. Few people, for example, would repeat concerning the Japanese, the wild charges that were current about the

Chinese forty or fifty years ago. Nor have the Japanese suffered any of the personal mistreatment which the Chinese settlers experienced in the old days. In fact 'the many admirable qualities of the Japanese people,' as Governor Stephens has said, are generally admitted. And during the recent agitation no Japanese, to my knowledge, suffered the slightest harm.

In spite of attempts to disguise the real situation, the fundamental objection to the Oriental is racial, and not economic. The proof of this lies in the recurrent use of the term 'unassimilable,' and in the reliance upon the phrase 'aliens ineligible to citizenship.' The economic objections to the Japanese are trivial; the racial objections are fundamental in the minds of most Californians. Yet in the past twenty years much of the old antipathy to the Chinese settlers has passed away; this affords one of the most hopeful signs of a better understanding of the Japanese problem.

II

As the fundamental question is one of immigration, so the problem is essentially an American and not a Californian one. The national government, while maintaining the national policy of restricted immigration from the Orient, must also bear in mind the wisdom and expediency of maintaining friendly relations with the great peoples of Eastern and Southern Asia. It is only when California, or any other state, endangers these friendly relations by means of discriminatory laws designed to meet some local problem, that the national and the Californian points of view differ. It is now necessary to consider whether conditions in California justify a local policy at variance with the national policy of friendship with the Asiatic peoples.

In such an examination we are con-

fronted with the great difficulty of divorcing facts from opinions. Certain statements are capable of proof, others are supported by opinion alone. Of those concerning which one can speak with a fair measure of assurance are (1) the number of Japanese in California; (2) the number of Japanese immigrants; and (3) the natural increase of the resident Japanese.

In considering the number of Japanese in California, we must remember that, down to the summer of 1908, there was unrestricted immigration from Japan and the Hawaiian Islands. The present local problem is a legacy of those days of free immigration. In 1908 the 'gentlemen's agreement' was in effective operation; and since that time there has been little increase in the number of Japanese laborers admitted to this country. The census of 1910 reported a Japanese population in California of 41,356, or 1.7 per cent of the total. In 1920 the census showed 70,196 Japanese, or 2 per cent of the population, an increase of 28,840 in the decade. The latter figures, it may be said, are warmly disputed by opponents of the Japanese. An unofficial census made by the Japanese themselves in March, 1920, estimated their number at 78,628, and the estimate of the State Board of Control, not based however on an enumeration, was 87,279. But in any case the numbers are not alarming for a state with a population of 3,426,861, which has shown an increase of 1,049,312 in the past decade. Unofficial estimates, often cited without proof, assert that the Japanese population ranges between 100,000 and 150,000.

When studying the figures of Japanese immigration, it must be remembered that a considerable allowance has to be made for the departures of travelers, merchants, students, and officials, as well as for the movement back and forth of Japanese settlers who return

home for a visit between harvests. Thus the number of arrivals on the Continent, between July, 1908, and July, 1919, was 79,738, while the number of departures in the same period was 68,770, leaving a net increase in eleven years of 10,968. Of the total arrivals, 30,883 were women and female children; and they comprise the larger portion of the net increase. In spite of these official figures testifying to the small net increase through immigration, there is a general belief that Japanese laborers are pouring into California.

Another matter which has received much prominence in the recent discussions is the question of the Japanese birth-rate. In 1908, the Japanese births in California were 455, or 1.6 per cent of the total; in 1917 they were 4108, or 7.87 per cent. This has furnished the basis for the estimate that in ninety years there would be more Japanese than white persons in California. But anyone who had made the slightest study of the Japanese population would have understood these figures, and would have realized that the birth-curve, which rose so rapidly between 1912 and 1917, would soon reach its height, and as speedily decline. The maximum was, as a matter of fact, reached in 1917, for in 1918 the percentage was 7.54 and in 1919, 7.82. That the percentage was not lower in 1919 is simply due to the effect on the number of white births of the absence of young Californians in military service in 1918.

The explanation of the Japanese birth-rate is very simple. The Japanese immigrants between 1900 and 1908 were chiefly young men — laborers who came up from the Hawaiian plantations after the annexation of Hawaii and before the restrictive measures of 1908. Few brought wives with them. In 1910, the census reported 35,116 male and 6240 female Japanese in California. Of those numbers, 29,423 men

and 4140 women were between the ages of twenty and forty-five. Naturally, as the men established themselves in positions where they could support a wife and family, they desired to do so. Unable to find Japanese women in this country, they sent home for them in many cases, and these women became the much-discussed 'picture brides.' Some 5749 of these brides arrived at San Francisco between July, 1911, and March, 1920. Other Japanese returned and found wives of their choice in Japan; so that in 1920 the census reported 44,364 Japanese males and 25,832 females.

Of course, many of these young married people had children; and as the Japanese population was made up of an abnormal number of young men and women, the birth-rate, per thousand, was much higher than it would be in a population containing the average number of children and aged people. But in a few years, when most of the men have married, and when all the early settlers have advanced in years, the proportion of Japanese births will steadily decrease. The figures for 1920 and 1921 may be awaited with little anxiety.

In addition, most of the Japanese families are settled on the land, and the birth-rate is apt to be high among agriculturists; also, most of them occupy a relatively low economic status, which has the same effect. It would seem that, in dealing with reproduction, we are in the presence of a human rather than a national or a racial phenomenon. Social and economic factors are more important than questions of color.¹

¹ These forces are at work in Japan as well. In 1915 the estimated increase in population was about 800,000; in 1918, it was 600,000; and in 1919, it was reported at 308,794. The influenza was partly responsible for this decline, but other factors were the high cost of living, the increase in urban industrial population, and the tendency to postpone marriage. — THE AUTHOR.

The number of Japanese and the increase by immigration and by birth are subjects that can be discussed in terms of fairly accurate figures, which would give no reason for alarm, were it not for the fact that they apply to Japanese. And this leads to the consideration of a fundamental question of opinion, which colors the whole discussion.

The opponents of the Japanese and other Orientals base their objections on the sweeping charge that they are unassimilable. Assimilation, of course, may be of two kinds, physical and cultural. Few would allege to-day that the physical assimilation of a white and a yellow race is impossible. The difficulties in the way are social, rather than biological. The point need not be argued, however, because the Japanese have as highly developed a sense of race as have the white peoples, and only in the remote future can we think of these social barriers breaking down. And it is well to remember that we number among our most useful and prominent citizens the representatives of an Asiatic race which has kept its blood remarkably pure through centuries of persecution and exile.

When, however, it comes to cultural assimilation, we have the right to demand that the objectors prove their negative. And this, of course, they cannot do. It is thoughtless, to say the least, to denounce the Japanese as unassimilable, when there are so few facts on which to base an opinion. In the first place, the bulk of the Japanese in California were born in Japan. The children, in spite of their proficiency in the public schools, have been reared by parents of Japanese culture. A Japanese of the third generation is rarely found in this country. After we have a considerable number of young Japanese with American-born parents, then, and only then, shall we have some slight

basis for an opinion as to whether the Japanese can absorb American ways and ideals. As a matter of fact, we know that the Japanese school-children are eager for education, and are apt pupils. Few of them would endeavor to master the difficult language of their parents were it not for parental pressure. Many of them, where the parents are conversant with English, have made no attempt to study Japanese; and I believe it to be very doubtful if many of the third generation in this country will have any acquaintance with the language of their ancestors. Furthermore, the Japanese settlers are themselves eager to adapt themselves to American ways; and I have been informed that the only racial group which is making any effort to carry out an Americanization programme in California is the Japanese.

But while we are waiting for the evidence of the third generation, I would venture to hazard an opinion that, if the Japanese were given a fair opportunity, they would prove unusually assimilable. No people, in all history, has shown equal ability in the absorption of alien ideas. The rise of Japan from feudal impotence to wealth and power is mainly the story of the acquisition of Western culture. The Japanese governmental organization, the schools and universities, the courts and codes, the industrial development, the merchant marine, the army and navy, all testify to the open-mindedness, the adaptiveness, and the versatility of the Japanese. To say that such a people is unassimilable is merely to confess that you will not permit it to be assimilated.

Racial antipathy or prejudice has led to the widespread belief in the unassimilability of the Orientals. And this in turn has led to the discriminatory measures that have been taken against them, presumably for the purpose of

discouraging their residence among us. The late Carleton Parker, in one of his suggestive addresses on 'Motives in Economic Life,' mentioned, as one of them, the hunting instinct. 'Historic revivals of hunting urge make an interesting recital of religious inquisitions, witch-burnings, college hazings, persecution of suffragettes, of the I.W.W., of the Japanese, or of the pacifists. All this goes on often under naïve rationalization about justice and patriotism, but it is pure and innate lust to run something down and hurt it.'

Although this may seem to be a very strong indictment, it may help to explain the point of view of many of the active anti-Japanese agitators. Thus California has recently imposed an alien poll-tax, which, if it can be enforced, will be collected largely from Orientals, for the other aliens can become citizens and escape it. A measure is now pending in the legislature, similar to one which almost passed in 1919, for the segregation of Chinese, Japanese, and Mongolian children in special schools. A demand is made that Congress specifically debar the Japanese from naturalization; for at present their disability is due solely to judicial interpretation in lower courts, which may at some time be set aside by the Supreme Court of the United States. And, in addition, an amendment to the Federal Constitution is proposed, to deny citizenship to the native-born children of 'aliens ineligible to citizenship.' The alien poll-tax is mainly a punitive measure; for it will bring in little revenue to the state because of the heavy cost of collection. The segregation of Oriental school-children is most unwise, unless the people prefer to have unasimilated alien colonies in their midst; for the strongest factor in Americanization is, of course, the public school. And to debar native-born Orientals from citizenship means the perpetuation of

racial minorities after the fashion of the old Dual Empire. Now, these measures, and others of similar character, are aimed at aliens who have entered our country in accordance with our laws, and who are entitled to justice and a 'square deal.'

III

This is why opinions differed, even in California, regarding the wisdom of the proposed alien land law. In 1913, an international controversy was created by the passage of such a law. The terms were not considered severe enough by persons opposed to the resident Japanese. Under it, agricultural land might be leased for three years, and land might be purchased by corporations in which Orientals were interested, or by the native-born children of alien parents. As the governor refused to call a special session of the Legislature to pass a measure designed to block up these loop-holes, a petition was circulated by the Oriental Exclusion League, to place an initiative act on the ballot in 1920. The report of the State Board of Control, which was used to support the movement, showed that Japanese owned 74,769 acres of farmland, and worked under lease or contract 383,287 acres more. The total acreage owned or worked by Orientals amounted to 623,753 acres.¹

The first thing to note is the small amount of land owned by the Japanese. The land worked by them under lease or contract belongs, of course, to Americans: the Japanese can hardly be said to control it. The next fact of importance is that there are not enough Japanese laborers in California to work the land that they occupy. In other words,

¹ The total area of farm lands was 27,931,444 acres, of which 11,389,894 acres were improved. The Japanese owned or leased one in sixty of the total acreage, or one in twenty-five of the improved land. — THE AUTHOR.

the white laborers employed by Orientals are more numerous than the Orientals employed by white farmers. If immigration were unrestricted, so that thousands of Chinese, Japanese, and Hindus could enter the state, work for a time as laborers, then become small landowners or tenants, there would be a serious agrarian problem. But with immigration rigidly controlled, the Orientals can hardly play a large rôle in the agricultural life of the state. In certain branches of farming, in which they excel, or in which conditions of labor are distasteful to white farmers, the Japanese have done remarkably well. In 1919 their farm-products were valued at \$67,145,730, out of a total production of \$507,811,881. But the great crops of the state are hay, grain, and fruits, while the Japanese raised vegetables, berries, grapes, fruit and nuts.

In view of all the facts, the opinion of Professor Millis regarding the law of 1913 holds true to-day: 'The present prohibition of land-ownership is unjust, impolitic, and, *with a restricted immigration*, unnecessary. The proposed prohibition of leasing would be still worse. It is more unjust, more impolitic, and more objectionable on social grounds, than prohibition of ownership, and on the plea of necessity has still slighter excuse.'

But if the economic objections to Oriental land-holding are greatly exaggerated, the fact remains that many of the white farmers of California seriously object to having these strangers, whom they sincerely believe to be unassimilable, enter their communities and take up land. The objection again is racial, rather than economic. A somewhat similar condition has prevailed in the farming districts of New England where, in recent years, immigrants from Southern Europe have taken up many of the abandoned farms. An illiterate Slavic

immigrant, in a Connecticut township, presents an immediate social problem almost parallel to that of a Japanese farmer in California. But the New Englanders try to meet the problem by Americanization, rather than by prohibitive legislation.

The initiative measure carried, as we have seen, by a vote of three to one. Many votes were cast in favor of it as an expression of protest to strengthen the demand for more rigid immigration restrictions, by those who did not know that immigration is now very effectively controlled. But the effect of the law, so far as any reduction in the quantity of land worked by Orientals is concerned, will probably be small. Much of the acreage which they now work is held under labor or crop contracts, and this form of tenure will probably be used in the future. In fact, it is often better for a Japanese tenant-farmer to work on shares than to assume the risks of a lease. So a great amount of agitation has been provoked, with small result. It was the late Theodore Roosevelt who said that, in dealing with the Japanese question, we should endeavor to secure the maximum of efficiency with a minimum of friction. Immigration restriction means efficiency; discriminations result only in friction.

IV

It is frequently said, when Eastern publicists express disapproval of certain manifestations of anti-Oriental feeling in California, that they are not familiar with local conditions and so are not qualified to hold opinions. But the facts in the case are easily accessible; only the prevalent opinions are hard to grasp when remote from the scene. If any Americans fail to recognize the importance of rigorous restrictions upon Oriental immigration, for the present and for an indefinite time in the future,

they certainly need enlightenment. But to understand the attitude of many Californians toward the resident Orientals, some knowledge of local conditions is necessary.

The methods used by the opponents of the Japanese to-day have come down, in great part, from the days of the more violent anti-Chinese agitation. One will have a better understanding of the present situation if he will read *Chinese Immigration*, the scholarly investigation of Mrs. Mary Roberts Coolidge, Professor of Sociology in Mills College. And no one who reads it could countenance a repetition of its events in these enlightened days. Politics early became enmeshed in the anti-Chinese agitation, so that no man could hope for political preferment who did not take a decided stand against the Orientals. This holds true to-day, and the recent agitation was brought to a head during the last political campaign. Between campaigns, certain special organizations keep alive the discussion. Formerly the Oriental (now Japanese) Exclusion League carried this burden; but more recently such powerful organizations as the American Legion and the Native Sons of the Golden West, largely under the influence of certain of their members who were associated with the Exclusion League, have gone on record in determined opposition to the Japanese.

In addition, the local press, with few exceptions, instead of trying to study the problem in all its aspects, has given its readers only one side of the question, rarely giving space to any moderate views. Thus the opponents of the recent land-legislation had to buy advertising space in order to present their views to the voters. Through San Francisco there flows a stream of travelers from the Orient. No report which they may bring, derogatory to Japan, seems too absurd to find space in the metropolitan

journals. Thus we were told that Japan was about to spend \$50,000,000 for propaganda in this country, largely through the purchase of country newspapers in California. Another traveler solemnly alleged that the Japanese were responsible for the present lamentable famine in China; and so it goes. Now the people, fed upon such information, cannot help but absorb it. If you hear a statement often enough, it begins to sound plausible. So a city superintendent of schools assured me that in ninety years California would be occupied by more Japanese than white people; one of my colleagues believed that Japanese immigration was absolutely unrestricted, and that California was being flooded with laborers; and a usually well-informed editor could print without comment a statement that the 'survival' of Japanese births over deaths in California was twenty-six times as great as that of the whites!

The attitude of the average Californian toward the Japanese is not, therefore, due primarily to personal knowledge of the situation; for only relatively few of our people have any intimate contact with the seventy or eighty thousand Japanese in the state. It is due to the fact that, for certain local, traditional, and political reasons, the people of California are periodically presented with a mass of partisan, often misleading, and frequently absolutely false statements about the Japanese. I am ready to confess that, if my opinions on the subject were formed from the newspapers, I should feel it my duty to take some part in arousing our people as a whole against the Japanese 'menace.' And that is why so many Californians are absolutely sincere in their beliefs. But, happily, I am in a position where I can gather my own information, check up the alarming statements as they come out, and form my own opinions. Just as time has proved

the falsity of many, if not most, of the charges against the Chinese of a generation or two ago, so I firmly believe that the historian of the next generation will read with amazement the statements which have been implicitly accepted concerning the Japanese of to-day.

V

Can no solution be found for this distressing situation? Is California — and the Pacific Coast eventually — to be thrown into a turmoil at every session of the state legislatures and in every political campaign? And are the people of Eastern Asia to become more and more convinced of the discrepancy between American ideals and American practice? If no drastic action is taken in the immediate future, I am hopeful of the outcome. The present Japanese question in California is the result of the unrestricted immigration of these Orientals before the summer of 1908. The conditions that to-day afford any occasion for alarm will soon be removed. The number of Japanese will become relatively smaller and smaller. Two per cent of California's population in 1920, they will be even less in 1930 and in the following decades, until a Japanese laborer will be as rare a sight in California as a Chinese laborer is to-day. The birth-rate, which rose so rapidly between 1912 and 1917, will rapidly subside. The immigration of women will also decline, as the single men secure wives. The land-holdings, which increased rapidly as the original immigrants changed their status from laborers on the ranches, the railroads and mines, to farm-owners and tenants, will gradually stabilize. Each year will see less basis in fact for an anti-Japanese agitation. But — the fact might just as well be faced — so long as any Orientals are domiciled within our borders, we may

expect a certain type of agitator to hurl denunciations upon them.

Turning to the national aspects of the case, we found that the fundamental question was that of immigration. It is the duty of the nation to the people of the west coast to see that the immigration of Oriental laborers is rigidly controlled. At present, Japanese immigration is regulated by the 'gentlemen's agreement.' This was the contribution of President Roosevelt and Secretary Root to the effective solution of the problem. Under the terms of this agreement, Japan promised to give no passports to laborers, and we in turn announced that no Japanese could enter our ports from Japan or Hawaii without a proper passport. No one can charge that Japan has failed to keep the letter and the spirit of this agreement with absolute integrity. In fact, the Japanese Foreign Office has at times leaned backward in its endeavor to keep the faith. I believe that persons well informed in immigration matters will testify that more Chinese enter this country fraudulently under the exclusion law, which we enforce ourselves, than do Japanese under the 'gentlemen's agreement.' In order to avoid complications, Japan has applied a similar system to Mexico; and last year, when criticism of the 'picture brides' was acute, she voluntarily agreed to give no passports to women who had been married, *in absentia*, to Japanese in this country.

The 'gentlemen's agreement' should, in my opinion, be maintained, until a general law, applying to all immigrants of every race, can be passed. It is an honorable way of meeting the problem of selective immigration, for it is based upon the coöperation of Japan. If there are minor defects in the understanding, — in the matter of adopted children, let us say, — these could easily be remedied, for I believe the Japanese govern-

ment is sincere in its desire to remove every cause for friction. And it is certainly the duty of the Federal government to police adequately the Mexican border, so that Japanese without proper passports cannot enter the country. To blame Japan because a few of her nationals smuggle themselves in from Mexico is, to say the least, unfair.

As soon as it is well understood that there is practically no immigration of Orientals, save of the exempt classes, — the officials, tourists, merchants, students, and families of residents, — then there should not be the slightest toleration of measures designed to discriminate against the Orientals who are lawfully resident among us. They should enjoy every privilege conferred upon aliens of other races. Furthermore, they should be entitled to naturalization, if they can meet the general requirements of the law. President Roosevelt recommended this in a special message to Congress in 1906, and his reasoning is good to-day. And the proposal that the native-born children of 'aliens ineligible to citizenship' be denied citizenship, should receive the condemnation it deserves.

In addition, we must visualize the greater Asiatic problem, and prepare to meet it wisely. Across the Pacific are some nine hundred millions of people. Their descendants, in ever-increasing numbers, will be our neighbors for all time. The past half-century has seen an amazing development in our commercial relations with these peoples, and our prosperity will be more and more closely linked with theirs.

Improvements in transportation and communication have almost wiped out the old barriers of time and space, that formerly kept peoples apart. What improvements the future holds, no man dare say. Kipling uttered a truism when he said, 'transportation is civilization.' The whole course of human history has moved toward the breaking-down of barriers, at first between clans and tribes, then between nations, and finally between the great racial groups. To believe for a moment that, in the ages to come, the present races will remain apart in separate regions, is to believe that human progress has reached its high-water mark to-day, and will steadily recede.

We can, in some measure, prepare for these new conditions by studying them carefully as they develop. And at the present moment we seriously need a thorough, scholarly, unbiased study of the present effects of the contact of East and West along their frontiers. The material is available in Hawaii; but of more immediate value would be a study of conditions in California. This might well be considered a proper function of one of the great educational and scientific foundations in this country which possess the means to secure the ablest available experts for such a study. But the work must be done by trained men, devoid of fixed opinions. The results of such a study would be of the greatest value to our people, in formulating sound opinions on these controversial subjects, and to our statesmen, in developing the national policy.

THE NATIONALIST SPIRIT OF INDIA

BY L. F. RUSHBROOK-WILLIAMS

I

WHAT is the spirit of India to-day? Is it that of nationhood? In view of the present condition of political thought, alike in the East and in the West, the importance of this question can hardly be overestimated. If it be true that the spirit of India is truly national, that she is already a nation grown, it will plainly be impossible to justify her present political position. For about a century and a half, the British have been the paramount power in India; for, roughly, one hundred years, they have ruled nearly two thirds of the sub-continent. What, it has of late been asked more and more pointedly, can be the justification of this rule of one people by another? Even assuming that the domination of brown by white was inevitable at a cruder period of history, is there any excuse for believing that its continuance is anything but unjust and wrongful?

The answer depends primarily upon the reply to the question that we have placed at the head of this article. If India is a nation already, or is even in a late stage of national self-realization, it is plain that the protracted continuance of her present position within the British Commonwealth is impossible. On the other hand, if the workings of the spirit of nationality throughout the great country are still feeble in their operation and imperfect in their results, there would seem no reason to hope that the present conditions of tutelage will find a speedy termination, no matter what changes in the direction of democracy

are introduced into the administrative structure.

Does India possess the essential characteristics of nationhood? It will assist us in our investigation if we try to clarify our ideas upon nationality. What do we understand by a nation? If we enumerate the obvious characteristics that are supposed to contribute to the complex of ideas called by that name, we shall find it to consist roughly in the occupation of a specific geographical area; in homogeneity of race; in unity of language; in community of religion; in identity of economic interests. These are what may be called the superficial elements of nationality, although it is plain that there are peoples, to whom none would deny the epithet of nation, who do not satisfy all these conditions in equal measure. For example, neither the first nor the fifth are characteristic of that great nation we call the Jews. None the less, it is undeniable that ordinarily all five of these characteristics must be present in greater or less degree if nationhood is to be full and complete.

But can we not go one step further? Are these five conditions really the essence of nationality? Is there not something, less tangible perhaps, but not less real, which, deep underlying these superficial conditions, vivifies and transfigures them into the national conception? Professor Ramsay Muir, in a brilliant essay, lays stress upon the elements of common tradition and common culture as nation-building factors. He says:—

It is probable that the most important of all nation-moulding factors, the one indispensable factor which must be present whatever else be lacking, is the possession of a common tradition, a memory of sufferings endured, and victories won in common, expressed in song and legends; in the dear names of great personalities that seem to embody in themselves the character and ideals of the nation; in the names also of sacred places wherein the national memory is enshrined.¹

We have then to allow for something more fundamental than the five superficial conditions we have enumerated, if we desire to understand what lies at the root of nationality. Nor is it sufficient merely to look at the past and at the present; we must look also to the future. With Professor Hearnshaw,² we may perhaps sum up in a single generalization the underlying ideas of nationality by defining it as that principle, compounded of past traditions, present interests, and future aspirations, which gives to a people a sense of organic unity and separates them from the rest of mankind.

When we seek to apply these requisites of nationality to the conditions obtaining in modern India, we are at once struck by a curious contrast. On the one hand, it is perfectly obvious that, not merely in broad community of culture, but also in harmony of outlook and in geographical conditions, India possesses the main characteristics of nationhood. Naturally, in view of these facts, there exists a strong sentiment which proclaims with the utmost vehemence that India is already a nation. On the other hand, we are confronted by the spectacle, apparently inconsistent with true nationhood, of diverse races, multifarious languages, and antithetical interests. Thirty years ago, a very distinguished Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, drew the following picture of India: —

¹ *Nationalism and Internationalism.*

² *Main Currents of European History.*

The population of India is composed of a large number of distinct nationalities, professing various religions, practising diverse rites, speaking different languages, while many of them are still further separated from one another by discordant prejudices, by conflicting sources of usages, and even antagonistic material interests. But perhaps the most patent characteristic of our Indian cosmos is its division into two mighty political communities, as distant from each other as the poles, asunder in their religious faith, their historical antecedents, their social organization, and their natural aptitudes: on the one hand the Hindus, numbering 190 [now probably 250] millions, with their polytheistic beliefs, their temples adorned with images and idols, their veneration for the sacred cow; their elaborate caste distinctions, their habit of submission to successive conquerors. . . . On the other hand, the Mohammedans, a nation of 50 [now probably 70] millions, with their monotheism, their iconoclastic fanaticism, their animal sacrifices, their social equality, and their remembrance of the days when, enthroned at Delhi, they reigned supreme from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. To these must be added a host of minor nationalities, — most of them numbering millions, — almost as widely differentiated from one another by ethnological or political distinctions as are the Hindus from the Mohammedans: such as the Sikhs, with their warlike habits and traditions and their enthusiastic religious beliefs; the Rohillas, the Pathans, the Assamese, the Baluchis, and other wild and martial tribes on our frontiers; the hill-men dwelling in the folds of the Himalayas; our subjects in Burma, Mongol in race and Buddhist in religion; the Khonds, Mhairs, and Bheels, and other non-Aryan peoples in the centre and south of India; and the enterprising Parsees, with their rapidly developing manufactures and commercial interests.

Again, amongst these numerous communities may be found at one and the same moment all the various stages of civilization through which mankind has passed from the prehistoric ages to the present day. At one end of the scale we have the naked, savage hill-man, with his stone weapons, his head-hunting, his polyandrous habits, and his childish superstitions; and at the other the

Europeanized native gentleman, with his English costume, his advanced democratic ideas, his Western philosophy, and his literary culture; while between the two lie, layer upon layer, or in close juxtaposition, wandering communities with their flocks of goats and moving tents; collections of undisciplined warriors, with their blood-feuds, their clan organization, and loose tribal government; feudal chiefs and barons, with their retainers, their seigniorial jurisdiction, and their mediæval notions; and modernized country gentlemen, and enterprising merchants and manufacturers, with their well-managed estates and prosperous enterprises.

The accuracy of this picture was not questioned at the time, and to the superficial observer of the present day, it seems still true in outline, although the colors have toned down. And yet more careful analysis shows that, since it was painted, a change of no mean order has come over India. In the year 1916, a very shrewd English critic, Mr. William Archer, whose robust conviction of the superiority of Western civilization was not calculated to produce in him a bias in favor of things Oriental, found it possible to write as follows:—

India is one of the most clearly marked geographical units in the world. Nature could scarcely have individualized her better if, instead of a half-island, she had made her a whole island. There is, indeed, much diversity of race and language within her bounds; but that has not hindered a very marked unity of cult and custom. All Indians have been Indians, and, as such, definitely related to each other and distinguished from the rest of the world, for a much longer time than Englishmen have been English, Frenchmen French, or Germans German. The numerous attempts to translate into terms of political organization the geographical unity of the country have hitherto failed disastrously, for the simple reason that the country was too huge. In the days when there were very few roads and no railways, it was impossible for a central power to hold its lieutenants in control; and an empire

was no sooner formed than it began to disintegrate. But roads, railways, and telegraphs have changed all that. The British rule, bringing these things with it, reduced India to a manageable size. It has made unity a political as well as geographical and spiritual fact, and it has thereby begotten a sentiment of unity which it is folly to ridicule as factitious or denounce as seditious.¹

It is plain that, between the time when Lord Dufferin wrote and the time when Mr. Archer wrote, a profound change must have taken place in India. That this change is not necessarily of the obvious variety is proved by the fact, already mentioned, that Lord Dufferin's description can still be taken as superficially true by those who have neither the ability nor the inclination to look below the surface. But, in brief, what has happened is this: there has grown up throughout India an educated middle class, largely the creation of British rule and Western education, which has imbibed the sentiments of nationality from the West, and has proceeded to apply them to the conditions of India in a manner that modern communication facilities have for the first time rendered possible.

It is no truism to say that the Indian sentiment of nationality is a direct result of the British connection. The improvement of means of communication; the emergence of English as a *Lingua Franca*, for the exchange of political ideas; the realization of Indian solidarity as against the European foreigner, have conjointly assisted the educated classes, whether in Calcutta, Bombay, or Madras, to achieve among themselves the sentiment of national unity. It is this feeling of nationality among those classes, at first a mere pious aspiration, but latterly a real and living gospel, which is behind all the changes that have come over India during the last generation.

¹ *India and the Future.*

II

But, although the prerequisites of nationality are now fully present in India, it is useless to shirk the difficulties that still attend the percolation of the nationalist ideal from the classes to the masses. British India alone has two and a half times the population of the United States. It may be pointed out that the United Provinces and Bengal hold, each, as many people as the British Isles; that Bihar and Orissa may be compared in population with France, Bombay with Austria, and the Punjab with Spain and Portugal combined. But quite apart from the immense difficulty of securing, throughout a population of this size, any speedy appreciation of the ideal put forward by the Intelligentsia, it should be remembered that the sentiment of nationality is still urban, although the vast majority of the population of British India is non-urban. Out of the 240,000,000 Indians under direct British rule, nearly 230,000,000 live a rural life. The proportion of those who ever give a thought to matters outside the horizon of their villages is very small. Agriculture is the greatest occupation of the country — an occupation from which seventy-one people out of every hundred gain their livelihood. The things that concern seven Indians out of every ten are the rain-fall, or the irrigation-supply from wells or canals; the price of grain and cloth; the payment of rent to the landlord, or revenue to the state; the repayment of advances to the village banker; the education of their sons; the marriages of their daughters; their health, and that of their cattle. They are not concerned with the institutions of local self-government; they hardly know of the existence of executive authority above their district officer; they have hardly heard of legislative councils. It is even stated that in one province 93 per cent of the people live and

die in the place where they were born.

Now let us contrast with these masses of the population the educated classes, constituting the Intelligentsia of India. These, in India as elsewhere, are mainly town-dwellers. Western education has made headway among them; municipal institutions have been at work. Intellectually, they are the children of British rule; they have imbibed ideas that Western education has set before them. In consequence of this, they have, throughout a generation, advocated and demanded political progress.

To a very large extent, the educated classes follow one of two or three pursuits, such as the law, journalism, or school-teaching; and it has sometimes been said of them, by way of reproach, that these callings make them inclined to overestimate the importance of words and phrases. To some extent, there is truth in this indictment. But it must be remembered that the educated classes are a product of the form of education that has obtained for so long in British India. The educational policy of government has in the past aimed at satisfying the few who sought English education, without sufficient thought to the consequences that might ensue from not taking care to extend instruction to the many. In its inception, this mistake was due almost entirely to an unfortunate combination of limited resources and popular apathy. There being only a fixed amount of money for education after the *sine qua non* of defense abroad and order at home had been satisfied, it was natural to expend this money upon those who desired education rather than upon those who did not. The result has been to create a limited Intelligentsia, claiming an immediate political advance generations ahead of what the bulk of the population understands or requires.

It is, of course, impossible to stay the progress of the classes until education has been extended to the masses, if only

because the ferment of political ideas is already beginning to spread from the one to the other. In these days of national rights and self-determination, it is no longer practical politics, even if it were the wish of the British democracy, to delay in granting to India the utmost measure of self-government that can be given without involving the country in administrative chaos.

III

It must not be supposed that, during the century throughout which the British have been supreme in India, there has been no advance whatever in the direction of popularizing the government. It would be out of place to recount in detail the various reforms of administrative machinery that have from time to time steadily extended the share of Indians in the rule of their own country, and have increased the influence exerted by the educated classes upon that country's destiny. It may, however, be doubted whether the intellectual unrest now so prominent a characteristic of India would have attained its present pitch, had it not been for the long-sustained uncertainty of the British themselves as to the goal of their rule there.

We should not forget that, throughout the period of her connection with Great Britain, India's destinies have been predominantly directed by a very able middle-class bureaucracy. This bureaucracy has been sent out from England to administer India justly, uprightly, and efficiently. Its members did their job. But it never occurred to them to ask what was the end and purpose of this work. Nor, it must be admitted, did the people at home take any longer view. Not until educated India, by sheer self-assertion, succeeded in forcing the issue upon the English people, was there any official clear-cut declaration as to what the purpose of

British rule in India was to be. As late as 1909, so stout a democrat as John Morley emphatically repudiated the idea that the reforms for which he was responsible, the effect of which was to associate the educated classes with government in the decision of public questions, were in any sense a step toward the parliamentary system. Yet between 1909 and 1917 the question was faced and decided. On August 20, 1917, Mr. Secretary Montagu made the following announcement: —

The policy of His Majesty's Government, with which the Government of India are in full accord, is that of the increasing association of Indians in every branch of administration and the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire. They have decided that substantial steps in this direction should be taken as soon as possible.

It was in pursuit of the policy outlined in this epoch-making announcement that the project of constitutional reform, which goes by the name of the 'Montagu-Chelmsford scheme' was prepared, examined, liberalized, and submitted to Parliament, and was finally to be brought into operation as from the first of January, 1921. Briefly, this reform scheme concedes provincial autonomy to the Indian provinces; hands over to Indian control those nation-building departments — Education, Industries, Sanitation, and the like — upon which the future of India depends; gives to Indians, provided only that they use it rightly, the power to carry on, almost unfettered, the everyday government of their own country, merely retaining in the hands of the present administration such reserve authority as will enable it to interfere with effect should the peace, order, and security of India be seriously threatened, whether by malice or by incompetence.

The magnitude of the change that has come over the attitude of the British people between 1908 and 1917 is comparable only to that change of spirit in India itself which we noticed at an earlier stage of this article. It seems, to those who have spent some years in India, but a little time since nationalist aspirations were looked upon as 'sedition.' At the present moment they are regarded as the rightful and proper thing. It is true that, in the intervening period, Western civilization itself has passed through a profound change; and yet this alone could hardly have been expected to induce an intellectual revolution so peaceful and so far-reaching in a country largely cut off from direct relations with Western thought.

IV

Probably chief among the factors that have wrought this miracle — for miracle it is — in the quickening alike of Indian aspirations and of the British determination to satisfy them to the largest possible degree, must be reckoned the world-war.

The war has affected India in many ways, economic and social. But for its real and lasting effects upon her destiny, we must look deeper than the superficial manifestations of industrial prosperity and increasing enlightenment. In the first place, the war has given to India a new sense of self-esteem. In the words of Lord Sinha, himself an Indian, and the first Indian governor of an Indian province, 'India has a feeling of profound pride that she has not fallen behind other portions of the British Empire, but has stood shoulder to shoulder with them in the hour of their sorest trial.'

It was probably in consequence of the growth of the imperialistic spirit in the British Commonwealth, during the period between 1890 and 1904, that educated Indians had been demanding, for

some time prior to the war, that their country should be placed upon a footing within that Commonwealth equal to that of the self-governing dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa. The war gave an opportunity for the satisfaction of this feeling. From the very beginning of the struggle Indian troops went forth gladly to fight for justice and right, side by side with the British army. This has appealed intensely to India's imagination. She feels that thereby her status has been raised, and that this change must be recognized by Great Britain and the world at large. It is not perhaps always appreciated how real was the advance when, in 1917, a ruling prince of India, a lieutenant-governor of an Indian province, and an Indian ex-member of Council, attended the Imperial War Conference, and shared in the innermost deliberations of the British Commonwealth.

But there is another consequence, in addition to this partial satisfaction of legitimate aspiration, which has accrued to India from the war. As the years of deadly conflict rolled on, the war came to be regarded in India, as elsewhere, as a struggle between liberty and despotism. The speeches of English and American statesmen, proclaiming the necessity of destroying German militarism and of conceding the right of self-determination to the peoples of the world, have had much effect upon political opinion in India, and have contributed new vitality to the demand for self-government that was making itself ever more widely heard among the progressive section of the people.

The influence of the war upon the spirit of India has thus been to strengthen the demand for the satisfaction of national aspirations that was already growing up in the hearts of the educated middle classes. Now that the strain of the war is over, this demand has been voiced with increasing stridency.

Largely as a consequence of the lack of practical experience and administrative work that distinguishes the Indian politician, — a lack of experience for which the bureaucratic system of government has been largely responsible, — there has been a general failure to realize the magnitude of the changes involved in transforming a government by bureaucracy into one responsible to the people. In India, to an even greater extent than elsewhere, people were inclined to believe that, with the cessation of hostilities, the millennium would arrive as by the snap of an electric switch. While the struggle was at its height, criticism of the administration was silent, and nothing that could possibly add to the difficulties of the Allies was permitted to make its appearance. But when the war was won, and when it became apparent that long-cherished hopes, Utopian and unpractical as they often were, were not immediately to be realized, a deep-seated feeling of impatience swept over the educated classes in India. There was a genuine, if baseless, fear lest the British government, which in the heat of the struggle had manifested an attitude so friendly toward Indian aspirations, should, now that the victory was won, find itself in a position conveniently to ignore them.

That there is no justification for this attitude is apparent from the speed with which the liberalized scheme of reforms is being put into operation. But it is unreasonable to expect that this should be appreciated at the moment. Economic difficulties, due to a rise in prices; administrative delays, due to the magnitude of the change that was being put through, have contributed to infuse the Indian political atmosphere with a surcharge of electricity. It is surely no matter for wonder that, in a war-weary and restless world, there should have been disturbances and outbreaks in India. The wonder is that,

considering the magnitude of India and the diverse character of her populations, she has not been, since the declaration of peace, one of the most disturbed instead of one of the most peaceful countries in the universe. But the joint effect of these disturbances and the feeling of impatience already mentioned has been to raise, in the India of to-day, a barrier of bitterness between educated Indians and Englishmen, which presents for the moment a somewhat formidable obstacle to the success of the new reforms.

Nor is this the only lion that the student of human institutions perceives in the path of India in her advance toward nationhood. We must remind ourselves of the contrast between the educated Intelligentsia, with its desire for constitutional progress, and the masses, with their poverty, their limited interests, and their lack of political aspirations. The poignancy of this contrast has struck many people besides the British administrator. It has been responsible for a despairing feeling, among a limited section of the Indian Intelligentsia, that progress along the path of constitutional endeavor is well-nigh hopeless, in that it must necessarily be so slow and so tedious. To this feeling of despondency, combined with the great though unobtrusive wave of Eastern reaction against Western culture that followed the success of Japan in the Russo-Japanese War, must be ascribed the growth of a small but none the less formidable party, which has displayed definite hostility to constitutional progress on Western lines, and indeed to the whole connection of India with the British Commonwealth. So long as this party was sufficiently foolish to base its hopes upon anarchical crime and outrage, its efforts could achieve but little. But the effect of the new constitutional reforms, placing, as they do, in Indian hands so large a control over vital administrative departments, will

be to increase enormously the sphere in which this spirit of extremism may operate for India's harm. It will certainly be in the power of educated Indians, should they fall victims to the feeling animating this small party of anti-Western reactionaries, to ensure, not merely the failure of the reforms, but the ruin of that system of peace, order, and good government from which has sprung the entire nationalist sentiment of India.

This prospect is rendered the more dangerous by the fact that the *ethos*, or innermost genius, of the Indian people does not seem primarily to be such as to facilitate the working of the institutions of self-government with the same smoothness that obtains among the Anglo-Saxon races. It has often struck shrewd observers that the leading feature of India — not merely uneducated, but also educated India — is what may be called, in the true sense of the term, *social backwardness*. There is a distinct lack of that subordination of the interests of the individual and of the small group to the higher interests of society as a whole which has been noted as the prerequisite of any lengthy advance along the path of democratic progress. 'The social heredity' — as Benjamin Kidd would call it — of India is perhaps less civic than ethical. Service of the State finds little place in that community of transmitted ideas and hereditary custom which constitutes the principal claim of India to the dignity of nationhood. Throughout educated and uneducated India alike we seem to notice that all-pervading mastery of religion and of the ecclesiastic, that confusion of the things of God and the things of Cæsar, which was characteristic of Europe in the Middle Ages.

Further, it cannot be denied that the ideas now dominant in the remarkable system of philosophy and religion that goes by the name of Hinduism are not such as to favor the active and civic

virtues so much as the ascetic and contemplative. Western observers have often noticed what may be termed 'the weak hold of life' of the Indian people. Hindu popular philosophy and Hindu esoteric religion are alike agreed that worldly existence is of itself but a very mixed blessing. The exaltation in popular estimation of the ascetic life is shown by nothing so plainly as by the willing support by the poverty-stricken masses of India of some six million devotees, mostly able-bodied, who live a life of civic uselessness and, in some cases, of only nominal asceticism.

India is, in fact, the one country in the world where the complete predominance of religious over temporal considerations, when the two come in conflict, is still assured. The religious teacher, whether he be Hindu or Mohammedan, is not merely a guide to heaven, but an autocrat on earth. Religion in India, whatsoever its immediate shape, is less a code of rules of conduct than a directing influence upon the whole intellectual processes of the individual. 'It is the nature of social heredity,' as Benjamin Kidd says, 'which creates a ruling people.' And it is impossible sometimes not to feel a passing wave of uneasiness when we consider the weight which, within the next few years, will be placed upon India's still imperfectly developed sense of civic responsibility. The difficulty does not lie simply in the fact that the uneducated classes have a horizon limited so strictly to the interests of their village and of their caste: it goes much deeper. Many of the educated classes, some even of the leaders of that Western-trained Intelligentsia upon whose ability to sustain the burden of responsibility the future of India more than ever depends, seem to display in marked degree a reluctance to subordinate their individual and group interests to the higher interests of nationhood and of civilization. We can

only hope that the growth of civic virtues will follow upon the exercise of civic responsibilities.

Obviously there is much in India to change. Only Indians themselves can change it. Capacity and self-reliance have to emerge, in place of helplessness; nationality in the place of caste or communal feeling. The great hope of success in the development of Indian nationhood lies in the intense desire of the educated classes to prove that their long period of tutelage is over; that they are capable of taking their place in the world's estimation as a self-governing part of the British Commonwealth.

It may perhaps be instructive to consider, as a last thought, the spirit in which the British people are approaching the problem of Indian advance to nationhood. In the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, the following paragraph is characteristic: —

We do not suppose that any words of ours are needed to express our sense of the grav-

ity of the task which we have attempted. The welfare and happiness of millions of people are in issue. We have been called upon to revise a system of government which has been constructed by builders who, like ourselves, had no models before them, during a century and a half of steadfast purpose and honorable aim; a system which has won the admiration of critical observers from many lands, and to which other nations that found themselves called upon to undertake a similar task of restoring order and good government in disturbed countries, have always turned for inspiration and guidance.

England may be proud of her record in India. She should have even greater reason for pride in it in future. Because the work already done has called forth in India a new life, we must found her Government on the coöperation of her people, and make such changes in the existing order as will meet the needs of the more spacious days to come; not ignoring the difficulties or underestimating the risks, but going forward with good courage, in the faith that, because our purpose is right, it will be furthered by all that is best in the people of all races in India.

MOSCOW NOWADAYS

BY HAROLD V. V. FAY

I

EVERYONE who enters Russia — correspondents, delegates, H. G. Wells, and all — must go to Moscow. Such is the verdict of the world. The first question asked invariably is, 'Did you go to Moscow?' the second, 'Did you interview Lenin?' Though the rôle of *persona non grata* in which I found myself did not permit of seeking interviews

with the great, this account would hardly be complete without some description of the Russian capital.

Our entrance into Moscow was enlivened by one of the most interesting phenomena of Soviet rule. The government forbids private persons to bring produce into the city to sell, and keeps watch on the main roads and at

the stations, in order to prevent the practice from becoming too flagrant. The train ran very slowly through the outskirts. Its progress was marked by a continual round of excitement, as passenger after passenger, hurling his food-supplies on the ground or into the arms of waiting friends, jumped from the moving train. There was squealing of young pigs sewed up in burlap bags, hurling of sacks of grain, scattering of vegetables, and occasionally a mêlée of arms, legs, baskets, produce, and dust-spirals, as some unfortunate lost his or her balance after an ill-judged or premature leap. At road-crossings were several small carts, waiting to help carry off the smuggled supplies. The government must know that this practice goes on, but does not see fit to stop it.

Throughout Siberia malcontents had described Moscow as decaying and its inhabitants as living scarecrows. Their descriptions were not borne out by the facts, except as regarded the physical condition of the people themselves. The city was much cleaner than one usually supposes; the mass of the people were better dressed than in Siberia, and about the same as I remembered them from 1916; but faces on all sides were pale and drawn, from lack of nourishment — even more so than in Irkutsk.

As regards cleanliness, Moscow was not dirty with the impressions that this word, as applied to a semi-Asiatic city, calls up in the popular imagination — it was simply uncared for. There were no accumulations of refuse, deleterious to the public health, as refugees would have one believe. Where a wooden building has been torn down for fuel, or a masonry one rendered uninhabitable by bombardment, there might be some débris, which no one had taken the trouble to cart off, because it was in nobody's way. The cost of construc-

tion or repairing in Europe generally is so great, that the damaged buildings stand like gaunt reminders of six years of war.

But if the streets in Moscow were not knee-deep in filth, as I have actually seen stated in print, there was a certain mellowing *patina* over everything. The grass, pushing itself up bashfully between the cobblestones of some of the less used streets, reminded one pleasantly of Philadelphia. The windows had apparently not been scrubbed since the eventful days of October, 1917. The panes, however, were still translucent, and, if necessary, one could see through them. But everyone was too busy just plain living, to spend time gazing out of windows, to say nothing of washing them.

The same condition of affairs is noticeable everywhere. White stuccoed buildings are toning down like meerschaum pipes; where plaster gets chipped off, it is not replaced; and windows, if broken, are boarded up or patched with newspaper. Only such necessities as the electric and water services are kept in as good repair as facilities permit. With a moderate supply of stucco and window-glass, but a very considerable quantity of paint, Moscow *externally* could soon be restored to a condition comparable with that of pre-war times.

According to hearsay, the problem of the interior of buildings is complicated by the following state of affairs. With the injection of the People's Army and the proletariat into the dwellings of the former bourgeoisie, the teeming life of the trenches and slums has also been introduced. It is said that when a building becomes uninhabitable, through the presence of vermin, the *tovarishi*, or comrades, requisition another, turning the former inhabitants out into the street to shift for themselves. In justice be it said, that interiors coming un-

der my personal observation were reasonably clean, and the rooming-houses to which we were usually assigned were better ordered in every way than like establishments under Koltchak. They had also risen considerably in the social scale. Likewise, the continued requisitioning of new quarters by the authorities probably did not arise out of the necessity of changing habitats, but was to provide better accommodations for the ever-increasing government staffs.

Whether or not the requisitioning of buildings for government purposes was detrimental to their cleanliness, certainly the presence of large numbers of soldiers or former workmen was not conducive to the general well-being of the furniture and other fixings. Among others, the house occupied by foreign correspondents had been spared the quartering of soldiers. The property of a rich German merchant, it had suffered severely during the anti-German pogroms, to which the mobs were incited shortly before the revolution. Whenever the old government felt its position precarious, it would instigate pogroms against whoever happened to be handy, in order to distract the attention of the populace from itself. One dear old Frenchman, who came out on the refugee train with us, almost lost his life in a pogrom because the infuriated mob mistook him for a German. Soldiers entered the residences of departed Germans, slashed up the furniture, threw pianos out of windows, and generally behaved as a Russian mob should.

Our residence had suffered sufficiently to render it undesirable for occupancy, but not enough to prevent the Foreign Office from taking it over later and, at slight expense, putting it in first-class order. One slept on box-spring beds between clean linen — the first I had seen since striking out into

the grassy expanses of Mongolia from Kalgan, the railhead above Peking. There was electricity, with drop-lights at the head of the bed and on the desk, but so connected that only one globe could be turned on at once, since there is a law against using two lights in one room, unless it is greater than a specified size. There were two fine big bathrooms, with showers and running water out of both hot and cold faucets. Both ran cold, however, except on Wednesday, the communal bath-day.

There was also a small garden, with wandering footpaths through the trees, interspersed with statuettes and overlooked by a terrace opening off the dining-room. The first evening I spent on the terrace, inhaling the freshness of the garden as dusk deepened, and conversing with an intelligent Russian girl of the old bourgeoisie, arrayed in an evening dress of black silk. I felt as if I had been picked up and transported clear of Russia. Only my own gnawing appetite and the wan face of the girl, scarcely noticeable in the twilight, recalled me to reality. Small wonder that some foreign correspondents, not having participated in the real life of the people, came out of Russia with glowing tales.

The young lady was mildly amused at the Americans; for, although she found the board at our residence very passable (far better than the average), they were not satisfied and would bring all manner of canned goods to table with them. The custom of purchasing eggs, potatoes, and so forth, in the market, and preparing the same personally in the spacious tiled kitchen, was also in vogue among Americans.

Three times a day we met — Russians employed in higher Foreign Office positions, Koreans, Americans, an Italian, and a Czech, in the spacious wainscoted dining-room, to eat black rye-bread, and drink tea from a huge silver

samovar. A small allowance of sugar was doled out in each saucer; or, failing that, two hard candies, so that one might drink and suck meanwhile. Usually there was butter for breakfast, and sometimes cheese; always meat in some form (usually hashed with potatoes) for dinner, and porridge for supper. Of black bread and salt there was an unlimited supply. The Russians and Koreans would buy cucumbers, which were cheap, to eat with their salt. The rest of us, bursting into the hall after the ringing of the gong, presented the appearance of moving day, each with his butter, sugar, cans of honey, marmalade, instant coffee, cucumbers, and perhaps a cornucopia of cherries or gooseberries.

The Russians, over their inadequately sweetened tea, their black bread, and cucumbers, smiled as they thought of the crowds outside, who drew a half-pound of bread every other day, and a monthly allowance, consisting of a quarter of a pound of salt, no sugar, a little tea, perhaps a pound of meat, and a box of matches.

Later, another American took me to a restaurant in the best residential part of town. It was in the house of a rich Russian merchant of former days. The lady of the house ran the enterprise, using her own dining-room, with the table drawn out to full length, and her own china and silver. There were two card-tables, seating four each, by the windows. The lady and her daughter did the preparatory cooking and the waiting on table, though one of their former maids, who had stuck by them, helped out in the kitchen and answered the numerous rings at the front door. For four thousand rubles (\$1.50) one obtained an excellent three-course dinner, daintily served, which culminated in ice-cream, chocolate éclairs, and real coffee in a big cup, with cream and sugar. I was informed that the family

had connections, otherwise they could not obtain even the necessary supplies for such a menu. Sugar, butter, and eggs may be bought at a price; but real coffee and chocolate are well-nigh unattainable.

The mother and daughter — both of them distinguished looking and well-bred — were friendly and even chatty with the stream of heterogeneous unkempt humanity that passed through their doors. I was particularly impressed by the attention the daughter paid to a rough, unshaven, but apparently well-meaning individual, who sat opposite me. He had all the earmarks of a lowly commissar. It's all in the game!

For the almost regal accommodations and the fare — likewise regal for Moscow — one paid the Soviet government the royal sum of seven hundred and fifty rubles, or about twenty-five cents, a day. In addition, maids cleaned one's shoes at night, and mended, if you provided them with thread, — for thread is difficult to obtain, — all for a mere voluntary pittance by way of remuneration. A thousand rubles will wreath the most stolid Russian face in smiles.

In a bay-window of the dining-room, overlooking the garden, stood a table flanked by palms and covered with Communist literature, which apparently only the foreigners read, and that out of curiosity. Alongside, in the billiard-room, the commandant and his assistant whiled away the days in interminable billiard bouts; while the two guards — changed every twenty-four hours — curiously eyed the bourgeois contest. The commandant, although he had never seen a billiard table before his present assignment, had developed quite a game. He could worst all the guests, whether native or foreign. He was very obliging at all times, and instructed the soldiers on guard to enter the hour of our goings and comings in the daily re-

port, without holding us up at the door; so we passed in and out apparently with perfect freedom.

II

Once outside our centre of seclusion, which smacked of another world, one soon realized that one was in Soviet Russia. Nearby was the great central market, where everything imaginable can be bought and sold, especially since the stores have been closed. Personal possessions, by the gradual sale of which the bourgeoisie live, find their way here. Lines of people, often the original owners, stand patiently waiting to sell one article, such as a garment, or piece of jewelry or bric-à-brac, from the proceeds of which they will scrape along a few weeks more. I saw one old woman whose sole stock in trade was a box of Russian, pre-war cigarettes, which might bring eight hundred rubles. Precious stones can be bought, and gold ornaments, but the demand for the latter is so great that the value of gold has become inflated. Speculators want to turn their steadily depreciating paper notes into something with stable value. Many people, on leaving Russia, buy up gold articles, only to find that they are worth less outside the country than in. The only advantage is that they are easier to conceal than the bulky Romanoff notes, the only Russian money which has any real value in foreign countries.

Alongside of a vender of gold or jewels, one can purchase hot-dogs cooked over charcoal braziers, and small rolls of bread, either wheat or rye, since the free sale of loaves of bread under a certain specified size is permitted. One can obtain almost anything in season, — butter, milk, eggs, honey, cherries, berries, potatoes, cucumbers, pickles, — all for a price comparable with that in neighboring countries after due al-

lowance has been made for difference in exchange. Only meat was scarce, and there were no ice-cream wagons, as in Omsk and Irkutsk.

Several Chinese of the coolie class were lounging about the market. They had once belonged, no doubt, to the notorious Chinese fighting unit. One of them, noticing a mandarin coat that one of the American women had just purchased for the equivalent of six dollars (eighteen thousand rubles) from a needy bourgeois, came up and tried to make himself sociable. It seemed an excellent chance to get a novel sidelight on political events; but his Russian proved to be of a pronouncedly guarded variety, — a characteristic shared by our Chinese, — so the conversation limited itself to the usual remarks about the weather, mutual exchanges of worthy surnames, and queries as to the location of each other's honored habitat, or the health of august relatives.

Government agents strolled about, eyeing us suspiciously. Some of them were well known by sight to local Americans, who had been shadowed by them on occasion. Apparently they were known to the venders, since a slight flurry often preceded their approach. Many of these shadowing agents are very likable, for the ordinary Russian is by nature friendly. One foreigner related that the agent assigned to him at certain times would wait patiently outside of wherever he happened to be, and when he came out, would smile good-naturedly and fall in behind like an orderly. Personally, however, during the ten weeks trip from Kiakhta to Petrograd, I was never conscious of being shadowed, and do not believe that I was.

The position of Americans in Moscow was, however, precarious. My companion, on arriving from Omsk, was put under house-arrest in a different part of town for four days, until we

were deported. Two Americans were in prison on charges of international espionage. One of these was an industrial expert, who had come to Russia hoping to be able to make some constructive suggestions. Lenin welcomed him cordially and sent him all over the country making investigations for a report. There could be only one result. The truths revealed in the report were evidently unpalatable to Lenin. Although about that time there were two distinct innovations in the Communist System, possibly due to the report, — compulsory labor in the factories, and substitution of one-man control (a government appointee) for the elective committees hitherto in vogue, — the American expert, after receiving permission to leave, had been arrested at the border and was then awaiting trial. He knew too much.

An American engineer, whom I had seen at lunch in a restaurant one day, was arrested the next. The authorities would give no explanations, though a member of the Foreign Office unofficially said that his identity was not established. The real reason is probably to seek elsewhere. As a mining expert he had been asked to write a report on the process used by his company in dealing with certain complex ores found in Russia — ores which the Russians have not been able to work themselves. He made a report, but, quite naturally, did not divulge the essential trade-secrets. As luck would have it, he did not tell the authorities all they knew already.

The atmosphere at my residence, where most of the foreign correspondents stayed, was tense enough to prevent anyone's suffering from ennui. Before I left, the other English-speaking correspondents — four in all — had either been arrested, were then under arrest, or were soon going to be. My colleague was under house-arrest.

A woman correspondent had spent ten days in jail, and had been put through the third degree by the Extraordinary Committee. She had crossed the Polish front, without permission, about five months before. The military authorities had welcomed and fêted this strange woman, who walked in from the west with a single porter and two bags. They did the honors and showed her around before sending her up to Moscow. Consequently, she had seen too much.

The representative of the London *Daily Herald*, an out-and-out Socialist paper, was invited by Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, the deported American anarchists, to make a tour of the provinces with them. Anarchy is the absolute opposite of Communism, so the Soviet government had sent these two great exponents of American thought off to the provinces, collecting statistics, where they could do no harm. The Communists are especially indignant over the deportations from the United States, since all those deported have been Anarchists, who are about as welcome as certain quadrupeds at garden parties. The correspondent obtained permission from the numerous essential authorities, with the exception of the military. He decided to chance it without that; but the Extraordinary Committee, apprised of his absence, had telegraphed instructions for his arrest and return.

Most interesting of all was the case of a young American Jew, who had known many of the Bolshevik leaders in New York, and was a close personal friend of Radek, the Secretary of the Third International. Through Radek, but against the advice of Americans better versed in the ways of Moscow, he obtained permission to go to the opening of the Third International at Petrograd. He went up on the special train, chatted with all the delegates,

including Lenin — in fact, was one of the boys. He noticed that some of the American delegates eyed him suspiciously, but he gave the matter no further thought.

The evening following his return to Moscow, some of the rest of us were talking about the recent arrest of the American economist and the engineer, and the probable arrest of an Englishman present if he returned to his dwelling, where the agents of the Extraordinary Committee might be waiting for him. The representative of the Czecho-Slovak Red Cross, who was there to repatriate Czech war-prisoners who had not come out through Siberia, left for a minute, to telephone. He did not return. His wife, an American girl of Czech descent, becoming anxious, went to look for him. She returned horror-stricken. Armed men were guarding her husband in the telephone room and allowed no one to enter.

Consternation followed, until, about half an hour later, the house commandant came in and straightened out the tangle. The men had come to arrest the Jewish correspondent, whose room opened off the telephone room. They waited till dawn, but their guest spent the night with Radek in the *Delevoi Dvor*; however, he was actually arrested and put in prison the following day, though he was soon afterward released.

III

Though markets run at more than full blast, stores are dead. Most of them are boarded up. The few still run by the government have almost no stock, and less patronage, since only high government officials can get the necessary permission to make purchases. The bookstores, however, were fully stocked, mostly with newly printed socialistic literature; but permits are necessary, and sales did not appear

to be great. Only one store presented signs of activity — a toy-shop, under private management, since toys, having no economic importance, have not been taken over by the government. The stock was good, but mostly hand-made locally. There were bright-colored manikins, dolls, roughly printed games on cardboard, and pamphlets of fairy tales in the new orthography; but mostly hand-cut wooden toys. The Soviets, in their rigorous rationing of a whole nation, are especially lenient toward children.

Fruit-stands were numerous on the street corners. Gooseberries, cherries, raspberries, and currants — all grown in the neighborhood of Moscow — sold for six hundred rubles a pound, though, before I left, a week later, prices had jumped to eight hundred rubles. The startling rise of market prices in August boded ill for the coming winter.

Theoretically, newspapers were sold on the streets, but they were difficult to obtain, on account of the scarcity of paper and the low price asked — two or three rubles. All government offices and institutions subscribed regularly. Individuals could do likewise by special permission. When left-over copies appeared on the street, people would form a queue in front of the newsman. Only once during a week's stay did I succeed in buying a paper on the street. On the other hand, copies — a Soviet paper consists of only one or two sheets — were placarded on almost every corner for the general public.

IV

The Hermitage, a garden with restaurants and theatres, famed from Warsaw to Vladivostok, is still going, although the restaurants are closed. Three theatres — an open-air one, a review and an opera house — are running, besides an open-air concert in an

extension, constructed by the present authorities, to which Communists point with evident satisfaction. The extension is very crude compared with the restful shaded walks of the original garden, but the concerts are good.

Theatre tickets are distributed to all in turn, through the trade or professional unions. Often tickets are resold. We obtained a box from a scalper outside the park gate, for two thousand rubles, or seventy cents. The opera proved to be *Rigoletto*, rendered in all its tinkling loveliness by an orchestra of ten pieces. To add to the enjoyableness of the occasion, two young fellows in the adjoining box kept up a running conversation with their girls. Apparently it was the first opera any of them had seen — they had not resold their allotted places. The men rocked with glee whenever the prima-donnas put on any trills, and tried to imitate them, much to the suffocated amusement of the girls. The antics and costumes of the courtiers furnished them with great cause for mirth. On the whole, they drew as much, and the same sort, of enjoyment out of *Rigoletto* as a Fifth Avenue audience would out of a kitchen-stairs comedy. After losing interest in the opera and our neighbors, we went off on a regular spree, which consisted in returning home to our mansion, opening up the one remaining can of corned beef, and eating a square after-theatre supper. Nothing could have pleased the Russian who arranged the opera party more.

Other operas are put on better, and the audiences are, on the whole, appreciative. When Chaliapin, the great Russian tenor, sings, it is, indeed, a gala event. The orchestra is, no doubt, always arrayed somewhat heterogeneously, in contrast to the leader in evening dress — as so many other writers have already pointed out. But the audience was not the assorted collec-

tion of rags and tatters that previous reports had led me to anticipate. The reserve of clothes is being spread out among more people and being gradually used up. People still look fairly well, but there are not so many changes of clothing at home as there were three years ago. It takes a long time completely to wear out clothes, provided one exercises due care.

Operas, theatres, and concerts are carried on by pre-war momentum. Actors and musicians have not been trained under the present régime, nor has there been any creative work of merit, beyond some crude communistic couplets on propaganda posters, and one-act farces on topics of the day. Those who are not too discouraged to write are busy turning out Socialist pamphlets. From the standpoint of literature, three years is a brief period. It is perhaps not too much to hope that the great Russian realists of the nineteenth century, who portrayed the life of the people to the bourgeoisie, may be followed by a still broader school, which will write for the masses themselves. The Soviet government is giving everybody the opportunity to learn how to read. How well the people are availing themselves of the opportunity, and the efficiency of the instruction, are matters of question.

The architectural endeavors of the Bolsheviks have been very limited, as no time or labor can be spared from the more important tasks of carrying on war and reëstablishing industry. In almost all cities there are memorial arches and pyramids of boards roughly put together and painted red. Sometimes crude portrait-medallions, in which Marx's beard always figures, are added. To welcome the delegates to the Third International, two such pyramids had been erected in the square in front of the Metropole Hotel. Across the street toward the Great Theatre,

was a huge circular flower-bed, with crossed sickle and mallet (the emblem of the proletariat) in the centre, and 'Workers of the World, unite!' in English around the border. The English workingmen's delegation had been in Moscow a short time before.

However, two monuments in Moscow were more pretentious. One, a Rodin-like sitting figure of a man, at the foot of Rozhstvenski Boulevard, revealed the hand of a master-moulder, but produced a sloppy appearance, being apparently in the original clay, and resting on a crude cloth-covered wooden pedestal. Neither passers-by nor my companions could tell me the name of the gentleman so immersed in thought.

The other monument stood at the northern end of the Alexander Garden, which skirts the western wall of the Kremlin. An obelisk-shaped shaft, about thirty feet high, built of separate horizontal blocks of finished stone diminishing in size toward the top, bore the names of the great leaders of the proletarian movement, one engraved on each block. At the top stood Marx and Engels, followed by lesser lights, down through Bakunin to Liebknecht, the father of Karl. No living men were represented. The monument, although the work of a stone-cutter rather than a sculptor, made an excellent impression by its simplicity and good taste, in marked contrast to the more blatant efforts one almost grows accustomed to.

The decorative arts do not lag behind. Huge streamers, bedaubed with startling futuristic designs, usually portraying the proletariat conquering capitalism and ruling the world, hung from upper-story windows to welcome the Third International. At propaganda centres numerous colored prints on the same theme, highly imaginative but not futuristic, fasten the attention of

passers-by. Capitalism and the Allies are portrayed in the most hideous forms, finally succumbing to the laboring classes — often represented by a stalwart, clean-shaven workman, mallet in hand, and with the white-paper box-shaped hat for headgear, so familiar to Americans from *Puck's* political cartoons. No beautified abstraction could be further removed from the reality of a Russian workman. To be sure, all posters are not of this type. Educational ones encourage the average man to swat the fly; to discourage the louse, breeder of typhus, by habits of cleanliness; and offer pictorial suggestions as to the manifold cares of daily life.

No photographs appear in the newspapers; so pictures of current events are posted under glass in front of theatres or on busy corners. In Siberia, the same photographs which, a few months before under Koltchak, had horrified the world as Bolshevik atrocities, were now doing yeoman service depicting the 'White Terror' of Koltchak himself. Railroad accidents could account for many mutilations, and piles of typhus-stricken corpses — the dead were thrown out to await burial after the spring thaw — had lured the paid photographer in search of horrors. In Moscow, bulletin-boards depicted the ceremonies accorded the English labor delegates, and the deeds of Trotsky and his victorious army, sweeping the Poles before them.

Before the Revolution, all institutions in Russia could boast of being 'Imperial.' Widespread sign-boards proclaimed the Imperial University, the Imperial Conservatory, the Imperial Riding Academy, the Imperial Turkish Baths, or what not. No one can muster time enough to make new signs, — only enough to tear down the old, — so the cornices now greet one with blank Conservatory, blankety-blank University, and the like.

On the streets, nice-appearing elderly women would accost one, begging for money or a piece of bread. A friend, who counted, claimed that he received thirty such requests from different women during a comparatively short walk. Most of them were women of the lower middle classes, who could do no useful work and so could not draw rations. Having already lived through all they could spare of their former belongings, they were rendered destitute. The whole social fabric of Moscow is topsy-turvy. Former members of the *demi-monde* have blossomed forth as the 'New Bourgeoisie'; while many of the old bourgeoisie, in order to live, have become *demi-mondaine*. One day an old woman asked alms, in German. Taken by surprise, I questioned her. From her conversation one could see that she was intelligent and fairly educated. She had emigrated to Russia; her husband had died; her son, conscripted, had gone to war and not returned — the same story as that of many others.

In Moscow, the real bourgeoisie, or upper and upper-middle classes, live in constant dread. Personally, I met only two such; an engineer, and the daughter of a general well known under the old régime. The engineer took me into his study, the whole side of which was piled up with cord-wood for the coming winter. He was living modestly, but comfortably, in his pre-war flat, and manifested no symptoms of the all-pervading anxiety; for the government, having learned through bitter experience to value its scientific men, is employing them in good positions and giving them special rations. Only his latest assignment perturbed him. He was constructing a branch line into a nearby forest of excellent building timber, which was to be cut up for fuel to tide Moscow over the coming winter. Such wastefulness went against his engineering grain.

The general's daughter, having lost her husband in the war, lived in two moderate-sized rooms. She held a position in a government office, which paid her three thousand rubles a month, and entitled her to rations — consisting mainly of a pound of black bread every other day. Living on her ration and salary was an impossibility. She had subsisted two years by the gradual sale of her personal belongings. All other property had been confiscated. In answer to a query, she said that anything in the room was for sale. She made the statement simply and without confusion. By dint of repetition, selling her effects to acquaintances had become second nature. As to what she would do when everything was sold, she had no idea. She hoped the present state of affairs would wear off by then, but feared lest the Bolsheviks be overthrown prematurely, and complete anarchy result. Some of her relatives and friends had been executed; many were in prison. She was just going to see one of them, who was ill; and she was visibly pleased when I gave her my last American cigarette to take to him. He had not had a real cigarette for months. She had also run out of tea. Genuine tea must be located through friends or connections, since one can no longer obtain it in the open market. She, therefore, radiated satisfaction when presented with a package of Chinese tea, purchased in Urga, but insisted on paying for it at the rate of exchange. It cost her nearly a month's salary.

V

Krasnostshokov, the President of the Far Eastern Republic, who once practised law in Chicago, had come way across Siberia to attend the sessions of the Third International. I called on him in the Far Eastern Department of the Foreign Office. Dressed in a

pongee suit of Chinese silk, he smiled and settled back in a revolving desk-chair. For the first time in Moscow I felt at home. I happened to glance out of the open window and saw the delegates from Afghanistan and the Turkish Nationalist government at Angora driving away in their fantastic multi-colored raiment. They had been to see Tchitcherin about the affairs of the Near East — affairs planned to throw all Western Asia in a ferment, to expel the white man, and break the back of the British Empire. But I dismissed these conspiracies rather lightly, for before me sat a man who, I instinctively felt, appreciated, although he might not entirely share, our modes of thought. Educated in America, he had imbibed something of the Anglo-Saxon spirit of compromise and the American principle of giving every man a square deal — even though he did happen to be rich.

Krasnostshokov said he had come to Moscow partly to get written guarantees from the Soviet authorities that they would respect foreign capital invested in the Far Eastern Republic. He hoped soon to come to an agreement with the Japanese over Semionov. After an agreement with Moscow, by which all previous Russian rights in the Far East had been turned over to him, he had relinquished all claims in Outer Mongolia to the Chinese, but would retain the Chinese Eastern Railroad, since joint Russo-Chinese control in Northern Manchuria would enable both to withstand better the encroachments of the Japanese. He seemed very cheerful and hopeful for the future of Eastern Siberia and American relations. His assurance seemed to give the lie to a rumor current that he was

out of favor with the Communists on account of his liberal views. I wonder! The fact that Washington Vanderlip has secured from Moscow a concession composed to a large extent of land ceded to the Far Eastern Republic, and yet had never heard of Krasnostshokov, is both interesting and instructive.

The day's work in the Foreign Office begins at five o'clock in the afternoon and continues without intermission till about five in the morning. Under-secretaries may work in the daytime if they see fit, but they must be on hand all night, for it is then that Tchitcherin works. He was pointed out to me once in the hall, as he dashed by in wild haste up the stairs. I ventured to suggest that the Poles must have administered a telling defeat, but was informed that the People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs was just looking for his lead pencil. He spends much of his time running from office to office with documents and papers, for a People's Commissar could not be so 'bourgeois' as to employ an office-boy.

The walks home at three in the morning were impressive. Buildings towered like spectres in semi-darkness, — the city Soviet could not waste fuel on street-lighting, — and footsteps re-echoed through the empty streets. Moscow is now so well in hand that there are no regulations against being on the streets at night. But since there is no longer any excitement, there is no reason to be out. An American woman correspondent, five months in Russia, returned home alone almost every night. She seldom met anyone and had never been molested. The Moscow of 1916, with its restaurants and cabarets, has now become, at night, sepulchral, uncannily beautiful, but uninterestingly safe.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BABY, BABY

In meeting a baby, one should behave as much as possible like a baby one's self. We cannot, of course, diminish our size, or exchange our customary garments for baby clothes; neither can we arrive in a perambulator, and be conveyed in the arms, either of a parent or a nursemaid, into the presence of the baby whom we are to meet. The best we can do is to hang, as it were on the hat-rack, our preconceived ideas of what manner of behavior entertains a baby, as cooing, grimacing, tickling, and the like, and model our deportment on the dignified but friendly reticence that one baby evinces in meeting another. — *Baby: His Friends and Foes.*

OF the many questions that Mr. Boswell, at one time and another, asked his friend, Dr. Johnson, I can hardly recall another more searching than one that he himself describes as whimsical.

'I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my head,' says Boswell, 'but I asked, "If, sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?"'

'JOHNSON: Why, sir, I should not much like my company.'

'BOSWELL: But would you take the trouble of rearing it?'

'He seemed, as may be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject: but, upon my persevering in my question, replied, "Why, yes, sir, I would; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water, to please it, not with cold water, to give it pain."

'BOSWELL: But, sir, does not heat relax?'

'JOHNSON: Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not *coddle* the child.'

It appears, too, that the Doctor had

given some thought to the subject, although never expecting to be a mother himself: his immediate insistence upon fresh air promises well for the infant, and the frequency with which he proposes to wash his little companion indicates that, so long as the water-supply of the castle lasted, he would have done his part. A cow in the castle seems to have been taken for granted; but in 1769 even Dr. Johnson would have known little or nothing about formulas, nor would it have occurred to him to make a pasteurizing apparatus, as so many parents do nowadays, out of a large tin pail and a pie-plate. Here the baby would have had to take his eighteenth-century chance. And I wish, too, that he might have had a copy of *The Baby's Physical Culture Guide*, that modern compendium of twenty-four exercises, by which a reasonably strong-armed mother may strengthen and develop the infant's tiny muscles; for I like to think of Dr. Johnson exercising his innocent companion in his shed on the roof. 'Sir,' he says, 'I do not much like my employment, but here we are, and we'll have to make the best of it.'

Such an experience, no doubt, would have been good for Dr. Johnson, and good for the baby (if it survived). 'That into which his little mind is to develop,' says *The Baby's Physical Culture Guide*, 'is plastic — like a wax record, ready to retain such impressions as are made upon it'; and on this wax some, at least, of the impressions left by Dr. Johnson must have been valuable. But on the real mystery of babyhood — the insoluble enigma that the *Guide* can only in small measure dispose of by comparing the rearing of an infant with the home-

manufacture of a record for the gramophone — the experience would have thrown no light.

The Doctor, I dare say, would have written a paper on the feeding and washing of infants, and later dictionaries of familiar quotation might perhaps have been enriched by the phrase, "The baby is grandfather to the man." — JOHNSON.' But of this grandfather the man has no memory. His babyhood is a past concerning which he is perforce silent, a time when it is only by the report of others that he knows he was living. His little mind seems to have been more than a little blank; and although gifted novelists have set themselves the imaginative task of thinking and writing like babies, none, in my reading, has ever plausibly succeeded. The best they can do is to think and write like little adults. I recall, for example, the honest effort of Miss May Sinclair, whom I greatly respect as an adult, to see Mr. Olivier through the eyes of his baby daughter Mary. 'Papa sat up, broad and tall above the table, all by himself. He was dressed in black. One long brown beard hung down in front of him and one short beard covered his mouth. You knew he was smiling because his cheeks swelled high up in his face, so that his eyes were squeezed into narrow, shining slits. When they came out again, you saw scarlet specks and smears in their corners.' A fearful Papa! — and, although I have no way of knowing that fathers do not present themselves in this futuristic aspect to their helpless offspring, I am glad to think otherwise. At all events a baby is, and must be, well used to living in Brobdingnag.

It would be a surprising thing, if it were not so common, that a man shows so little curiosity about this forgotten period of his life. But such curiosity would be impossible to satisfy. Existing photographs of him at that time are

a disappointment: he seldom admits seeing any resemblance, and, if he does, the likeness rarely, if ever, gives him any visible satisfaction. Nor can anything of real and personal interest be found out by interviewing those who then knew him. Of a hundred, nay, of a thousand or a million babies, — and though I cannot speak as a woman, it seems to me (except, perhaps, for a livelier interest and pleasure among them in their infant appearance) that everything I am saying applies equally to babies of that fascinating sex, — the trivial details observed by those who are nearest them are practically identical. They thump their heads. They chew their fingers. They try to feed their toes; and, sillier yet, they try to feed them with things that are obviously inedible. And so forth. And so forth. If Dr. Johnson, actually shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with him, had kept a record, the result would have been very much like the records that mothers now keep in what, unless I am mistaken, are called 'Baby Books.' If you've seen one Baby Book, as the cynical old man said about circuses, you've seen all of 'em.

Nor does any man take pleasure in preserving and reading over his own Baby Book. Hercules, to be sure, might have been interested to read in his mother's handwriting, —

'*Tuesday.* An eventful day. Two big, horrid Snakes came in from the garden, and got in Darling's cradle, frightening Nurse into hysterics; but Darling only cooed and strangled them both with his dear, strong little hands. He gets stronger and cunninger every day. When the horrid Snakes were taken away from him, he cried and said, "Atta! Atta!"'

But Hercules was an exceptionally interesting baby; and the average Baby Book records nothing that a grown man can regard with pride, and much, if he

has any sensitiveness at all, that must make him blush. Nothing but respect for his mother, it is almost safe to say, would withhold him from hurrying the incriminating document to the cellar, and cremating it in the furnace.

For in the beginning Captain William Kidd, George Washington, Dr. Johnson, the writer of this essay, and even the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* looked and behaved very much alike. And so, for that matter, did little Moll Cutpurse and little Susan B. Anthony. So far as anybody could then have said, Captain Kidd might have become a thoughtful, law-abiding essayist, and I a pirate, handicapped, indeed, by changed conditions of maritime traffic, but unconsciously doing my wicked best.

As the twig is bent, says the proverb, so is the tree inclined; but these little twigs are bent already, and I humbly submit, with all respect to my scientific friends, and their white mice and their guinea pigs, that where and how it happened remains an insoluble mystery. Little as I know about myself, I know that I am neither a white mouse nor a guinea pig. And this, mark you, is no mere conceit. Scientists themselves have decided that when babies, in that remote past when they first began really to interest their parents, and the human mother, the most pathetic figure of that primitive world, first began the personal and affectionate observation that was to develop slowly, over millions of years, until it found expression in the first Baby Book — scientists themselves, I say, have decided that, then and there, you and I, intelligent reader, began to differ essentially from every other known kind of mammal. There appeared — oh, wonder! — something psychical as well as physical about us; but *where it came from*, they cannot tell us. 'Natural selection,' so John Fiske once summed up this opinion, 'began to

follow a new path and make psychical changes instead of physical changes.' Little enough there seems to have been to start with; little enough, indeed, there seems to be now — yet enough more to encourage us to believe that Baby is a lot further along in the right direction than he was a good many million years ago. And with this helpful conviction Baby himself, whether he will grow up to write essays or commit picturesque murder, seems reasonably well satisfied. We solemn adults, standing around the crib, may well admire, not so much the pinkness and chubbiness of his toes, as the pinkness and chubbiness (if I may so express it) of his simple satisfaction with the mere fact of existence, his simple faith in the Universe. And when we think how impossible it is to think of its beginning, we, too, may capture something of this infantile optimism.

It is by no means impossible (though not susceptible of scientific proof) that Baby may have a life of his own; and that, if we may assume Hercules weeping and saying, 'Atta! Atta!' — because shrewd observers of babyhood declare it characteristic of babies to say, 'Atta! Atta!' when something desirable, in this case two dead snakes, is removed from their range of vision, — may we not assume also a universal language of babies, and a place, such as it may be, from which they have emigrated? Here, indeed, one follows M. Maeterlinck, except that, in his judgment, unborn babies speak French. Such a theory is no help to the novelist, for in that case baby Mary Olivier's impressions of Mr. Olivier must be rendered in baby — a language equally unknown to Miss Sinclair and to her readers. Babies have been heard to say, for example, 'Nja njan dada atta mama papaï attai nana-na hatta meenē-meenē-meenē mömm mömma ao-u' — and who but another baby knows whether this may not be

speech? The assumption that this is an effort to speak the language of the baby's elders is academic, as, for that matter, is the assumption that they are his elders. There may even be no baby at all, for, as Schopenhauer has almost brusquely put it, 'the uneasiness that keeps the never-resting clock of metaphysics in motion, is the consciousness that the non-existence of this world is just as possible as its existence.' But this, I confess, is far too deep for me.

Baby, baby in your cot,
Are you there? — or are you not?
If you're not, then what of me!
Baby, *what* and *where* are we?

For all practical purposes, however, Baby is sufficiently real — substantial enough, indeed, as *The Baby's Physical Culture Guide* shows in Exercise 24, to be lifted by his little feet and stood on his little head; but, mercifully adds the *Guide*, 'do not hold Baby on his head very long.' For all practical purposes we must, and do, assume our own existence. 'Here we are,' as I have imagined Dr. Johnson saying to his innocent new-born comrade, 'and we'll have to make the best of it.' Nobody has thought of a better way, or any other way at all, for us to get here; and the familiar Biblical phrase, 'born again,' may perhaps be more literal than we are wont to imagine, and apply to this world as well as the next. Baby himself may just have been born again. That innocent-seeming and rather silly-sounding monologue, which we flatter ourselves is an earnest attempt to imitate our own speech, 'Nja njan dada atta mama papaī attāī na-na-na hatta meenē-meenē-meenēmōmmōmmaao-u' — may it not be the soliloquy of a gentle philosopher or, again, the confession of an out-and-out rascal, talking to himself of his misdeeds, chuckling and cooing over them, indeed, before he forgets them in this new state of being? May not Papa, waggishly shaking his

forefinger and saying, 'You little rascal, you,' be speaking with a truthfulness, if he did but know it, that would make him sick?

Meanwhile, as says *The Baby's Physical Culture Guide*, 'Don't jerk Baby round. Never rush through his exercises, but talk to him in a happy, encouraging way, — which he is quick to note, — and when he is able to talk he will be glad to tell you what great, good fun he has been having.'

So speaks, I think, a mother's imagination; in sober reality, even the great good fun of Exercise 24 will be forgotten. Which is perhaps why, although I have heard men wish they could again be children, I have never heard any man say he would like to be a baby.

ATLANTIC MATERIAL

As I cross the river on the ferry, and peer through the haze that swathes Lower Manhattan in a kind of lustrous gauze, I observe with elation that the ship is at her appointed berth and in a reasonably upright position. A feather of steam slides athwart the funnel from the escape-pipe, which is unnecessary but cheering; and I abandon the distant prospect of what can be called a floating home, to contemplate the fascinating vista of the North River.

As usual, I observe, with a passing shadow of irritation, that a mail-boat from Liverpool is coming up from Quarantine, which means that I shall just miss letters from England. However, now that the war is won, it seems that we are rapidly returning to the days of Arcadian simplicity, when it was easier to communicate with the dead than with the distant living, and messengers were many moons upon their way, and the virtues of faith and hope and charity were kept shining with continual exercise.

A British tramp-steamer, moving

slowly up to her Hoboken pier, suddenly pauses in midstream with characteristic obstinacy — throwing the pilots of a dozen fast-moving ferries into a panic of indignation, which becomes vocal with hoarse roars from the smokestacks. The clamor increases as the Fall River steamer announces her intention of claiming her inalienable right to enter her pier; and a tall apparition, which resolves itself on examination into a floating grain-elevator with a diminutive tug panting under her lee, challenges one's judgment as to which way she desires to go.

But the singular phenomenon of this adventure is that but few of the close-packed commuters on the ferry raise their eyes to behold the amazing scene. They are, on the contrary, giving close attention to the newspapers. We land, and many of them sit in an enchanted fashion, reading the newspapers. We pour forth into the chaos of West Street, and surge up under roaring elevated railroads, and one's fellow man continues to pursue some printed chimæra. Perhaps they are reading the announcements of 'Short Trips to Sunny Seas,' and are dreaming of romantic adventures under palm trees and by slumberous beaches. So, one imagines, did the denizens of Babylon throng her crowded ways, intent on slabs of baked clay, whereon was cunningly worded cuneiform publicity, luring them from the city's mighty towers to trips on the river and vacations on the mysterious shores of the Arabian Sea.

And musing thus, one becomes aware, threading the almost inconceivable difficulties of West Street, of a number of beings in taxi-cabs, immured in vast quantities of baggage, who are evidently bound upon a journey. They are endeavoring to maintain the dignity suitable to those who fare forth in splendor upon the ocean, and who have

wrested from a harassed but amiable bureaucrat the documents essential to a world made safe for democracy. They are, in short, some of our passengers, for their baggage proclaims the fact in stentorian tones; and they are arriving, as usual, at an unnecessarily early hour.

Their vehicles move slowly in the dense mass of towering wheeled galleons that are forever tacking along under the cliffs of Manhattan, seeking anchorage beneath the high glass domes of the warehouses. And on the faces of these fortunate beings, who are about to depart for blue seas and yellow sands, — as if the waters of New York Harbor were not as blue as lapis-lazuli, — one discerns an effort to repress impatience at all this high-piled merchandise blocking their way to the gates of Elysium.

There is one young couple, with new leather baggage glistening with an aggressive similarity of initials, who look into each other's eyes, and smile with toleration at their own restlessness, and give the passer-by, hurrying to enter the dock, an inkling of the tremendous possibilities, to them, of an event so common to him as going to sea. Dodging between yet more taxi-cabs, held up by stern myrmidons who demand passports and permits of the trembling occupants, he succumbs to a wave of sentiment, and resolves (with the traditional lump incommoding his throat) that he will do his small best to make things go smoothly for that fortunate pair.

However, there are other things to think of immediately, besides the problematic felicity of a bridal couple who are painfully conscious, as they emerge into the half-lights of the pier, of their new baggage. To them, no doubt, the departure of a steamer is as causeless and natural an event as the water that runs into their baths, the current in their wires, and their wages at the end of the week. It is our duty to preserve for them this amiable illusion. And I take

my last look at them for a week or so, as they mount a sort of wooden pulpit from which the screened gangway springs to the ship's side. There is a man in semi-uniform on this pulpit, who demands once more the documents of departure; and from where I pause between two ponderous motor-trucks, I see him raise his hand and open his mouth as if he were preaching in some vast cathedral to a careless congregation of worldly automobiles. And then he closes his mouth and smiles, his hand descends upon Benedick's shoulder in friendly approval, and the pair escape up the gangway, eager to be off. An unforgettable picture.

Leaving them to the good-natured rapacity of a swarm of stewards, I insinuate my way among mountainous heaps of freight and win to a wider but less dignified gangway, up and down which a crowd of hurrying mortals is passing with stores and empties. Close beside it, smooth runways are being piled with boxes and bales, which are immediately seized by long falls from invisible winches and plucked into the air, to descend into the holds. And there is time to reflect, before taking up the tale of departure, upon a feeling of very genuine pleasure which the spectacle of this rush of business inspires in the bosom of one exasperated by several years of war. It is impossible to recall with any comfort the apathy engendered by such colossal squandering of material wealth. To assist in the filling of great ships with goods; to know that, a few days later, they will have gone down in a few minutes, or that eventually their cargoes will have been blown up or burned out and utterly destroyed, is bound to have a deteriorating effect upon one's spiritual faculties. And so it is pleasant to behold once more the pulsing of the regular arteries of trade; to know that these sewing-machines and typewriters and motor-cars will be

used for the good of their owners, and in due course transmuted into coffee and hides and the kindly fruits of the earth. Good, too, to go out upon the waters in open day, unhampered by sinister possibilities; to see the glare of the steamers' lights spread abroad on the ocean at night, and to forget for a while the sorrowful years of strife. So it may happen that the sight of, say, fifty tons of tomato catsup wedged in between crates of perambulators and pianoplayers, will raise a man's spirits more than a truculent national anthem, or the sparkle of enemy guns on the horizon.

And here, on board, in the working alleyways on the main deck, far below the bridal pair now regarding their natty quarters with smiling hesitation, one is heartened by the precision and continuity of human effort. There is a methodical thudding of crates and boxes being dumped upon floors, a tramp of feet, a pulsing rhythmic vituperation from husky persons still lower down, a continual emergence of preoccupied toilers from unexpected staircases, a hurrying of men upon problematic journeys, and a prevalence of heated, vapor-laden air from the high white engine-room.

In the kitchens, beyond, waiters in blue and silver are being hastily drilled in the mysteries of serving *hors d'œuvres*, orangeade, and *caviar canapé*. White-capped chefs stand over shining cupolas of copper and plated domes suspended on chains. Young men whom one would not have suspected of genius cut and disembowel grape-fruit with inconceivable speed.

A sound like the roaring of far-off cataracts announces that the motors of the dish-washing machines are already at work, and a brawny person in a green-striped apron staggers past, laden with an immense tray of trussed fowls. His colleague, down a dark ladder leading to a cold, dark chamber, is busily

chopping up meat. As far as can be ascertained, he continues this pastime twenty-four hours a day for the entire voyage. He is forever engaged in cleaving asunder huge quarters of beef, slender bodies of sheep, or slabs of veal. The sound of his chopper on the wooden block is a steady accompaniment of the beat of the engines and the vibrant murmur of the generator. I imagine that he must be a vegetarian in self-defense, for he generally has a leaf of lettuce in his mouth as he works his will upon the cold, sleazy flesh. Anon he 'trolls a stave,' as the historical novelists phrase it, and reveals, to an irritated engineer who desires to sleep, his passion for a creature named Lulu-lu.

KISMET

Along the Main Street in Homeville, no store-window was more alluring than that of Miss Tibben's Fancy-work Store. The quaint little shopkeeper ordinarily selected her goods with such refinement and delicacy of taste, that everybody in town patronized her establishment. Toward Christmas, the little shop was always well stocked, and one might be sure of a crowd about the window, discussing the array of goods within.

Like the others, I, too, paused to look. Cushions and doilies to embroider; scarfs and collars to crochet; bags to weave; beads to string — all were enticingly displayed. And there, too, one could see gifts for everybody, from baby to grandmother, and suggestions for needlework gifts for father, brother, or lover.

As my eye glanced hastily from one thing to another, I discovered, crowded back in a corner, a crocheted hat. Its hideous combination of colors made it

conspicuous. It seemed like a crude foreigner living in an exclusive neighborhood. As I looked, I wondered who on earth would wear such a hat, and, wondering, I passed on.

Three days before Christmas, I passed the window again. How changed it was! Stock had sold so well that the window-display had been robbed. The few remaining things had been spread out as much as possible. I looked for the hat. The 'foreigner' was still there, but now it occupied the place of honor in the centre of the window. Its colors fought desperately: there could never be peace between the purple of the hat, and the red and blue of the flowers decorating it. Why did any needlewoman ever create such a horror? And why spoil an otherwise pleasing window with such a distorted rainbow? The hat irritated me; I wanted to break in and steal it, and bury it somewhere. Fortunately, a myriad of Christmas duties crowded the hideous hat out of my mind, and I hurried on.

But late on Christmas eve, rushing out to mail some last greetings, I passed the store again. The hat was gone! I felt a sudden shock, as if a calamity were about to be revealed. Where had that hat gone? Who had bought it? And for whom? How would the woman who received the gift accept it? Had I enough love for anybody, I wondered, to wear a hat like that in appreciation of such a gift?

I just could not resist the temptation to find out where it went. So I stepped into the store and casually asked, 'Miss Tibben, have you sold that crocheted hat?'

'Yes, dear,' she said; 'just a few moments ago I sold it to a group of boys for their Sunday-school teacher.'

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FATE?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

E. T. Raymond, editor of the London *Outlook*, as readers of his *Uncensored Celebrities* know, makes a likeness when he draws a character. A diverting artist, he is a fair-minded critic. **E. Barrington**, an accomplished scholar, has read Pepys to some purpose. There is nothing in this charming comedy that pretty Mistress Pepys might not actually have entrusted to the sympathetic pages of her own Diary. Please do not spoil it by writing to ask whether it is genuine. **Simeon Strunsky** is the chief editorial writer of the New York *Evening Post*.

* * *

T. Walter Gilkyson is an attorney of Philadelphia. In August, 1919, when he was a major in the Ordnance Department of the A.E.F., the *Atlantic* printed a description, from his pen, of a trip through the Pyrenees, under the title of 'French Leave.' For the present story the same experience provides the attractive background. **Grace Fallow Norton** is an American poet, known best, perhaps, by the poignant *Little Grey Songs from St. Joseph's*, which were first presented through these pages. **Frances Lester Warner** is Assistant Professor of English at Wellesley College.

* * *

Sisley Huddleston is an English journalist of high professional standing, who represented the *Westminster Gazette* at the Peace Conference. He was a constant attendant at the Geneva meeting of the League.—an experience which forms the groundwork of the present article. **Donald Grey Barnhouse** is Director of the École Biblique de Belgique, a training-school for Continental and Congo missionaries, at Brussels. **Cary Gamble Lowndes** is a banker of Baltimore, a sportsman, and an adventurer in letters. **Grace E. Polk** is a Probation officer of the Juvenile Court of Minneapolis. **Edward Yeomans** is about to publish through the *Atlantic Monthly Press* a collection of his essays on Education. Many of them are quite new to the public,

and all have in them the tonic freshness of contagious enthusiasm.

* * *

Flora Shufelt Rivola, a new contributor, sends us these verses from South Dakota. The **Reverend John Cole McKim** sends this thoughtful little paper from Wakamatsu Iwashiro, Japan. Familiar as are her poetry and her prose, **Fannie Stearns Gifford** has not, unless we are mistaken, published a story before this. **Gamaliel Bradford's** present series is drawn from American types flourishing between 1875 and 1900. **Louis Graves**, a graduate of the University of North Carolina, lives part of the year in his native town of Chapel Hill, the seat of the University, and the rest of the time in New York.

* * *

X. X. X. is a serious student of foreign affairs, whose name is a dead secret. **Payson J. Treat** has been Professor of History at Stanford University since 1915, and is a member of many learned societies. **L. F. Rushbrook-Williams**, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford (1914), has been for several years University Professor of Modern Indian History at the University of Allahabad, India. He had a distinguished career at Oxford, and has written much on historical subjects. **Harold V. V. Fay** and a companion are the only Americans who have crossed Siberia from East to West since the spring of 1918.

* * *

There are nine new contributors this month.

* * *

Mr. Frederic R. Kellogg, a New York lawyer, whose connection with oil interests in Mexico is very extensive and of long standing, requests us to publish the following interesting statement.

In an article in the December *Atlantic*, entitled 'The Two Mexicos,' the writer speaks of the position and rights of American petroleum producers in Mexico. Two statements that he makes are so unfounded as to require correction. He says:—

'The older constitutions had nothing to say about petroleum. . . . Californians coming to Mexico have brought with them their own juridical theory of wealth extracted from the ground. . . . They do not realize the historical ground of the juridical theory native to Mexico.'

The facts are that the laws of Mexico which were in force when the American producers acquired their properties covered the subject completely; and it was upon these laws that the producers relied in going into Mexico. The earliest law—that of 1884—is as follows:—

'ART. 10. — The following substances are the exclusive property of the owner of the land.' (No. IV of these substances is Petroleum.)

The laws of 1892 and 1909 continued the same 'juridical theory.' But the Constitution of 1917, as interpreted by the Carranza decrees of 1918, purported retroactively to annul the earlier laws, to establish the doctrine that petroleum belonged, not to the landowner, but to the nation, and thus to confiscate, *without compensation*, the rights that the producers had *theretofore* acquired, not by *governmental concession*, but from private owners.

The objections of the producers to such a consummation certainly do not need to be based upon any 'juridical theory' other than the one explicitly contained in Mexico's own laws.

Nor are the confiscatory clauses of the Carranza decrees justifiable as a reassertion of any former Spanish Crown rights; for no such right existed as to petroleum—and even had it existed, it could not be revived after its abandonment for thirty-four years, to the prejudice of those who had invested hundreds of millions of dollars on the faith of such declared abandonment.

The other point is that 'Article 27 asserts the doctrine of eminent domain.'

This has no bearing on the petroleum situation; for by the language of the article, eminent domain can be asserted only if the private individual is justly compensated for property taken, and if the taking be for public purposes. The Carranza decrees have never contemplated one cent of compensation to the owner of any petroleum property that they purported to take over, and there has been no suggestion of a public purpose.

The American petroleum producers are desirous that their fellow citizens shall know the exact facts regarding this struggle, which involves no acts of aggression committed by the producers, but solely a defense against unwarrantable and confiscatory attacks commenced under the Carranza decrees, which decrees have never been repudiated by any subsequent government. Should the confiscatory programme be consummated, a blow will have been dealt, not merely to the petroleum producers but to American prestige and American foreign commerce, the effects of which will be far-reaching and disastrous.

* * *

Mr. Clyde Langston Eddy of New York deserves our readers' thanks and our own for these pertinent and engaging verses.

I WONDER WHY

The letters rare of William James
Are done in print for our delight.
In graceful sentences he frames
Stupendous thoughts to set us right.

The letters, too, of Henry James
Are adding to the garlands fair
Already heaped about the names
That these illustrious brothers bear.

I wonder why it would not pay
To publish now, in volumes dressy,
Those well-known classics of their day:
The sentences of Frank and Jesse.

* * *

A word of thanks seems to be owing to Boston waiters, who, several of our correspondents aver, are the chief disseminators of that city's reputation for culture of a peculiar degree, both of polish and of resonance. Witness the testimony of a West Virginian lady, Miss Sue B. Snodgrass, who writes that, while eating in a hotel overlooking the Common, her party was overcome by a penetrating odor. One diner turned to the waiter. 'What is that smell?'—'That smell, sir?' returned the educated servitor; 'I do not know. My olfactory nerves, sir, are somewhat blunted.'

And another,—a Bostonian descendant of Ham, this,—who, in his attendance on several tables, had conspicuously avoided one customer. 'Look here,' said the latter, 'why don't you bring me something?'—'Because, sir,' came the Chesterfieldian reply, 'unfortunately, I am not ubiquitous.'

* * *

Mr. Bouton's insistent question, 'What is the Reason?'—to which a reply is printed in this issue of the *Atlantic*,—continues to provoke discussion. Most of the letters that we receive, however, are merely emphatic statements of the writers' opinions: It is, perhaps, worth while to print, as a footnote to the discussion, this discriminating testimony of personal experience.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,—

I was very much struck with the article published in your magazine some time ago, giving the experience of the writer with some 700 Scandinavians who were leaving the United States.

The unanimity with which all of them declared that they never intended to come back, should give food for thought to all Americans who have the future of their country at heart.

I, too, am going back, not to Scandinavia, but

to another neutral country, after more than fifty years' residence in America. Not so much for myself, but for the sake of my family. I do not wish that my children shall be made to undergo the hardships that are required from one of foreign birth, and be subjected to the prejudices that appear to have become prevalent to-day in all walks of life against those whose parents happened to be born abroad. I was brought over at the age of one year. I know nothing but America. I have been successful in a material way, but I have longed for music, and art, and drama, and the finer things of life, in vain. For fifty years I have stood it, but I do not feel that I am doing justice to my children to bring them up further in this sordid atmosphere. I shall give them the chance to choose. Later they may come back, but I doubt it. The lure of free America is disappearing rapidly in all parts of the world. The last six years have been six years of disillusionment and sad disappointment over the turn of events. Nothing can be sadder than the contemplation of the wreck of our cherished Constitution and traditions. With what pride did we read the history of our country, the speeches of our prominent statesmen, those open and broad-minded lovers of liberty. How hollow and vain it all appears to-day! Is it not a pity? Is it not terrible?

How many are there like me? Hundreds upon hundreds of thousands in this broad land of plenty.

On Saturday next, when my ship shall pass the Statue of Liberty, I shall bare my head to this fickle goddess as I say farewell, but I shall utter the silent wish that some day America may come into her own again.

JEAN MONTIFIORE.

* * *

Literary conversations nowadays are pretty apt to turn the corner into Main Street. This clipping from a letter post-marked with the name of a small Western town will interest many readers.

You told me that you were going to read *Main Street*. I am in the country of Main Streets, and I disagree with Sinclair Lewis at every step. It is all true — but there is much more. The *Atlantic* says that no one need ever again write a story of these towns. The *Atlantic* is mistaken. This town is larger in numbers than the story town, but it is the same thing. You would find all of the story true, but so much more sticking out — among other things, the effort to make the High-School building as fine as any in the land. You could n't ask a better place to speak in than its auditorium for 1600. And such lively youngsters in the faculty, everybody young in the town, no gray heads. It is great fun to hear the Non-Partisan League discussion. Even if it does fail and run them in debt, it will pay in the forcing of them to think. There is no end of ugliness, if you will, but there is no end of desire for beauty. They have begun a park system, this town of 8000, and their streets are wide and paved. And the country! It is full of wonders. Don't let Lewis make you believe that his Main Street is *all* that there is of it!

Many of our readers clipped, to keep for many readings, Bishop Doane's poignant verses on a dog he loved, which the *Atlantic* reprinted last November. To Miss Juliet C. Smith, of Denver, we are indebted for a copy of these companion lines.

CLUNY

BY WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE

May 24-25, 1902

He had lived out his life, but not his love;

Daily up steep and weary stair he came,
His big heart bursting with the strain to prove

His loneliness without me. Just the same
Old word of greeting beamed in his deep eye,
With a new look of wonder, asking why

'The whole creation groans and travails.' He

And I there faced the mystery of pain,

Finding me dumb and helpless, down again

He went, unanswered, in the dawn to die,

And find the mystery opened with the key,

'The creature from corruption's bondage free.'

* * *

Dr. A. McGill, chief analyst of the Canadian Department of Health, sends this suggestive gloss on the recent *Atlantic* paper, 'Women and Machines.'

This is a very thoughtful and suggestive treatment of one of the most important problems of our time, and could not have been better handled by a man.

It assumes, tacitly, the complete failure of the spiritual element in life to dominate the material; in other words, the failure, not only of the religion of Jesus, but of all other religions, so far as their spiritual concepts are concerned; and in thus accepting present failure, we must acknowledge that it merely acts in accord with what every careful observer must concede. But it remains to question whether the failure of those spiritual forces which have striven to make unselfishness and love the governing motives of human conduct must be accepted as a final defeat.

Twenty centuries is a brief period of time since the advent of the Neanderthal man, who naturally brought his 'ape and tiger' instincts with him. Perhaps we must regard the dislocations, treated so fully by Mary Van Kleeck, as an inevitable episode in the progress of the battle between brutehood and manhood; and in this light they call for patient and intelligent study, and need not compel pessimism on the part of those of us who would regard anything less than the absolute triumph of spirituality as virtual defeat. Machinery and the material organizations implied by it, must never dominate man's world. It may be that the narrowing conceptions associated with, and fostered by, family may have to be scrapped, — as clanship has been, and as nationality is being, relegated to the junk-heap, — in order that man's spirit may become truly free.

Many considerations point to such a possibility; but that is in the womb of the future. Mean-

time, it is our duty to keep our eyes fixed on a goal far removed from mere material well-being; a state of manhood in which the material environment shall adjust itself to harmony with the supremacy and over-lordship of universal brotherhood, and every man shall be his 'brother's keeper.' I cannot imagine that, in such a future, there shall cease to be other than sex-differences between man and woman, or that man and woman shall be mutually capable of replacing each other.

Man and woman are not rivals, but complementary, the one to the other; and the perfected human being is a blend of both. The physical sex-distinction is but one of a thousand points of diversity, each of which must be accentuated and emphasized, to bring into existence a perfected humanity. In our effort to give woman and man social and legal equality, as well as equality in the operating of machines, let us not lose sight of the yet distant vision, when all we dream and hope for humanity shall be 'flower and fruit' in the Superman of the future, the race yet to be.

To lose sight of the essential differences of sex and its congeners carries the danger of losing our way and being side-tracked. If this view is regarded as Ruskinian, such description should prove its value. The world cannot afford to lose woman *qua* woman.

* * *

PLEASE READ THIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You are the only publication which I consider almost a human being, and I am wondering if you could insert this advertisement, unusual as it may be, in your pages.

MOTHERLESS CHILDREN

Well-educated, earnest young woman wants to mother 3 or 4 very small children, who are in actual need of a mother's care.

The explanation of it is this.

'Although a woman of almost thirty' (to quote your own Contributors' Column), 'the spring of youth is still in my step,' and the only thing I really love to do is to take care of little children. The natural solution would be to get married; but, like ever so many other college girls around the country, there's no man who wants me. And it's so dreary, waiting and waiting and waiting — I don't want to waste ten more years. While I am young and have so much to give children, I want to be giving it, instead of just waiting around and feeling bitter.

If you can only connect me with some children who are also waiting, you would make for a good deal of happiness. I don't want to teach, or do children's library work; I've tried both, and when one deals with children *en masse*, one gets to be a machine and hates them.

Very sincerely and earnestly yours.

Surely there is a way of meeting such an appeal, that great good may come of it. Think of the motherless children for whom the writer of this letter might supply an

otherwise measureless loss. If our readers know any such, for whom some financial provision could be made (our correspondent is obliged to support herself), will they not communicate direct with the editor, who would be very glad indeed to be of service.

* * *

As a sequel to a dire paper in the *Atlantic* on 'What College Students Know,' we print the following excerpts from an examination paper in a large Freshman course recently given in a well-known college. To us such questions as are here asked suggest that, if students know little, instructors often teach less.

How the motive of colloquial standards is momentariness.

Explain congeniality of poetry.

Discuss the correlative nature of spirit and matter.

Explain the beauty of the works of God as correlations of spirit and matter.

Discuss the elements of synthesis that contribute toward unity.

It is something to be thankful for, that we don't have to answer these questions. And perhaps, Reader, you will share our satisfaction when we tell you just how you must answer question number 4 to be marked perfect.

The correlative nature of spirit and matter makes the union possible. Spirit is the active element, matter the passive element; matter is a natural, elementary medium of spiritual expression. Spirit and matter are abstract terms, naming the two kinds of reality as distinct, elemental conceptions. The correlative aspect of spirit and matter is expressed in the terms *soul* and *body*. The particular relation of soul and body is beauty, and beauty is the subject of poetry.

In the name of the Prophet, figs!

* * *

For the response made by our readers to the *Atlantic's* appeal on behalf of suffering and silent China, we are profoundly and enduringly grateful. Not money only, but letters of encouragement, offers of aid, expressions of confidence, have poured into the office in a never-slowing stream. There is still abundant truth in that conviction of one of the best loved of the *Atlantic's* earlier contributors, with which he writes, —

God blesses still the generous thought,
And still the fitting word He speeds;
And Truth, at his requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

WE have never done much beyond announcing the books that proceed from the Atlantic Monthly Press; but as they come forth in a broadening stream, so many things clamor to be said about them and their authors that we are no longer going to resist the universally human impulse to talk shop.

* * *

There is no recent book better worth talking about than the *Letters of William James*, edited by his son, Henry James. With a certain appropriateness, it was published as nearly on Thanksgiving Day as the exigencies of the holiday would permit. Since then a chorus of thanks for it has been raised from all parts of America, in a series, not so much of reviews, as of substantial articles on William James and the significance of his thought and life. They constitute in themselves a genuine contribution to criticism and biography. Now the reviews have begun to come from England, where the book was published in January. They go to swell the chorus of praise and thanksgiving. One of the first of them was in the *Saturday Review*. It ends with these words: 'James was a pioneer who always kept his mind alert, and if ever a statue were set up to him at Harvard, he should be sculptured as trampling on a textbook and looking out at the open air.'

* * *

Were such a statue already in existence, we should be using it as a cover-design for a book we are planning to publish in April—*Shackled Youth*, by Edward Yeomans. This volume of 'Comments on Schools, School People, and Other People' contains the papers on educational topics which Mr. Yeomans has contributed to the *Atlantic* during the past year, with as many more of the same general character, hitherto unpublished. There are probably technical educators who would regard Mr. Yeomans as better qualified to discuss education if he were something other than a Chicago manufacturer of steam-pumps, who enjoys playing the cello, sailing a boat along the New England coast in summer, and passing the present winter in California. It is our own opinion that, if more schoolmasters will open their doors and windows to many of the sentiments he expresses, their pupils and the public will gain in health and sanity.

* * *

But perhaps the very first of our spring books will have put the schoolmen in a good humor, for it is truly a notable historical work—*The Founding of New England*, by James Truslow Adams. In spite of his name, Mr. Adams—he was Captain Adams in war-time—is not a New Englander; and in spite of its title, the book is much more than a local history. The author of this

modern, serious, and readable book on the 'old-comers' is a Yale Master of Arts, who left Wall Street as soon as he could, to pursue historical studies, and left them to serve his country when the war came. A part of his service was that of an expert on maps at the Paris Peace Conference. He has now returned to the pursuits of an historian.

* * *

Still another April book will be the second volume of the 'Little Gateways to Science,' by Miss Edith M. Patch. This book of *Bird Stories* follows the *Hexapod Stories*, by Miss Patch, State Entomologist of Maine, which the Press published a year ago. The *Bird Stories* are addressed to somewhat older children than those for whom the *Hexapod Stories* were written. They have the same illustrator, Mr. Robert J. Sim, who shares Miss Patch's intimate knowledge of nature and loving skill in depicting it in ways to which young readers instinctively respond.

* * *

Most of this shop-talk has been about new books. There are the still newer—the books that are yet in the manuscript stage. The accomplished conjurer never pulls all his tricks out of the bag at once; and, though we are still new at the game, we do not intend to disclose our plans for more than a few months ahead. Among these plans is the production of the previously announced book on typography and usage, based on the practice of the Atlantic Monthly Office, and written by Mr. George B. Ives, of that office. Mrs. Francis King, president of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association, has in preparation a practical, illustrated book on *The Little Garden*. This will appear before the earlier flowers are out of bloom; and before the stream of 1921 pilgrims to Plymouth and Cape Cod is flowing at the full, we expect to place within their reach a charming little book, *Pilgrim Trails: A Plymouth-to-Provincetown Sketchbook*, written by Miss Frances Lester Warner, an *Atlantic* contributor, and illustrated by Mr. Scott White.

* * *

There is a classic story of the newspaper offices, about the safety of printing editorials on Tammany Hall and the yellow dog—because they have no friends. We should have added the rattlesnake to the list, but apparently he too is not to be abused with impunity. His defender appears in the person of a reader of an extract from Mr. Samuel Scoville, Jr.'s book, *Everyday Adventures*, which leads her to believe that it 'must be a very immoral book.' Mr. Scoville describes the pinning down of a rattlesnake's head with a forked stick. The reptilophile exclaims, 'I wonder if the rattlesnake, looking into Mr. Scoville's face,

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

saw an angelic being hovering over him? If Mr. Scoville were fastened to the ground by a crotched stick over his neck, would his expression be that of a cherub?’

Can anyone but the snake answer?

* * *

Mr. William McFee is best known to readers of the *Atlantic* by his own writings, exemplifying his own theory of the writer's art. Not long ago he wrote us about an *Atlantic* book in which many readers besides Mr. McFee and ourselves have been taking a genuine pleasure — *The Mutineers*, by Charles Boardman Hawes. In so doing, he set down views on the writing of tales of adventure that ought not to be locked up in a private letter.

‘It has long been a fad of my own to gauge a writer of adventure-tales by what I call his mastery of illusion. It is very difficult to say just where this glinting glamour comes in. If we only knew when and where to expect it, we might get past ourselves and decline to live the lives of humdrum mortals any more. Some men (they say) get it by a natural easy fortune, others strive and struggle and succeed. Personally, I am inclined to doubt the natural-born magicians. I am moved to believe that this peculiar quality is a new thing in literature, beginning, with almost startling abruptness, in Defoe. It generally selects for its medium a tale of desperate adventure and proposes, by a *tour de force* of verisimilitude, to carry you away captive. Simple enough — yet who can analyze the lure in that first page of *Treasure Island*, of Conrad's *Romance*, or the extraordinary sensation of uplifting the spirit which comes with the first reading of *Deerslayer*? It derives in part, of course, from the author's supreme technique and vocation, and seems to reside in some trivial detail. As, for example, when we recall the powders in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, or the blind man Pew in *Treasure Island*, who ran to and fro in his madness, or the deep shadow of Don Ramon's store-room in *Kingston*, in *Romance*. Byron had this quality to a much greater degree than Scott, and, had he been driven by circumstances, would have written some wonderful stories. One of the pathetic features of modern commercial literature is the frantic effort of writers to get this magic mastery of illusion by any means in the world. The popular magazines, the purveyors of red-blood stories, are forever spurring on their foam-flecked novelists to go out and get it. Crowns of gold and noble mansions are (so we understand) awaiting the lucky wight who can find the secret of a new way of getting hold of men's hearts.

‘A much more difficult feat is the writing of a tale to enmesh the youth. The youth with all his wits about him, realistic, romantic, secretly in love with noble deeds (though he would perish at

the stake before admitting it!), is a shy bird, on whose tail it is almost despairingly difficult to lay the Attic salt of literature. To catch young ladies is the simplest thing in the world, as numerous best-sellers can tell you. They (the young ladies) are, in a literary sense, naïve creatures without a sense of shame, beings of catholic tastes and responsive to a score of conventional emotions. But who shall determine the literary reactions of a boy in his teens? Who can measure up to his scornful standard of fortitude and athletic energy? Very few, alas!

‘Mr. Charles Boardman Hawes in this story of *The Mutineers* has done something in this line. He boldly sets out to evoke the spirit of romance without losing hold of the authentic truth. His success is astonishing. It is inevitable that comparison should be made with Stevenson, and there is no harm in admitting that *Treasure Island* remains the masterpiece of this kind of writing. But the present writer has a suspicion that *Treasure Island* is not accepted by non-literary young men quite so enthusiastically as he would like to think. He suspects a relish for this extraordinary tale is commoner among children and *literati* than among youths in stand-up collars. Mr. Hawes, it is positively advanced, makes a successful appeal to the last-mentioned. The tale of Benjamin Lathrop's voyage from Salem to Canton is a cunning blend of the credible and the romantic, corresponding with admirable fidelity to the effervescent and precipitating mixture which occupies the head of a youth between sixteen and twenty. This particular member of society, the present writer predicts, will manifest an increasing affection for *The Mutineers*. And it is fairly safe to add that his mother will be glad of it, his father will tolerate it with a smile, and his sister, after the usual moment of superiority, will probably get hold of it surreptitiously and devour it as well.

‘Yours sincerely,

‘WILLIAM MCFEE.’

Mr. McFee makes the inevitable comparison with Stevenson — which recalls a note from Mr. Hawes himself about his book soon after its appearance: ‘The way that it seems to challenge comparison with Stevenson is no end disconcerting. Whatever merits it may have, they appear like a 25W Mazda bulb in the sunshine when it is so ruthlessly treated; and the funny thing is that the comparison pops out when I least expect it. By way of expressing my gratitude to a certain sailorman who has told me stories by the hour, — and who boasts of never having spent a dollar for a book, — I gave him one of my copies. Imagine my surprise when, in a painstaking letter, he drew *Treasure Island* from some unsuspected cupboard of literary knowledge.’